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THE PRESIDENT

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'LEADERSHIP is a quality of the individual. . . . It is one of the most profound and important of exact psychological truths that man in the mass does not think, but only feels. . . . Popular desires are no criteria to the real need; they [*sic*] can be determined only by deliberative consideration, by education, by constructive leadership.' — HERBERT HOOVER

IN the course of the year 1922, Mr. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce in the Harding Cabinet, paused to set down on paper his political and personal philosophy. Behind him at that time stretched a strange and extraordinarily successful career; before him hovered even more brilliant possibilities. The little book which resulted was shaped out of the experience of that singular past; it must have been tinged as well (since it was intended for publication) by thoughts for the future. Thus it was doubly interesting, for it indicated not only what Mr. Hoover was, but what he wished people to think him to be as well. Mr. Hoover, in short, had reason to hope that he might one day be elected to the Presidency of the United States, and he was issuing his prospectus. It was called *American Individualism*. Did anyone really read it?

Whether or not he quite realized it himself, the life upon which he looked back bordered on the miraculous. Mr. Hoover was a man not yet fifty years old. His first twenty years had been passed in the harsh obscurity which surrounds the poor American boy. Then had come a startling transition — the next twenty years were spent in the very different, but hardly less complete, obscurity which enshrouds the successful Briton. Then for a second time chance intervened; on the threshold of his fifth decade Mr. Hoover suddenly became a world figure, a great American whose name was recognized in millions of households throughout his own country and abroad, whose opinions were eagerly quoted by any newspaper to which he gave them, upon whom there beat, for largely accidental reasons, the blazing light of an international and

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wholly favorable publicity. At twenty, fate had translated him from insignificance and poverty to importance and wealth; at forty, the magic wand had waved again and he had been metamorphosed from a London business man and private individual into a great humanitarian and American public servant. To be the subject of such miracles is sometimes perilous. Mr. Hoover, of course, possessed the character which enabled him to take advantage of these strange opportunities; but that does not mean that he created them himself or that he was quite the same man as another would have been who had attained to such eminences by a less dizzy route.

Mr. Hoover had passed his boyhood on the slimmest of resources and no prospects, struggling for a living and an education in the raw newness of the Pacific Northwest. He had worked his way through a raw, new college, arriving upon its campus before its first buildings had been completed and graduating in its first class. The following winter he had kept himself alive as a manual laborer, pushing an ore car in a California mine, and in the succeeding spring he had taken a job as a typist in the office of a consulting engineer in San Francisco. But it was hardly more than a year later that Mr. Hoover was arriving in West Australia as a responsible agent for Bewick, Moreing and Company, an important British firm of mine managers and promoters; and only two years after that, at the age of twenty-five, he was its nominee for the post of adviser to the Chinese Bureau of Mines — at a moment when the Dragon Throne was tottering and the governments of the world (to say nothing of its enterprising business men) were closing in for the spoils.

Thus abruptly was Mr. Hoover plunged into the centre of that golden web of nationalist rivalry and international finance which irradiated in those years from the European capitals into the more backward, and more lucrative, portions of the earth. In spite of his youth, his inexperience, and his American citizenship, he found himself the representative of important British national and financial interests, in a highly predatory atmosphere and at an exciting moment of world history. It was a delicate as well as a dramatic situation; Mr. Hoover, however, appears to have made no mistakes. His precise rôle in the transfer of the great Kaiping coal mines from Chinese into foreign hands is a matter of some dispute, but he himself, at all events, emerged from the transaction with his feet upon the sure road to success. The Chinese lost the mines, but Mr. Hoover, at twenty-seven, became a director in the company formed to exploit them under Anglo-Belgian control and a partner in Bewick, Moreing and Company, which had first employed him, an unknown American, some four years before.

For many years thereafter he was to centre his energies in London, building up a fortune from the swift profits of mine management and company promotion, known to a small circle of City men and mining operators, British and colonial financiers and officials, but having no contacts with the public life of either Great Britain or the United States. He appears to have operated in that shadowy but remunerative half-world between engineering and company flotation. He traveled incessantly in the furtherance of his rapidly multiplying interests; there was no year (as his friends often repeat) in which he did not set foot in the United States, or in Great Britain either, it would seem, and few in which he did not make a complete circuit of the earth.

He rarely appeared as the engineer in charge of any of his enterprises, — he scarcely paused long enough for that, — but he held directorships in many companies dealing with mineral resources of all kinds in every continent. He must have acquired a singular knowledge of the world and its peoples, but his interest in them seems to have been that of the business operative rather than that of the sympathetic leader in a great society. The larger aspects of the vast community in which he prospered appear to have meant little to him. Like countless other men who ride the crests of great periods of development and expansion, whose shrewd and stubborn hands grasp the rich prizes that their times prepare for them, he seems scarcely to have realized the existence of the immense social tides upon which he arose.

Mr. Hoover was a practical, successful business man, finding the main field of his operations abroad. In 1910, after he had given some lectures on mining at Columbia and Stanford, he first appeared in the American *Who's Who*. In the volume for 1914 he frankly listed his achievements: —

Engineer. . . . In W. Australia as chief of mining staff of Bewick, Moreing & Co. and mgr. Hannan's Brown Hill Mine, 1897; mgr. Sons of Gwalia and E. Murchison mines, 1898; chief engr. Chinese Imperial Bur. of Mines, 1899, doing extensive exploration in interior of China. Took part in defense of Tientsin during Boxer disturbances, 1900. Representative of bond holders in constrn. of Ching Wang Tow harbor, 1900; gen. mgr. Chinese Engring. & Mining Co., 1901; partner Bewick, Moreing & Co., mine operators, London, 1902–8; dir. or mng. dir. Zinc Corpn., Ltd., Kyshtim Corpn., Ltd., Tanalyk Corpn., Ltd., Granville Mining Co., Ltd., Oroya Exploration Co., Ltd., Chinese Engineering & Mining Co., Ltd., Russo-Asiatic Corpn., Ltd., Gen. Petroleum Co., etc., 1908–13. Trustee Stanford Univ. . . . *Clubs:* Devonshire, Albemarle, Ranelagh (London), City (New York). . . . *Home:* Red House, Hornton St., London.

He was then in his fortieth year.

II

Five and a half years later he was being advanced as a prominent contender for the Presidency of the United States, the greatest political office in the gift of any people in the world. The war, which tore so many millions of men and women from their routine, uprooted Mr. Hoover with an equal violence. For him, however, there were once more reserved, not the agony and the loss, but the great prizes. It was very sudden. Brand Whitlock described him to a Belgian audience as 'that extraordinary man whom, by a fortunate chance, we discovered at the beginning of the war'; and to the multitudes who in the last days of 1914 first began to hear of Herbert Hoover he seemed indeed to have been conjured out of nothing.

Possibly the selection of Mr. Hoover to head the Commission for Relief in Belgium was not quite so fortuitous as it appeared. It has been pointed out that the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company was a Belgian as well as a British enterprise, and Emil Francqui, the banker who organized the Belgian part of the relief undertaking, had fourteen years before been associated with Mr. Hoover in the transfer of the Kaiping mines. Mr. Hoover's long and intimate association with British interests — an association which had not, however, deprived him of his American speech and manner — also peculiarly fitted him for the very delicate responsibilities of the post to which he was called. But however that may be, although no reasonable mind has ever supposed there was anything scandalous about it, the veils of a

gathering reticence have since accumulated over the precise manner of the choice. The emphasis has rather been placed upon the striking success with which he managed the great humanitarian enterprise.

It was natural for the public, both then and later, to conclude from this success that Mr. Hoover was also a great humanitarian. It was natural; it was hardly justifiable. To create and direct a vast organization for collecting money, buying and shipping enormous quantities of food through the complex restrictions of the war zones, controlling the distribution behind the German lines, and mollifying the several belligerent governments involved, called less for the heart of the humanitarian than for the harder talents of the practical business executive. And it required something else — publicity.

The Belgian Relief had to be 'sold' to millions throughout the warring and neutral nations; it had to be floated upon the tides of world opinion by arts not differing in their fundamentals from those used to float mining securities on the London Stock Exchange. The field was vastly enlarged, but on the other hand it was uniquely favorable. Amid the fierce and uncritical emotions of the war, the altruistic propagandists of the Belgian Relief did not have to break down 'resistance.' By those who accepted it at all, the importance and nobility of the relief work were accepted without question, and the response was immediate. By a familiar device of press-agentry, moreover, the propaganda was centred less upon the vague entity of the Commission for Relief in Belgium than upon the concrete personality of its chairman. From 1915 onward, Mr. Hoover's name began to appear attached to estimates of the food situation, appeals, reports, and so on; he was eagerly interviewed, and statements and character sketches were widely printed. Rapidly the figure of Mr. Hoover as the great engineer, the great organizer, the embodiment of American benevolence amid the horrors of European war, began to take form. The fact that this figure was being shaped by forces far more powerful than anything in Mr. Hoover himself was naturally overlooked by the peoples. Was it, possibly, overlooked by Mr. Hoover as well?

In April 1917, there came the American declaration of war, and immediately President Wilson found himself in need of a food controller. The choice was almost automatic; it was certainly admirable. Mr. Hoover was at the same time an unquestioned American and a man with almost no previous contacts in America to embarrass him. He was a food man by virtue of two years of experience on a large scale, but he was unencumbered by those associations which would have caused any one of our established food magnates to be torn to pieces by irate producers and consumers a month after he had taken the job. Partisan bias has since professed to find flaws in Mr. Hoover's administration of the office. In such indictments there is nothing very impressive or very remarkable. What is remarkable is the way in which the great engines of publicity now came into play with redoubled effect.

Mr. Hoover had early resolved to run his food administration upon the motive power of voluntary coöperation. This meant a direct, a personal appeal to every household and restaurant table in the United States. It meant an appeal to every food grower and processor, and to the public opinion which would force them into conformity. It meant, in short, an overwhelming campaign of nation-wide advertising, again centred about the personality of the 'miracle man' into whose hands

the food resources of the nation and the Allied armies had been entrusted. In 1917 and 1918 there was not a menu card in the country which did not carry the name of Herbert Hoover, and hardly a day upon which the patriotic press agents in his organization did not pour forth their releases to a readily coöperating press. 'I think,' said the recalcitrant Jim Reed, 'he is now engaged in the largest promotion scheme he has ever undertaken in his life.'

The war was the golden age of the publicity expert. There was no opposition; as far as the enemy was concerned, there were not even any libel laws. The campaign of 'voluntary coöperation' was remarkably successful, or, as Mr. Hoover's friends have since put it, 'his confidence in the American people was not misplaced.' The food administrator had discovered that by 'appealing to the people' — which in practice meant by organizing a high-pressure propaganda drive — he had triumphed in a very difficult job of public administration, a job in which more adept and experienced men had failed lamentably in Europe. A complete outsider, he had grasped, it seemed, the true secret of success in public office. But it was a dangerous secret. Mr. Hoover had never tried 'appealing to the people' in time of peace and in face of opposition.

III

Voluntary coöperation had succeeded in winning the war. Strangely enough, it had also succeeded in building up Mr. Hoover as one of our greatest public servants. With the relaxation of the martial pressures, other war-built reputations began to crumble. Political opponents began to discover errors in Mr. McAdoo's administration of the railroads or Mr. Baker's conduct of the War Department. But Mr. Hoover had never been in politics; he had no political opponents. No one even knew whether he was a Democrat or a Republican; they could not, since he did not know himself. The fact only endeared him to a public suddenly seeing new visions above the chaos of the war's end; while the professionals of politics obviously had no reason for attacking a man until they were sure he belonged to the other side. Mr. Hoover advanced almost inevitably from his achievements as food administrator to even larger responsibilities as an American statesman amid the tangled, desperate, and ignoble rivalries of Paris and the Peace Conference.

There his fame continued to grow. He sat upon the Supreme Economic Council and organized the new American Relief Administration, thereby simultaneously saving the despairing peoples of Central Europe from starvation, the overstocked farmers of America from a surplus, and the whole situation from disastrous collapse. As we look back upon it now, it would seem to have required neither great genius nor a great heart to seize upon the patent truth that unless something were done the practical results would be appalling. But amid the fierce and furiously distorted passions of post-war Paris it was very difficult to see anything clearly. Mr. Hoover displayed the energy and capacity of a competent business executive. To the people at home he seemed not only a tower of administrative ability but also of a humane and forward-looking liberalism. Was he not feeding babies? Was he not free of the grimy taint of politics? Had he not, the year before, upheld Mr. Wilson's hand in the appeal for a Democratic Congress to support the high decisions of Versailles?

He had spoken then of 'America's burden in the rehabilitation of the world'; he had declared that 'we must

nurse Europe back to industry and self-support' under the leadership of Mr. Wilson. 'We must,' he had been careful to add, 'avoid entanglement,' but in September of 1919 he was telling the reporters that 'I stand for a league of nations just as it is planned now.' As the year ran out, as Mr. Wilson was struck down, and as it became apparent amid the passionate manœuvrings of the ratification fight that his successor would have to be elected in the following year, the name of Herbert Hoover arose spontaneously as that of a logical choice for the American Presidency.

In the spring of 1920 a cartoonist depicted the Hoover boom as an automobile driving furiously along with nobody in it and the wheels three feet above the ground. But, mysterious as the Hoover strength appeared, it scarcely demanded a supernatural explanation. The currents of doubt and disillusion were just beginning to set across the ebbing tide of war-time altruism. The doubters saw Mr. Hoover as a less dangerous type of idealist than Mr. Wilson; the idealists saw him as a liberal less likely to get wrecked in the new whirlpools of doubt. The fact that no one really knew anything about him only added to his peculiar availability; common men and women everywhere, confused by the immense issues amid which they found themselves, did not know what they wanted, but were increasingly sure that they did not want a politician. They wanted a great administrator.

It was a desire with which the politicians naturally had no sympathy. The professionals in both parties regarded Mr. Hoover without enthusiasm. The Democrats discovered that he had once belonged to the Republican Club of New York. The Republicans were reminded by Boies Penrose that he had advocated the return of a Democratic Congress in 1918. An even more startling suggestion was advanced. Was not Mr. Hoover actually ineligible, under the fourteen-year residence clause of the Constitution, for the high office to which he aspired? That such a doubt could exist about a serious contender for the Presidency shows how strange was the political atmosphere of 1920. Nobody knew what Mr. Hoover had really been doing or where he had been living during the earlier part of the preceding fourteen years. It did not matter. An official statement, couched, it must be said, in language which was less than frank, was read into the *Congressional Record*, and the point was dismissed by the public as simply indicating the wiles to which mere politicians would resort in their selfish efforts. So the boom went on, the professionals on each side terrorized by the thought of how strong a candidate he would be if nominated by the other, until Mr. Hoover decided too soon which party he belonged to, and the managers of both were able to dismiss him with a sigh of relief. The ineptness might have been suggestive.

Throughout the remainder of the campaign, Mr. Hoover continued to be the great, but safely Republican, liberal. He was one of the leading exponents of 'a' league of nations. He relapsed on to the convenient ground of the Lodge reservations, and, as the Harding campaign began to look more and more like a turning of our back on the whole of Europe, Mr. Hoover continued on the original line, becoming one of that group of eminent men who in 1920 saved the state by assisting Mr. Harding to play it both ways. 'It is now a dozen years,' said Mr. Hoover, 'since Republican leaders — including Roosevelt — first proposed a league. This ideal cannot be ignored by the party. Its living force will insist upon

our joining in the organization of the moral forces of the world to reduce armament, check militarism, and relieve oppression.' At another time he flung a challenge at Hiram Johnson. 'Will the Senator change his expression from "I have never opposed a league" to "I will support a league" for this purpose?'

What happened, of course, was that Mr. Harding won, that the living force of the Republican Party failed to insist upon doing anything, and that Mr. Hoover was paid off for his valuable services by burial (as it was thought) in the Department of Commerce. If he thereafter supported a league in the councils of the Harding Cabinet, the nation was unaware of the fact.

IV

Such was the unusual experience out of which Secretary Hoover, at the age of forty-eight, formulated his philosophy and prepared what must have been his prospectus as a still-hopeful Presidential candidate. In the light of what has happened since, this book becomes of considerable interest. Thin in outward shape, the volume to-day seems curiously thin in content as well. As one turns its pages one becomes conscious that somewhere there was a strange mistake. Mr. Hoover, it seems, was not a great liberal. He was scarcely even a humanitarian; and could one have called him an altruist? 'For the next several generations,' he wrote, 'we dare not abandon self-interest as a motive force to leadership and to production, lest we die. The will-o'-the-wisp of all breeds of Socialism is that they contemplate a motivation of human animals by altruism alone.'

Unless statesmanship consists in the safe laboring of the conventional, Mr. Hoover could hardly lay claim to being a statesman. His political philosophy was simple. Not only economic progress, but 'social' and 'intellectual' advance he felt to be 'almost solely dependent upon the creative minds of those individuals with imaginative and administrative intelligence who create or who carry discoveries to widespread application'; and these individuals could arise 'solely through the selection that comes from the free-running mills of competition.' Though a natural doctrine for the successful mine manager and promoter, it seems a narrow one in a leader of a democratic society.

Mr. Hoover, however, did not think in social terms, and he seems to have been less than a democrat. 'The crowd,' he wrote, 'only feels; it has no mind of its own which can plan. The crowd is credulous, it destroys, it consumes, it hates, and it dreams — but it never builds.' And again: 'I may repeat that the divine spark does not lie in agreements, in organizations, in institutions, in masses, or in groups. Spirituality with its faith, its hope, its charity, can be increased by each individual's own effort. And in proportion as each individual increases his own store of spirituality, in that proportion increases the idealism of democracy.' In short, Mr. Hoover, one of the great prize winners himself, was content to leave everything — from economic progress to spiritual ennoblement — to the individual, who was to win or lose as best he could in what Mr. Hoover evidently felt to be the best of all possible worlds.

All that was required was the free play of individual initiative, checked only by an insistence upon 'equality of opportunity.' The great issue of how this proviso is to be made effective — and it is perhaps the fundamental issue confronting all modern statesmanship — Mr. Hoover did not discuss. He seemed not even to realize that such an issue existed. 'It is where

dominant private property is assembled in the hands of the groups who control the state that the individual begins to feel capital as an oppressor. Our American demand for equality of opportunity is a constant militant check upon capital becoming a thing to be feared.' It was as easy as that.

Mr. Hoover's outlook was simply the narrow and complacent outlook of the successful and conservative business man. In all the years through which he had ranged the earth, in all the months through which he had sat in the inner councils of the war leaders and treaty makers, working with the principal statesmen of the world upon the most stupendous political and social problems which the world had ever confronted, Mr. Hoover had penetrated no more deeply than this into the infinite complexities of the political organism. He had never risen to any broader or more pregnant view of human society than that held in hundreds of chambers of commerce and business luncheon clubs — the self-satisfied view of the men who have known how to gain riches and power for themselves, and who assume that what has contributed to their own success must be what the country needs. That there is a difference between making a private fortune and guiding the public affairs of a nation apparently did not occur to Mr. Hoover. But neither did it occur to countless others who were to support him. If Mr. Hoover was not a wide-visioned public thinker, it was at any rate not his fault. He never pretended to be.

It has become a tenet of American faith that politicians are self-seeking rascals by nature and that successful private business men are monuments of ability and probity, the ideally equipped administrators for our public affairs, could they only be induced to devote themselves to the work. But had anyone really pondered the philosophy which Mr. Hoover offered in the service of the state, he might have had his doubts about this theory. Mr. Hoover revealed the depths of his insight into government with this summary of the triumphs, in the year 1922, of our system: —

> Public opinion has become of steadily increasing potency and reliability in its reaction. . . . Moral standards of business and commerce are improving; vicious city governments are less in number; invisible government has greatly diminished; public conscience is penetrating deeper and deeper; the rooting up of wrong grows more vigorous; the agencies for their exposure and remedy grow more numerous; and above all is the growing sense of service. Many people confuse the exposure of wrongs which were below the surface with degeneration; their very exposure is progress.

This, from a member of the Harding Cabinet, at a moment when the oil scandals, to explode only a year later, were in preparation, was less than profound. The philosopher was willing to admit, of course, that there were faults on the surface of perfection. He noted: —

> The uncertainty of employment in some callings; the deadening effect of certain repetitive processes of manufacture; the twelve-hour day in a few industries . . . arrogant domination by some employers and some labor leaders . . . unfair competition in some industries; some fortunes excessive far beyond the needs of stimulation to initiative; survivals of religious intolerance; political debauchery of some cities.

But in such things he perceived no cause for 'general criticism.' On the contrary, 'most of these occur locally,' he found, and were steadily becoming 'more local.' They could be left to themselves for cure. In the bleaker light of after knowledge, what Mr. Hoover brought to his countrymen

seems strangely inadequate to the great responsibilities they were to put upon him. However, when it comes to returning men to public office, who ever stops to reflect upon what they bring? Was not Mr. Hoover a great engineer?

Seven years later the great engineer, the great humanitarian and administrator, was installed as President of the United States, and as he passed into the dazzling spotlight which is trained upon that office his countrymen turned for the first time to examine him for what he really was. If they were disappointed in what they saw, who was to blame? Mr. Hoover as President has been betrayed by fortune. He has been betrayed in part, perhaps, by the defects of his own character. But chiefly, I think, he has been betrayed by the shallowness of the people who returned him to power, who created him in an image for which there was no basis, and who then demanded that he work miracles for which he was fitted, as they might easily have known, neither by temperament, by inclination, nor by experience.

V

Through the summer and fall of 1928 the solemn periods of Mr. Hoover's Presidential campaign had rolled on. The candidate's ideas were clothed in a suggestion of technical expertness; he scattered figures and percentages through his speeches, and eschewed the brighter flights of political oratory in favor of a dry directness natural to his own habit of thought and according well with the character of an engineer and administrator. It could not conceal the fact, however, that the ideas themselves were simply the smooth-worn platitudes of conventional American politics. Save possibly in his prose style, the business administrator was for the most part indistinguishable from the countless politicians who had preceded him. He evaded the dangerous issue of prohibition. He spoke strongly in favor of the home. He opposed poverty and supported the American standard of living. He denounced government interference with business and upheld the tariff. And from first to last he dedicated himself to 'our American system' of things as they were.

It is true that in at least two respects Mr. Hoover's campaign took on an emphasis which was wanting in those of earlier Republican politicians. His attitude toward foreign affairs was internationalist and pacific rather than 'patriotically' American. This was natural in a man who had found his own career abroad, working in many countries under various governments. Mr. Hoover had been impressed not only by the colossal agony and waste of war, but by the peace-time wastes and general nuisance-making obstructiveness of nationalistic rivalries. He disliked armies and navies, political nationalism and jingoistic fervors; though the fact that he himself, when Secretary of Commerce, had not hesitated to beat the patriotic tom-toms over the British rubber scheme should have warned him of the perplexities which these things conceal. In his speeches it all seemed simple. Mr. Hoover's aims were disarmament and peace, joining the World Court, and coöperation between peoples for the common good. Whether he really appreciated the immense difficulties in the way of these aims is a question; the point is that, where other politicians had spoken for the nationalistic business men and patriots of the interior, Mr. Hoover was reflecting the new influence of cosmopolitan business — of Wall Street, of the international financier, of the great industrialist with foreign trade interests.

Chiefly, however, Mr. Hoover spoke as the representative of business of all kinds, large and small, in every sphere. Campaigning at the very peak of the boom years, he proclaimed — more consciously, more emphatically, more completely than ever before — the great thesis that it is the true function of government to support and assist business enterprise. The thesis was an old one; Mr. Hoover asserted it with all the confidence and conviction of seven years of unparalleled and seemingly endless prosperity. This went beyond the simple doctrine of individualism; the candidate was preaching more than a mere *laissez faire*. With him the government became not simply a kindly supervisor of private enterprise, but its obedient handmaiden. The candidate of course did lip service to the regulatory function, but it was hardly more. 'It is the duty of government,' he felt, 'to avoid regulation as long as equal opportunity to all citizens is not invaded.' To be sure, it was 'the duty of business to conduct itself so that government regulation or government competition is unnecessary,' but the enforcement of this obligation Mr. Hoover seemed ready to leave to 'faith — faith among our people in the integrity of business men.'

Government was to avoid competing with private enterprise; it was to refrain from 'unnecessary contacts' with business, from interference or control. But Mr. Hoover had no intention of taking government out of business. On the contrary, the 'proper promotion' of business was to be one of its chief cares. It was to maintain a high tariff, to promote foreign trade, to encourage and cherish trade associations and agrarian coöperatives. It was to construct those public works which private enterprise (because of their size or the improbability of profitable return) preferred not to finance. It was to undertake scientific and technical research on behalf of business; it was to assist business toward standardization and operating economies; it was even to foster directly, through governmental favors or open subsidies, such specific businesses as radio, aviation, shipping. Mr. Hoover's belief in individualism appeared to be tempered with the proviso that it was proper for the government to do a whole lot in aid of the individual business man.

In this concept of the functions of government Mr. Hoover may have been right, even if he was not profound. Who knows? He was at any rate thoroughly in accord with the thought of our great business community, and expressing the views held by nearly every one of those distinguished captains of industry who were supposed to be so much better qualified for public service than the mere politician. Mr. Hoover voiced the political philosophy of the moment. He saw the feverish expansion of the boom years as something permanent and unlimited, a process leading automatically to well-being, to contentment, to the better life.

> Due to increased efficiency [he proclaimed at Newark], hundreds of thousands of men and women have been transferred from the factories to our expanding insurance and banking to take care of enlarged savings, other hundreds of thousands have been transferred to our filling stations, our garages, our hotels, and our restaurants. We have in this period seen a half-million families find occupation in increased export of goods, and, above all, we have seen an increase of nearly two million youths taken largely from the potential ranks of labor and placed in institutions of education. This is proof of real progress. It is the road to further progress. It is the road to abolition of poverty.

Here was the marvelous tool lying ready to the uses of government. One

need only promote the business process and every governmental problem would solve itself. Upon this promise Mr. Hoover was duly elected; he was installed in office; the 'new day' which he had proclaimed was about to begin. Unfortunately, seven months after he had taken the Presidential oath a new day did begin. The bottom fell out of the business structure.

VI

No one yet knows why depressions come or what should be done about them, but it seems self-evident that they are the inherent consequences of precisely that process of business expansion and development upon which Mr. Hoover had so completely pinned his faith. The statesman who had based his whole policy upon an easily optimistic rationalization of 'our American system' suddenly found himself faced by an angry public, illogically demanding that he do something about the system's natural consequences. Mr. Hoover was a business man, was n't he? Then why could he not stem a business disaster? They failed to see that the very fact that Mr. Hoover was dedicated to the promotion of business as it was debarred him from dealing in any effective way with these bitter fruits of the process. The trouble was that Mr. Hoover did n't see it either. Like other prophets before him, the confident prophet of individualism, of private enterprise, and of the 'free-running mills of competition,' had been badly let down by his own dogma — without quite realizing it.

Mr. Hoover behaved exactly as anyone who had given two thoughts to his campaign speeches might have expected him to behave. He believed that the true function of government was the promotion of business. When the slump came he turned desperately to promote business. He summoned the business heads of the nation into conference. He endeavored to peg wages, to keep up prices, to reëstablish 'confidence' and create 'psychology.' He sought to carry the nation across the abyss sustained upon the power, not of fact, but of his own faith. He announced that the corner had been turned. He issued optimistic statements.

Unhappily, the corner had not been turned; the statements were not well grounded in fact. This would have made no difference had they achieved the effect they were intended to produce; the difficulty was that they achieved no effect whatever — except possibly a rather minor one in the wrong direction. The vast process in which Mr. Hoover had been caught ground remorselessly on, totally without regard either for Mr. Hoover or for the philosophic virtues of individualism. It was inherently impossible to cure the ills of the business system by promoting the system itself. Perhaps after all it is not the chief function of government to promote business. Perhaps its only function is to govern; and, if it does not wish to take over business, then to let business run itself and cure its own ills in its own way.

A more practised and more professional politician probably would not have cared what the function of government was, but he might have perceived more vividly where safety for his own skin lay, and retired in good time and good order to the conventional dugouts of politics. Such a surrender did not recommend itself to the sensitive, the restless and ambitious character of the President, goaded by his own enormous, if adventitious, reputation into an intense desire to achieve the results which would justify it.

It had seemed so easy, in the happier summer of 1929, to translate those portentous theories of individualism and the state into the new day which they appeared so surely to delineate. Peace and harmony abroad, and at home an ever-expanding economic activity, stimulated and maintained by an efficient, unmeddlesome government, and producing by some mystic automatism not only more goods but more health, more happiness, even more 'spirituality' as each year advanced — what was there wrong with that vision of service? Feverishly Mr. Hoover sought to recover it from the wreckage amid which it had been buried, and under the nervous strain of the attempt still further defects in the President's character and training began to appear.

The professional politician would have lain low; he would have played the familiar stops of the political machinery with an adept hand and waited for things to improve. But Mr. Hoover had no political training, and he did not know how to work the machine. He was a business administrator, and, like a great many other successful executives of private enterprise, he was incapable of meeting his public in the mass, or even of dealing easily with its representatives. Under the pressures of disaster he developed an extraordinary sensitiveness to criticism, a self-conscious inability to make the graceful gesture or the frank public statement. He was unhappy in his relations with Congress. He was unhappy in his choice of advisers and political assistants. He exasperated the newspaper correspondents. He alienated his own party support to such an extent that his predecessor (with what seemed to Mr. Hoover's friends a smug insolence) took occasion publicly to shepherd it back to him.

Unable to utilize the ordinary tools of the trade, — very naturally, since one reason for his election was the fact that he had never been trained to do so, — Mr. Hoover was reduced to going outside the political system entirely and seeking to secure his effects either through the business leaders of the country or by direct appeal to public opinion. The business men were of little help in what was fundamentally a problem of government. And in his attempts to use public opinion Mr. Hoover was to reveal one of his most damaging weaknesses. If a public man can make any greater mistake than hiring a public-relations counsel, it is by hiring a bad one. Mr. Hoover in effect did both.

The dangerous lesson of the Belgian Relief and Food Administration days had been learned too well. Once more Mr. Hoover tried 'appealing to the people'; but once more his approach was through the arts of expert press-agentry. He did not see that a method which had worked well enough in war time was worse than useless under the fierce tests of political opposition. He appeared to imagine that the leadership of a President could be 'put over' by the adroit use of the technique of an advertising agency.

It is an error common in the business world from which the President had sprung. It is natural for the business executive, who solves so many problems by summoning the relevant technical expert and having him attend to them, to meet the problem of 'the public' — that impersonal and invidious monster — in the same way. The executive remains in a plush-lined seclusion attending to his own affairs; the public-relations counsel handles the publicity end by giving out the calculated statement, seeking to suppress the unfavorable, managing the news, creating the ulterior effect. It is possible that in business not all the money

expended upon such services is wasted; but in business, at all events, it is rarely the public which has the final say. In politics the public reaction is paramount; and the effort to control it by the expert artifice of the press agent is fatal.

The political leader knows how to cajole, to influence, even to mislead public opinion; but he seldom attempts to manage it by the disingenuous outgiving, because he knows the dangers of the method. He knows that, however eager his own side may be to support him, there is always a shrewd and determined opposition ready to expose the trick and use it with damning effect. Inexperience has unhappily concealed this knowledge from the President. He has seemed to look upon the public and the press as just another of those problems to be solved by expert engineering, and a long train of disasters, from the incredible ineptness of the Wickersham report down to the minor ridiculousness of Master Bryan Untiedt's visit to the Capital, has been the tragic result. Even yet Mr. Hoover does not seem to see that frankness, tact, and some common horse sense are better than all the technical publicity ever invented.

VII

Mr. Hoover rode the waves of the war enthusiasm so easily that he cannot now understand why the press refuses to unite behind national policies that seem to him of the first importance. He cannot see why editors should print irritating and damaging assaults upon his most serious efforts, why motives which he knows to be good or incidents which anyone can see are innocent and trivial should be persistently distorted or 'played up' in unfavorable ways. He is exasperated by what appears to him — and in fact not infrequently is — a pure, willful 'cussedness' and obstructionism; and, because he does not realize that this is a permanent feature of the political leader's work, he beats angrily against it. He considers abandoning the press entirely in favor of the more docile and manageable (because more completely institutionalized) radio; he cuts short his own press conferences while his friends seek even harder to find the man or the method for managing the publicity; he even loses all patience and lashes out, as he did in the case of the Navy League, with the result that what he might have presented as a true issue of principle actually appeared as nothing more than an undignified squabble between the President of the United States and a relatively unimportant propagandist who had insulted him.

The handicap is an overwhelming one, as can be seen in those of Mr. Hoover's efforts in which it has not operated. In forming the $500,000,000 credit corporation, for example, Mr. Hoover did not have to rely in the first instance on the public. He was able to summon the bankers, as any business executive might have summoned his associates, present the issues to them, and secure their promise of action. When the plan reached the public, it was amid a psychology of crisis rather like that of the war days; it came as a genuine emergency measure, recognized to be of the first importance, and to attack it would have imperiled the safety of the country. There was no attack; on the contrary, nearly every agency of opinion worked for the success of the scheme, and without artifice or management of any kind it swept forward on a wave of favorable publicity to produce a real effect.

The Hoover moratorium offered another case of the same kind. A day before the moratorium was announced,

the idea would have seemed courageous to the point of recklessness. Actually the very boldness of the plan, its breadth of view, and the imminence of the emergency it was designed to meet commanded instant approval for it, and Mr. Hoover found the country behind him. But it was the result of swift executive action. It was not a matter of building a national opinion to support a general line of policy; indeed, that pacific and internationalist attitude upon which the moratorium idea was based has never been shared by the nation at large.

The President could succeed with the moratorium; he has never succeeded in bringing the nation to the point of view which could alone make it a logical and consistent expression of American policy. This inability to build the popular basis for the new orientation which he seeks to give our foreign policy has caused him endless trouble, and is likely, as the shadows of the Geneva conference and the debt settlements draw nearer, to cause him more. It tends to convert what some would feel to be his most valuable contribution to our affairs into an actual source of weakness.

At the London naval conference, at the League headquarters in Geneva, in Manchuria, in Washington when the visiting statesmen come, American policy has seemed divided and inconsistent, because the President is striving in one direction while his more nationalistic people continue in the other. Mr. Hoover himself must have noted, when he watched President Wilson at Versailles, another more serious example of the same thing; if so, it was a lesson which he has not succeeded in applying. The division is dangerous for Mr. Hoover, if not for the country; but the President apparently prefers to ignore it, if, indeed, he realizes that it exists.

VIII

In the end it must be repeated, however, that the defects, if defects they be, which have appeared in Mr. Hoover's conduct of the Presidency are hardly chargeable to Mr. Hoover himself, for there is none of them which might not have been quite clearly foreseen from his record. Mr. Hoover, it is said, has worked harder at his great task than any recent President; and if there are those who also claim that he has made the worst failure, they should reserve their strictures, not for the harassed and unhappy man who suddenly found himself in an impossible situation, but for the blindness of the multitude which so little understands either itself or the servants whom it chooses to rule over it.

Mr. Hoover was simply not well qualified for the public post to which he was elevated. It was too easily assumed that his lack of political experience made him the ideal candidate for political office; or — by an even stranger aberration — that, since technical experts have achieved so much, we should put into the Presidency a man who knew nothing of its technique.

Mr. Hoover has done a number of very excellent things; he has tried with an earnestness beyond that of some of his predecessors, and he has undoubtedly been deluged with a vast deal of criticism which he does not deserve. But the results, on the whole, have not been happy, and one may doubt whether the American people will very soon repeat the experiment of placing their chief magistracy in the politically inexperienced hands of a comparatively unknown man of business.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

In last November's issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* I published a diffident suggestion under the title 'A Word to Women.' The gist of my observations was that American women enjoy an unprecedented independence, chiefly on account of their preponderance in economic control. They own nearly half of our national wealth in their own right, and in addition to this they control a large wage fund and a considerable allowance fund; so that they have at present, undoubtedly, more purchasing power than men have, and hence are pretty well able to do as they please with themselves. This being so, it occurred to me to consider what it is that they are actually doing; and appearances seemed to indicate that they mostly content themselves with doing what men do. They compete with men in politics, trades, professions, in building up and managing all kinds of business. They compete with them also in the lighter arts, such as aviation, motor-car racing, speculating, stockjobbing, assassination, real-estating, bootlegging, racketeering — all of which men do very well. I then ventured to suggest a field of activity which they, and especially the feminists among them, seem to have left unnoticed, and in which they would meet with no competition from men — namely, civilizing the society in which they live. I backed my suggestion up by citing respectable opinion that this very inviting field stands much in need of cultivation; that our society, whatever its merits, is quite uncivilized; and I ended by showing, as well as my space would allow, what is meant by civilizing a society, and briefly indicating the general course that a civilizing agency should take.

Comment on this modest proposal took a direction that interested me, and I should like to speak of it for a moment; not at all by way of complaint, for everything that came to my notice was encouraging and generous. It all pointed, however, toward what I suspect to be a very pronounced social preoccupation, and I mention it only for the sake of its evidential value, whatever this may amount to. First, then, practically all the comment on my paper was taken up with the disclosure that women own nearly half of our national wealth; it treated this fact as if it were my main point. But surely the important thing is the social implications of this fact, rather than the fact itself; and I humbly hoped that my paper had made it clear that this was the important thing. Again, all this comment seemed to assume that I was somehow chiefly concerned with the question of what women are doing with their money, whereas I was but little concerned with this; indeed, for the immediate purposes of my paper, I was not at all concerned with it.

Thus, unless I greatly misjudge it,

the turn of this comment intimates a greater social preoccupation with money and the distribution of money than with the quality of human character and the direction of its development. Obviously, what a person does with his money, or with any kind of social leverage under his control, must depend finally on the sort of person he is. This being known, there is not much trouble about making a pretty accurate forecast of the general lines of use or abuse on which he will distribute his money. Hence, if one is considering people who have money, one would properly, I think, first concern one's self with the kind of people they are, rather than with the directions that their outflow of money is taking.

One kindly correspondent, however, sent me a very courteous letter of interest and approval, ending with the suggestion that I should write another paper, 'a little less subtle' (her amiable euphemism for my diffidence, for subtle, alas! I could never be), telling women 'just what it is I think they ought to do' to civilize a society. I suspect she guessed how tempting this large order would be to one with whom the habit of scribbling had become inveterate. If so, her guess was good, and I shall now try my best to meet it.

II

But here at the very outset a simple-minded person like myself runs into dreadful trouble over the connotation of the verb *to do*. I am afraid that even this lady's request, highly as I regard it, intimates another preoccupation characteristic of our society; I mean the characteristic preference for action rather than for thought, and especially the preference for *doing* rather than for *being* or *becoming*. Critics have remarked our inveterate persuasion that all good things will come to us of their own accord if only we keep on as hard as ever we can with doing, and let thinking go more or less by the board; and it must be said that they have a large array of evidence on their side. For example, this policy has controlled our whole economic life ever since the war; everybody has been doing, nobody has been thinking. Even now, curiously, when it is evident that this policy has not worked well, that what has been needed all along is a little less hand-over-head action and a great deal more disinterested thought, there is a general clamor for somebody to do something; thought is apparently at as great a discount as ever. Our dealings with public affairs, both economic and political, are now plainly seen to have been a series of mere improvisations; yet there is no likelihood that our policy with regard to them will change. Our society demands action, it sees public affairs only in terms of action, and action only it will have.

Hence, in the face of the two master concerns which I have mentioned, — the concern with money and the concern with action, — a person of a direct turn of mind should be circumspect about saying what he thinks women should 'do' in order to civilize a society. The first preoccupation would naturally, I think, make 'doing' connote the giving of money. When men set out to 'do' something for a cause, that is what it usually means; they establish trusts and foundations, and set up subsidies of one kind or another. Well, then, since our women have so much money, why not suggest that they set up a Civilization Trust somewhat on the pattern of Mr. Carnegie's Peace Trust or Mr. Rockefeller's Education Trust or Mr. Bok's International Amity Trust (I am not quite sure about these names, but the reader will at once recognize the endowments

I refer to) or Mr. Eastman's Music Trust? That would be the regular thing, and very simple; all one need do is to announce the purpose, designate the trustees, and make over the money.

It would perhaps be all the simpler because women appear content to employ their money quite as men do theirs, just as they are content to employ their energy in the same occupational lines that men follow. I have pored over a great many statistics, and questioned persons who have professional knowledge of such matters, and I can find no significant difference between the sexes in this respect. Women and men alike, in a word, put most of their money into productive industry, speculate with some of it, waste a great deal of it, and some of it they give away. If, therefore, women wish to promote civilization, would they not naturally use the same means that men use, and in the same way?

The second preoccupation would almost certainly make 'doing' connote some activity of an exterior and ponderable sort. In this case, I think it would probably connote something like getting up an organization, with a secretary and a constitution, a programme, perhaps some by-laws, and a 'public-relations counsel' to look after publicity. Meetings would be addressed by eminent persons; papers would be read and discussed, questions asked and answered. Perhaps the organization would consider taking the matter of civilization into politics, in a tentative way; it might appoint a committee to look into the matter and report.

So why not tell my correspondent that women should first organize the idea of civilization, and then give money to promote it? That would be simple and easily understood. It would meet our society's preference for action over thought; for one may be very active in an organization and do practically no thinking at all, but, on the contrary, may let one's mind remain comfortably inaccessible and inert. It would also meet our other great preference for concerning ourselves with what a person does with his money rather than with the kind of person he is; for one may give money for a good purpose, not only without being touched by a true sentiment for that purpose, but also remaining in all respects precisely the same kind of person as before.

But the trouble about any such proposal is that civilization is an affair of the spirit, and in the realm of the spirit sheer organization and sheer money count really for very little. The preoccupations of our society being what they are, this idea is probably somewhat hard to apprehend, and hence it may bear a word or two of discussion. Organization and money are absolutely the body and blood of business and politics. They will also absolutely advance the sciences; they are a hundred per cent effective in projects like Mr. Rockefeller's institute for medical research, for example. They will also absolutely advance the arts by their scientific and mechanical side; an endowment like Mr. Eastman's gives both facilities and leisure for musically-disposed persons to improve themselves in the science and mechanics of music. But in the realm that lies beyond these, the leverage of money and organization is not direct and absolute, but indirect and relative. We are all aware, for instance, of the utter incompetence of endowments for the promotion of peace, like the Carnegie Fund and the Nobel Fund. If we were not so obsessed by the idea of an absolute universal potency of money and organization that we take it as axiomatic, we should see that

peace is not to be got at in that way; it is not at all that kind of affair.

Again, education was never so highly subsidized and highly organized as in this country, and the result is so generally acknowledged to be most unsatisfactory that everybody is wondering 'what to do' about it. Well, education, properly speaking, like religion, like art, like music, like international peace and amity, like any other exclusive concern of the human spirit, is fundamentally not in the money-and-organization category. Education, according to the old and sound American definition of half a century ago, is 'a student sitting on one end of a log and Mark Hopkins on the other'; that is to say, it is an affair of the spirit, and as such only is it communicable; and in our devotion to our two master preoccupations we have merely succeeded in organizing and subsidizing it pretty well off the face of the earth.

Not long ago a lady, dissatisfied with our general neglect of formative studies in favor of instrumental and vocational studies, resolved to 'do' something to promote them; accordingly she gave an immense amount of money to one of our universities to spend in their behalf. This gift, generous as it was, obviously represents the smallest part of the undertaking; the great part lies in the management of what Prince Bismarck used to call the imponderabilia, and one cannot be as sure as one would like to be that an American university, under the heel of our two master preoccupations, knows how to deal with these, or even knows how to discern them, or perhaps so much as knows that they exist.

So if women, like my correspondent, choose to ask what I want them to 'do' in order to civilize our society, I think I should be obliged to say that I do not want them to do anything, that I mightily hope they will not try to do anything. The imponderabilia are all there is to civilization, and I know of nothing that women can 'do' out of hand by way of managing them effectively. Stark organization decidedly will not answer; neither will stark money; neither, even, will interest of the conventional type. In all spiritual concerns there is something which precedes these, something which alone ever gives them the chance of being applied effectively and to good purpose. It is something a little more recondite than any of them, and far more interesting than all of them put together.

III

One of the most striking experiences of advancing age is the discovery that a great lot of formulas which our fathers foisted on us, and which we duly resented as mere disgusting cant, are true. For example, under the head of *Works before Justification*, the austere compilers of the Thirty-nine Articles declared that 'for that they are not done as God willed and commanded them to be done, we doubt not but they have the nature of sin.' To the ear of youth these terms sound fantastic and repulsive, yet the experience of mature years bears them out as symbolic of a profound truth. Apparently there is something in the order of nature that is against the fruition of good works done outside the purview of a rather special discipline. I do not know how to account for this; perhaps no one does; but there seems no doubt about the fact. Not only do they unaccountably fail to get the results they promised, but they somehow, against all expectation, work themselves out into actual harmfulness. Instances of this are often so impressive, even spectacular, that

when the theological language of the Articles is applied to them it sounds neither forced nor archaic.

How aptly, for example, may one apply the language of purely theological formula to the whole subject of disarmament and international peace. The truth about these is, simply, that all nations would be glad to abolish war, but are not willing to let go of advantages which they know they cannot keep without war. Hence the indispensable condition precedent to abolishing war is that the nations should experience a change of heart and exercise repentance and seek justification by faith. It is the disinterested acceptance of a new mode of thought, and the entrance into a new spirit. Nothing else will answer; the fact is plain to anyone with any measure of common sense, and the theological language of Cranmer's day fits the fact like a plaster. Meanwhile good works like the disarmament conferences and the Kellogg Pact are not done as God willed and commanded them to be done; that is to say, they represent no actual self-transformation on the part of the nations, nor a real desire for any. Hence they not only fail of their good intentions, but become the instruments of a peculiarly cruel deceit; they have the nature of sin.

I hope the reader will not think my Bibliolatry is excessive if I cite another incident in Christian history for the sake of developing a little further this idea of a necessary special discipline as antecedent to good works. It was never clear to me that the story told of Simon the sorcerer, in the eighth chapter of the Book of Acts, makes him out as at all a bad sort, but rather the contrary. He seems merely to have had the honest notion which we have remarked as so prevalent in our own society, that money counts for as much in the realm of the spirit as it does outside it. The Apostle's reply intimated that in Simon's case neither money nor anything else counted for much, because 'his heart was not right in the sight of God,' and that he had better brisk around and transform himself into the sort of creature who could see things differently; and Simon appears to have taken the suggestion in good part as giving him an entirely new idea and one worth thinking about.

All this leads directly to a clear and positive view of woman's relation to the task of civilizing our society. What she 'does' in this relation is not, logically, the first thing to be considered; the first thing is what she does with herself. In their due season it would be very profitable and interesting to discuss money and organization and many other possible modes of an exterior and ponderable 'doing,' but their season is as yet remote. *Porro unum est necessarium* — the thing now is to discuss the terms of a valid conversion, a change of heart, and an entrance into a new life and a new spirit, under the regenerative power of a new and high ideal. I am aware that this pulpiteering phraseology courts offense, but I use it deliberately because the two master preoccupations of our society are so strong that one's only chance to make any headway against them is by the force of language that is downright enough to startle their votaries out of an instinctive mechanical obedience. Having done so, I may now clear myself from any imputation of priggishness by saying in all good faith that I am not urging a moral duty on our women. My mind is furthest from that; I am merely suggesting an interesting opportunity. Nor am I appealing to any altruistic motive, — none whatever, — but to one of an entirely different order, which I shall speak of just as soon as I have made my main point a little clearer.

IV

The steady approach to social, political, and industrial equality of the sexes, and the steady shift of sanctions, conventions, and moralities concerning all the sex relationships therein implied, have brought out a spiritual phenomenon which, from the point of view of civilization, is disturbing. Women at large accommodate themselves not only to doing what men do, but also to accepting the general standard of values that men have set. They take their views of life as a hand-me-down from men, and model their demands on life by those of men. Observation of women in active life, in politics, business, the professions, leaves no room for doubt of this; and it is as clearly observable, often more so, in leisure-class women. They accept the motivation which men have given our society; they fall in with it and make it their own.

It must be understood that I am not complaining of this, for they are bred to these spiritual acceptances; all the social pressure that is brought to bear upon them, from the cradle up, tends that way. The fact and its consequences remain, however, and are to be remarked without prejudice. Only the other day, one of our most thoughtful and serious writers spoke of our country as 'so hard ridden and so little blessed' by its womanhood. The observation is not new; and it is true because the social realignment of the sexes has brought woman's views of life, her demands on life, her ideals of society, her aspirations, the practical direction of her intuitions, into an increasingly close agreement with those of men.

Here, then, is the condition that impairs and enervates the faculty which women have, and which men apparently have not, for civilizing a society. It is an *inward* condition; that is the point I would dwell on. It is relatively nothing serious that women should acquiesce in various formal and external adaptations to a society which men have motivated, — a society, let us say, which proposes statistics as a reasonable and satisfying substitute for philosophy, religion, and romance, — but it is very serious indeed that they should acquiesce in an *inward* adaptation to it. There is no great harm done by women's sharing with men all the material comforts, assistances, and gratifications available in a rich and powerful society; but there is great harm in their sharing men's inward persuasion that these are all that a properly constituted society may be asked to provide. That women join with men in giving play to the instinct of expansion is all well enough; that instinct is part of their being. But the case is far different where they join with men in a view of this instinct as the only one whose expression is to be taken seriously; and in a corresponding belief that an expression of the race's other fundamental social instincts — the instincts of intellect and knowledge, of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners — is to be regarded casually and irresponsibly, as something outside the serious business of life, and in which one's participation is to be determined by fashion or by fancy.

Until this disability, which, as I have said, is now forced upon women by all kinds of social pressure — until this is removed, not much can be effectively 'done' toward civilizing a society.

In my judgment this disability, resulting as it does in a decay of faculty, is the most calamitous that women have ever suffered. In my former paper I called our feminists'

attention to this, though in my diffidence I did it rather playfully; still, I hoped they might penetrate to my suggestion and take it in good part. I am myself, I hope, too good a feminist not to be appalled by the monstrous price that women are paying for such advantages as their approach to legal, social, and industrial equality has brought them; that price being the weakening of an invaluable special faculty — let me say, the surrender of an *ad hoc* superiority — through their broad general assumption of 'the male psychology' toward their newer interests and toward life at large. Though my love for equality and justice approaches fanaticism, I can yet understand how, with this price levied against it, woman's progress in emancipation might be thought to have come a trifle high.

Thus the upshot of my theological language of a moment ago is that in order effectively to 'do' anything for civilization the individual woman must revive this moribund faculty and get it into a convalescent state by a deliberate revision of her views of life and her demands on life. It is a task for the individual only, a straight job of self-transformation; and the freer one is to do it, the easier, naturally, it will be.

This was all I had in mind when in my former paper I brought up the point that our women have so much money. The possession of it rids them of the most powerful of all social pressures — economic pressure — to shape their spiritual nature by man's pattern. Certainly not all our women have this freedom, certainly nothing like a majority have it; but, as I intimated in my half-jocose little allegory of the fashion in clothes, if those only who have it would make it serve them in this task of self-transformation, we should have a new world.

V

This task implies, in general terms, first, that woman should get as complete an understanding of the claims of the four neglected social instincts, and as acute and lively a sense of their validity, as she has shown herself able to get of the claims of the instinct of expansion. The lady buyer, broker, executive, politician, knows precisely what these latter claims are; she is as perspicacious about them as any male colleague; you cannot fool her about them for a moment. She also has no doubt whatever about their validity. They are abundantly real to her; her assumption of 'the male psychology' toward them has in fact made their reality mount up to an enormous preponderance, as practically the ultimate reality to which her being responds. Women, then, especially those who are free of economic hindrance, may carry just these powers of perspicacity, concentration, and assurance over into the realm of the spirit, and employ them in just this way for bringing their inner nature into a larger conformity with the best that one finds there.

That is what the notable women of the French and Italian Renaissance did. In looking over their record with this clue in mind, I was interested to see how intelligently and perseveringly they made a business of spiritual activity; as real a business as our emancipated sisters now make of promoting bond issues, practising law, or hawking cosmetics. The realm of the spirit was as real to them, as engaging to their powers, as the realm of politics; and the discipline necessary to make them at home in it — 'the intending of the mind,' to borrow Newton's phrase — was as familiar and as cogently practical to them as the discipline of arithmetic.

The task of self-transformation im-

plies, further, a great engagement of the emotions; just such an engagement as that which now invigorates and fortifies woman in meeting so competently the claims of the instinct of expansion. She now throws an immense deal of sound affection, honorable pride, even a great deal of pseudo-romantic vision, into her stockjobbing or cosmetic peddling; the natural forces which she confronts in the course of these pursuits are such as foster them and call them into play. The psychology of 'pepping up sales' is in a sense sound; it contemplates the focusing of just these emotions by clearing and stimulating a sense of these natural forces as a challenge. Perhaps the most impressive example of its effectiveness in the service of the instinct of expansion is seen in the concentration of Russia's emotional power upon the Five-Year Plan. Well, the women of the Renaissance, while remaining in all respects women of the world, not only disciplined their intellect, but also disciplined and stimulated their emotions into just such a profound concentration upon the natural forces which they found confronting them in the realm of the spirit. They dealt with the great natural forces of mystery, the forces of beauty, the forces of love, as ably and as passionately as our well-disciplined modern woman deals with the forces of supply and demand.

Thus these women were great civilizers, probably without knowing it, and certainly with no self-conscious effort. They seem not to have labored under the sense of a special mission to society; what they 'did' appears to have been largely occasional. But they were nobly serious with themselves, their eye was single; and their record makes one sometimes suspect that civilization is perhaps — just possibly — best promoted by indirection. One especially suspects this when one observes the very puny results accruing from direct, self-conscious efforts to promote it. But, however this may be, one may believe that, if the personality of our women reflected a spiritual discipline at all commensurate with the freedom that their economic independence allows for its undertaking, there would be no need to worry much about any secondary means of enhancing that personality's effectiveness upon society. Its contagion would find its own ways, and perhaps all the more easily without conscious guidance.

One cannot be more specific than this without the risk of presumption; how should I particularize to women upon the incidence of a special faculty which they have and I have not? If I should offer the detailed 'constructive suggestions' that are always in popular demand, and any confiding woman undertook to follow them, she would no doubt make a great mess of it, and I should merely become one more example, among many in my sex, of the futility of trying to show one's grandmother how to sift ashes. Taking my stand firmly on the side of reason and prudence, I shall confine myself to clearing away a possible slight suspicion of inconsistency.

VI

It may be asked, if I doubt that civilization is much furthered by direct self-conscious endeavor, why I should write an article intimating that something of the kind is called for. If women are not to transform themselves in obedience to a social motive, why should they do it at all? Well, the social motive is very noble and elevated; I have all possible reverence for it; yet I am reluctant to recommend it, feeling, like the Psalmist, that I should be meddling in great matters which are too high for me. I prefer to leave this

sort of exhortation to the sociologists and political liberals, who are handier at it than I am, and content myself with suggesting a motive that is less grandiose but quite as valid, and, if possible, perhaps a shade more congenial.

When someone asked the physicist Michelson why he worked so hard over measuring the speed of light, he replied that he did it because it was such great fun. That is the only motive that I would suggest — happiness. Apparently the women of the Renaissance had no other; quite unconscious of any exalted social mission, they seem to have worked like beavers at remaking themselves merely for the enjoyment they got out of doing it. Probably, indeed, there is no happiness like this, once the initial obstacles are got over. Even the cold and profound thought of Bishop Butler takes on a faint glow of warmth in contemplating it, for he says that, if it were not for the practical difficulties attending the process, the enjoyment of self-transformation would hardly be distinguishable from a kind of sensuality. But one need say no more on this subject; it is one on which the humblest intellects are in agreement with the philosophers and saints, for it is open to the supreme test which anyone is able to apply — the test of experience.

Happiness; only that. At the present time it is uncommonly clear that our overindulgence of the instinct of expansion has got us into a most unhappy pickle. Political and economic imperialism; a great war; desperate collisions of interest in the consolidation of gains; the reign of a purblind and truculent nationalism; a lunatic contempt of immutable economic laws; a period of unexampled collapse, prostration, anxiety, and wretchedness; well, there we are! For some of us — I hope many — the worst of our tangle will begin to unwind, I think soon; but the question is, What then?

Should it not presently occur to independent women, even to some of those who have gone furthest with 'the male psychology,' that the instinct of expansion has been a trifle overworked, and that perhaps the male psychology toward it was not an unqualified good thing for women to assume? Would it not strike them as worth while now to make a stringent revision of their whole standard of values, to ease off some of the stress on the claims of expansion and bring those of the other fundamental instincts into some kind of balance and harmony with them? I do not put these questions in a general way. I ask only whether it might not occur to these women that they would themselves be happier if something of the sort should take place *within them.* Over and above the immediate issues of the day, the present period seems to me to force the question whether a life made up, on its serious side, of an exclusive concern with the claims of expansion, and, on its lighter side, of an exclusive concern with the quiddities that can only give a fleeting sense of self-satisfaction — whether this life can be permanently interesting; interesting, I mean, primarily to those who are able to control its quality. Does such a life offer enough happiness to make it worth living, even to those who dominate and shape it?

'One is inclined,' said Stendhal of us, years ago, 'to say that the source of sensibility is dried up in this people. They are just, they are reasonable, but they are essentially not happy.' When a journalist asked Mr. Edison on his last birthday, I think, or next to the last, what he thought about human happiness, he replied simply, 'I am not acquainted with anyone who is happy.' There is no need of docu-

mentary testimony on this point; the faces that one sees and the voices that one hears are enough to establish it. May I say also, as discreetly as possible, that even the faces and voices of our economically independent women are not those of happy people? Why should they be; how *can* they be? Our whole national history may be fairly epitomized as a ruthless rampage of the instinct of expansion upon a vast field of exploitable richness; and, with the claims of the other social instincts thus continuously sacrificed to the claims of expansion for a century and a half, how can even the beneficiaries of this rampage be happy? The thing is impossible, for, as we all know, every unused or misused or misinterpreted instinct becomes a source of uneasiness.

I suspect that even men are now somewhat reluctantly suggestible about the quality of the collective life which they have created; there are some signs that this is a season of repentance. Perhaps even we, some of us, — I speak as a man, — are beginning to think that things might go better if all hands were a little happier; if there were a little less recourse to raw sensation in the quest of happiness, and a more resolute clearing of the inner springs of joy. Possibly we might incline more favorably than heretofore toward the idea of a life that gives a little less play to the instinct that we have so horribly overdriven, and a little more to those that we have repressed and deformed; a collective life, in short, that does not flatly preclude the enjoyment of a humane and reasonable happiness. But although we may regard the idea of such a life rather thoughtfully, just now perhaps even wistfully, we have no faculty for realizing it. Women have; and if the women who are economically free would abandon 'the male psychology,' and so remodel their inner nature as merely to liberate this faculty, they would need give no thought to what they should 'do' in order to apply it socially. It would apply itself.

SAGEBRUSH RULE

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

LADY ASTOR (in Moscow). But there is no freedom here in the Western sense.
G. B. S. Well, at least they are free from the illusion of democracy.

IN motoring over thousands of miles of magnificent roads in Wyoming, Oregon, Colorado, and Idaho last summer, we sometimes passed only a few dozen automobiles or wagons during a whole day. In answer to my question how the states could possibly afford to spend the huge amounts that must have gone into the construction of these little-used roads, my hosts stated that the money came largely from the Federal treasury. I wondered why this money had not been spent for roads in the populous East, where a hundred persons would have benefited to every one who received any advantage from the expenditures actually made. This article endeavors to answer this question, and in addition calls attention to some other manifestations of the undemocratic nature and operation of our national government.

Under our system of Federal government, a measure, however strongly supported by the House and President, cannot become law without the affirmative vote of a majority in the Senate. The Senate is composed of two, and only two, members from each state. Twenty-five states containing only one fifth of the total population elect fifty out of the Senate's ninety-six members, and thus, in final analysis, have power to control our Federal government. New York has 12,588,000 inhabitants, Nevada 91,058. Through his representation in the Senate, the citizen of Nevada outvotes the citizen of New York 139 to 1. With few exceptions the controlling electorates are Western and Southern agricultural states, the economic interests and *mores* of which (speaking in terms of majorities within the states) are frequently at wide variance with those of the populous industrial and commercial states. The Reform Act of 1832 wiped out Old Sarum and the other 'rotten' boroughs of England, but the rotten boroughs of our own national government flourish unabated.

I

The two-votes-a-state system is, of course, a creature of the original Constitution. The Constitution makers recognized, however, that the provision was intrinsically unfair, and adopted it only as a last resort to induce two or three of the smaller states to enter the proposed Union. In practical operation the system was at first not grossly unjust. Although Virginia, the largest of the original states, had twelve times the population (including slaves) of Delaware, the smallest, and Massachusetts had six times that of its neighbor Rhode Island, the lines of cleavage on eco-

nomic and social matters did not follow the large and small state groupings.

The purely agricultural states included not only states of small population, such as Delaware, Georgia, and New Jersey, but also the populous states of Virginia and North Carolina. Likewise, the commercial and industrial states included the small states of Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut as well as the large states of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York. The Puritanism of New England and the more cavalier point of view of the South and Central states likewise cut across the large and small state groups alike. The same was true of the slavery issue. Under these circumstances, there was relatively little practical injustice in giving the citizen of Rhode Island or Delaware a Federal vote worth several times as much as that of his neighbor across the line in Massachusetts or Virginia.

Up to the time of the Civil War there was no significant change in the situation as it existed in 1789. The differences in population between states had somewhat increased, but the extreme discrepancies which exist to-day had not yet developed. Furthermore, the balance between agriculture and industry in both the large and the small state groups had been, on the whole, maintained. The forging ahead of commerce and industry over agriculture in New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts had been offset by admission to the Union of the large and predominantly agricultural states of Kentucky, Indiana, and Alabama.

In the years after the Civil War an entirely new situation developed. This period of amazing industrial and commercial expansion brought about an unprecedented concentration of population in the Eastern, industrial states. Half of the people in the entire country are now congregated in nine states, all but two of which, Texas and California, are predominantly industrial and commercial. This alone would have resulted in a seriously disproportionate representation between the industrial and commercial states on the one hand and the agricultural states on the other. But the disproportion was carried to a fantastic extreme by the admission to statehood of the eleven new, sparsely settled states of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, Nebraska, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. The combined population of these states, plus that of their neighbor, Oregon, even to-day is far less than that of New York State alone.

The differences in economic interest between the industrial states and the agricultural states are, to a considerable extent, paralleled by differences in their ethical points of view. The rural, Nordic, teetotaler constituents of the sagebrush Senators may perhaps be a more desirable type than the Celtic, Latin, Semitic, Anglo-Saxon, Teuton potpourri that predominates in the industrial East; but the question we are now considering is not whether an oligarchy selected from what may be the soundest stock in the country is best fitted to govern, but whether our government, as now constituted, is democratic.

Until recently, certain rules of the Senate gave the East an advantage which offset the disproportionate voting strength of the West. The rules provide that a bill cannot reach a vote unless it is reported out of committee with the consent of the committee's chairman, and that the senior member of the committee (in point of service) from the political party in control shall be the chairman. Senators are notable for their longevity and for their ability to secure repeated re-

election. Until well into the present century, almost all of the important Senate committees were headed by old-timers, the beginning of whose periods of service in the Senate antedated the time when the sagebrush states had been admitted to the Union. All these old stand-bys — Platt, Aldrich, Frye, Cullom, and the rest — have since died or retired, and to-day the West has its full proportion of Senate chairmanships, including those of the three powerful committees on Foreign Relations (Borah), Finance (Smoot), and Banking and Currency (Norbeck). The numerical voting strength of the West is, therefore, now fully effective.

Moreover, prior to the adoption in May 1913 of the Seventeenth Amendment, the undemocratic nature of the representation in the Senate was tempered by the fact that Senators were elected by the state legislatures, and not by popular vote. State legislators were usually party men, and, as such, chose Senators who could be counted on to stand by measures sponsored by a President elected as their party candidate — a candidate chosen by delegates apportioned roughly on the basis of population. Whatever its faults, this system gave to a majority of the nation ultimate, if somewhat remote, power of control over the Senate. The Seventeenth Amendment, coupled with the direct primary, has inaugurated a new era. Senators are no longer elected by dyed-in-the-wool party men, but by voters in the mass, many, perhaps most, of whom in the Northern states take pride in the fact that they are *not* regular party men; that they vote for whatever candidates best suit their particular tastes and interests. Borah, Norris, Frazier, and others thus find it possible to secure election to the Senate, nominally as Republicans, but on a programme having no necessary relation to that of their party. The sole qualification for nomination and election is that the candidate shall support the policies favored by his particular constituents. If the party as a whole has a different programme, so much the worse for it.

II

The first temptation to a dominant sectional minority naturally is to shift the cost of running the government to the rest of the country. This danger was forcibly pointed out in the debates in the Constitutional Convention on the question of representation in the Senate. The representatives of the smaller states argued that the provision requiring money bills to originate in the Lower House would be a sufficient safeguard. Madison, representing Virginia, challenged this, maintaining that the particular House in which a bill originates would prove to be of little practical significance. That he was right has been demonstrated again and again, but never more strikingly than in the enactment of the two greatest revenue-producing measures in our history — the Revenue Acts of 1918 and 1921. These measures, of course, 'originated' in the House. But the Senate put through 265 amendments to the 1918 Act and 760 amendments to the 1921 Act, and the bills as enacted were, in substance, Senate bills.

Convinced of the danger that the smaller states would, if unchecked, tend to use their disproportionate voting strength to saddle an excessive share of the cost of the Federal government on the larger states, Madison and the other large-state representatives successfully insisted upon the adoption of the provision in Article I (3) of the Constitution that 'direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included

within this Union *according to their respective numbers*.' Under this provision, if Pennsylvania, for example, had one tenth of the population, its citizens could not be forced to pay more than one tenth of any direct tax imposed by the Federal government. The inclusion of this protective provision was one of the principal inducements to Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York to accept the provision giving equal representation in the Senate to the smaller states.

This safeguard was swept away by the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, ratified February 25, 1913, which provides that Congress shall have power to impose taxes on incomes '*without regard to any census or enumeration*.' Under the sanction of this amendment, over two thirds of our Federal revenue is to-day raised by income taxes, and, despite the fact that the residents of the sagebrush states have a *per capita* wealth in excess of that of Eastern states, they pay (relatively speaking) almost no income tax. This is the result of various factors. Wealth is more equally distributed in the West than in the East, and the higher rates of income tax apply only to large incomes. A larger proportion of the wealth in the West than in the East is invested in homes occupied by their owners, and the rental value of a self-owned home is not subject to income tax in the United States, as it is, for example, in England. Finally, the income of all corporations, no matter how small their capital and income may be, is subject to a heavy tax, and most business in the East is carried on through corporations, while farms are rarely incorporated. Whatever the reasons, the fact is that during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1931, the entire tier of twelve sagebrush states paid an aggregate of only 34 million dollars of Federal income tax, against 35 millions collected in little Connecticut alone, and 614 millions in New York.

It is impossible to prove just how far the over-representation of the West in the Senate is responsible for its immunity, or near-immunity, from Federal taxation. The controversies over a revenue bill usually take place in committee, and an analysis of the Senate vote on the final passage of a revenue bill gives no real clue to the struggles and compromises which take place in framing it. It is significant, however, that on the amendment to reduce the rates of surtax in the 1928 Revenue Bill the sagebrush Senators (whether from sectional motives or for altruistic reasons) in fact voted almost to a man against this amendment, which would have given some relief to the East from the extreme disproportion of Federal tax burden which it now bears. There is no sound objection to high surtaxes as a war or other emergency measure, but to make a practice of limiting taxation to the few is the surest road to extravagant and inefficient government. Relieve the average citizen of the cost of government, and you remove his chief incentive for taking a serious interest in securing an honest and efficient administration.

III

The sectional attitude of the sagebrush Senators on taxes has been matched by their stand in the matter of expenditures. There has grown up in recent years a system of so-called Federal 'aids' to the states, of which much the most costly is that for the construction of state highways, such as those referred to in the opening paragraph of this discussion. This road subsidy, inaugurated in 1916 under the innocent guise of a bill to open up new post roads, was amended to sub-

stantially its present form in 1921. The votes in the Senate both in 1916 and in 1921 were unrecorded. But the votes in the House show almost unanimous opposition to the Act, both in 1916 and in 1921, on the part of the representatives of New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, and almost unanimous support for the Act from the sagebrush states, which were to be among the chief beneficiaries under it.

The original appropriations under this 'Federal Highway Act' were spent long ago, but fresh and ever-increasing appropriations under the Act have been made from year to year as part of the general appropriations for the Department of Agriculture, or as one of the items of an omnibus Deficiencies Appropriation Bill, thus making it impossible for the opponents of the appropriation to vote against it without jeopardizing other appropriations of vital national importance. The roads appropriation for 1930 reached the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty million dollars.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the unfairness of this road-subsidy measure. The Act provides that the subsidy shall be apportioned on the basis of three equal factors: population, area, and mileage of rural-free-delivery routes. The last two factors give an overwhelming advantage to the sagebrush states, which are the very states that contribute least toward the fund from which the subsidies are paid. These twelve states, which contain less than 6 per cent of the total population and pay less than 2 per cent of the total Federal income taxes, received 20 per cent of the 1930 road subsidy. Five of them — Idaho, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Wyoming — receive from the Federal government in the form of this direct subsidy alone from two to four times as much as they pay in Federal income taxes, and considerably more than their entire estimated contributions to the Federal government. So far as the upkeep of our national government is concerned, they are having a free ride at the expense of the industrial East.

Moreover, far from being satisfied with their present favored position, the demands of the prairie states are constantly increasing. The latest attempted raid on the Treasury was the Farm Debenture scheme, which provided that the farmers should be paid in Federal debentures a subsidy of twenty-one cents a bushel on wheat, approximately ten dollars a bale on cotton, and similarly large bounties on other farm products exported from this country. This was primarily a Democratic measure, but nine Republican Senators from the sagebrush states deserted their party and joined with Democratic members of the Upper House to pass this unsound measure. But for the rejection of this bill by the Lower House, the Western Senators might have fastened on this country the most costly subsidy it has ever known.

Something must be done, if possible, to protect the populous East from this and similar legislation designed to promote the selfish, sectional interests of the sagebrush states.

IV

The Constitution expressly provides that 'no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.' The collective voting strength of the sagebrush Senators is therefore indestructible and will continue permanently to give them a position of undue power. But their present overwhelming predominance would be reduced if the support afforded them by Eastern liberals, which gives the words and acts of these

Senators a nation-wide backing, were withdrawn. This support is based on the assumption that the Western Senators are the champions of liberalism, an assumption which is demonstrably unwarranted.

The test of a politician's statesmanship is his votes. Fine speech, unsupported by legislative action, is so much cant. Mention has already been made of the sectionalism reflected in the votes of the sagebrush Senate group[1] on the surtax and Farm Debenture proposals. Their votes on the proposed Senate amendments to the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill are even more illuminating. Here in the compass of a few weeks is a record of decisions on a wide variety of significant questions, as the following analysis of the record of Senator Borah will show. On many issues, not involving the peculiar economic interests of his constituents, Senator Borah has taken a liberal and farseeing point of view, and we have chosen to analyze his particular record not because it is especially vulnerable (which it is not), but because the senior Senator from Idaho is the most conspicuous and powerful, yet at the same time a representative, member of his group.

The Republican majority in the Senate supported increases in the House rates of duty on pig iron, wire, aluminum, certain other manufactured articles, wool, and hides. Senator Borah and most of his sagebrush colleagues joined with the Democratic members of the Senate in defeating the proposed increases on manufactured articles. This was heralded by many as another example of the Senator's splendid independence and statesmanship. So it might be if he had voted consistently against all tariff increases — although even then one might well question the ethics of securing election as a Republican and then deserting the party on critical votes. But there was no such consistency. When it came to the tariff on wool and hides, which were already highly protected, Senator Borah and his sagebrush colleagues voted with the majority in favor of the proposed increase. By what possible stretch of the imagination can it be considered liberal statesmanship to vote against tariff increases in general if this vote is accompanied by votes in favor of tariff increase on commodities, already highly protected, produced by one's own constituents?

Had the matter stopped with this, it might at least be said that, if Senator Borah's record on the tariff is no better, neither is it any worse than the average. But this was only the beginning. Four amendments to the House bill, dealing with matters other than the mere increase or decrease in specific rates of duty, were clearly adverse to the interest of the country as a whole or to sections of it. Idaho, however, might derive some sectional benefit from the adoption of the respective amendments, and in every case Senator Borah voted 'Yea.'

The first of these amendments, introduced by Senator Howell of Nebraska, provided for a bounty of approximately one-half cent a pound on 'sugar produced in Continental United States only.' This amendment was not designed to assist American sugar growers as a whole. On the contrary, it was evident that it must *cripple* the sugar industry of Hawaii, which is not in the continental United States, by giving to the sugar producers of Nebraska, Idaho, Louisiana, and certain other agricultural states a differential that would permit them to

[1] The generalizations made here do not fully apply to all the sagebrush states, particularly not to Colorado and Utah, both of whose present Senators have consistently put party loyalty ahead of exclusively sectional considerations. — AUTHOR

undersell their Hawaiian competitors. Here is bonus legislation in its most vicious form; a type of legislation which, if given a foothold, would be utterly subversive to fairness and decency in our national government. The amendment fortunately was defeated, but its defeat was accomplished in spite of, not with, the support of Senator Borah.

The next proposed amendment was a rider to the tariff bill designed to put over the Farm Debenture measure, which had been defeated in its original appearance as a part of the Farm Marketing Act. With an eye not to national but to purely sectional advantage, Senator Borah voted with his sagebrush colleagues, Ashurst, Bratton, Cutting, Frazier, Hayden, Howell, McMaster, Norbeck, Norris, Nye, Pittman, Thomas, Walsh, and Wheeler, in favor of this pernicious measure.

The third amendment was a measure included here for consideration, not because of the importance of its subject matter, but by reason of its very pettiness. It dealt with the exemption of tourists from duty on articles imported for personal use. The existing exemption was being abused by persons living in border states, who would do their shopping in Canada or Mexico and then bring back their purchases into the United States, duty free. The amendment in question was designed to put a stop to this practice by providing that 'residents of the United States shall not take advantage of the provision herein granted within a period of 30 days from the last exemption claimed.' Your atlas will show that Idaho has a panhandle jutting up to the Canadian border. Senator Borah voted with eighteen other border Senators to strike out this thirty-day limitation.

The last of the four amendments was introduced by Senator Walsh of Montana. The tariff law had long permitted American flour mills to import foreign wheat (under bond) free from duty, provided it was manufactured into flour solely for export. If the flour was sold for domestic consumption, the import duty must be paid. Most of the wheat so imported comes from Canada, and, but for this provision, would be milled in Canada instead of in American mills. The abolition of this privilege would force United States millers to build new plants on the Canadian side of the border or lose their Canadian wheat business. The amendment would have produced no permanent benefit to the American farmer — only loss to the American miller. Temporarily, however, the amendment might have given an advantage to the American wheat grower, because, until Canadian subsidiaries could be established, American millers might have been forced to supply their foreign customers with flour milled from American wheat. Idaho is to a considerable extent a wheat-growing state, and Senator Borah, as has been stated, voted in favor of this amendment. Is support of shoddy measures of this kind reconcilable with statesmanship — liberal or otherwise?

The 'masses' are perhaps in need of a Ramsay MacDonald or Arthur Henderson to make their wants politically articulate. But in this country everyone in political life has a multitude of local interests, which, rightly or wrongly, he regards as paramount. The liberal support given to the Western insurgent leaders does more to strengthen their effectiveness in extracting funds from the common treasury for local benefits than it does to advance liberal measures. It is high time for the Eastern liberals to turn away their eyes from the trans-Missourian plains and try to find a leader whose local interests are more in harmony with the requirements of the general welfare.

LONDON IN A FINANCIAL FOG

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

HAD I been told a year ago that the time would come when I should be glad to leave London, I should have said with Dr. Johnson, 'Sir, no man at all intellectual is willing to leave London. No, sir, when a man is tired of London he is tired of life.' But we are living in a world of change, and if the changes are for the better, tell me so and attempt to prove it.

Three times within two years I have been called to London to do honor, in my small way, to the memory of Dr. Johnson. The first was in November 1929, just when the first crash in Wall Street made my investments look as though made by an idiot acting under the advice of a lunatic. I was fortunate that I could get away, and perhaps I should not have gone, but some years before, when I was dining with my friend Cecil Harmsworth in the Johnson House in Gough Square, he had told me that when he was ready to turn the house over to a board of governors, to have the management of it forever, I should be one of two Americans he had in mind for the honor — my friend R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, the ranking Johnsonian of the world, being the other. I, of course, expressed my appreciation of the honor and said that when the call came I would be on hand. It came, as I have said, at the height of the stock-market crash, one of those things that our Federal Reserve Bank was supposed to prevent. I was glad to have so good an excuse for folding my tent like an Arab and stealing away.

The event was a delightful one. It took the form, as so many events do in London, of an elaborate dinner party, given by Mr. Harmsworth to the trustees and governors in the attic room of the house in which the great Dictionary was compiled and in which, probably, *Rasselas* was written. In addition to the group whose duties were to be honorary rather than burdensome, — for the burdens had been assumed by Mr. Harmsworth, — our host had invited some of the members of the Johnson Club and a few personal friends. We dined wisely and well, and after the dinner a group of ladies, who had in the meantime been Mrs. Harmsworth's guests at the near-by Cheshire Cheese, climbed the substantial old stairs to hear the speeches which are inevitable on such an occasion.

The first speaker was my old and honored friend Augustine Birrell. 'An old parliamentary hand,' — as Gladstone once called himself, — he can be gritty upon occasion; I have known him to toss and gore several people of an evening, but this evening he was in mellow and reminiscent mood and spoke delightfully. After he had sat down, Mr. Harmsworth, to my horror and surprise, said, 'Now, Ned, I turn the meeting over to you.' Among the trustees was Lord Hewart, the Chief Justice of England, one of the best after-

dinner speakers in London. It is not usual for so unimportant a person as myself to speak before (in advance of) the Lord Chief Justice, and I apologized for doing so by saying that I had come much farther for my dinner than he had — and little else. My apology was accepted, a whimsical note from Sir James Barrie read (he was at the last minute prevented from attending), much port was drunk, more speeches made, and toward midnight the old mansion was emptied of its living Johnsonians and turned over to its Ghosts.

II

My next visit to London was upon the occasion of my election to the presidency of the Johnson Society of Lichfield, Dr. Johnson's native town. I owe this honor to Lord and Lady Charnwood, whom I had met several years before upon the celebration of one of Dr. Johnson's birthdays, which are scrupulously observed in the old Staffordshire city. This honor, like the other, does not involve one in a maze of duties. Nomination by Johnsonians so distinguished as Lord and Lady Charnwood is equivalent to and is immediately followed by election. Then one functions in placing a wreath on Johnson's statue in the tiny public square in the city, in visiting the birthplace which is in the square, and in joining in the singing of anthems by white-robed choristers from the near-by church. In these festivities, which take place at noon, the Mayor of the City and the Sheriff, in their robes, take part; this puts the needed bit of color into a simple ceremony, and nothing further happens until three in the afternoon, when, in the Guildhall, the election of officers for the ensuing year takes place, and after the reading of a few brief reports the newly elected president makes his formal address.

When I discovered what was expected of me I determined to develop an idea which had been rattling about in my head for many years. Dr. Johnson and Dr. Franklin lived in London at the same time, they had many friends in common, but I could not discover that they had ever met; I feel sure that they did not. I determined to bring them together at the dinner table of Mr. Strahan, the printer. To a Johnsonian it is instantly obvious that I had taken my cue from Mr. Dilly's famous party to John Wilkes, to which Boswell enticed Dr. Johnson.

The moment I had set my stage I was embarrassed by the wealth and quality of my material: I set two of the ablest talkers of the age — two of the ablest talkers of any age — talking against each other in perfect key with their respective characters. The one a Tory, and what we should to-day call a fundamentalist; the other a Republican and a freethinker. That Johnson would hate Franklin was obvious; that Franklin would find in Johnson a foeman of whom it behooved him to be very careful was equally apparent. I think I never had more fun than in matching up in perfect apposition the well-known sayings of these two great men. With Boswell, General Paoli, and a rather shadowy French Ambassador to ask a pertinent question now and then, I set the two men at one another: the result was very like the setting off of a bunch of firecrackers.

I read my paper to a somewhat surprised, yet sympathetic audience. Only one man went to sleep, but he did so upon my wife's shoulder, and was subsequently roundly taken to task by Lady Charnwood for so doing; and in the evening there was a dinner in the Guildhall, and another milestone in the ever-lengthening fame of Dr. Johnson had been passed. It is usual for presidents to be present at the election of

their successors, and I promised that I would, if possible, return to Lichfield a year later to see mine properly installed. And that is why I found myself, a year later, once again in Lichfield dancing attendance upon the newly elected president, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, the creator of a new (now old) school of fiction, the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Sir Anthony is an ardent Johnsonian, and made a capital address.

On these occasions Stowe House, the country home of the Charnwoods, radiates hospitality. It is a comfortable, historic mansion, surrounded by lovely old lawns and gardens, about a mile from the city of Lichfield, at the end of a long artificial sheet of water, and so placed that from its front door and central window above one may look across the water straight through the centre opening of the centre spire of the Cathedral. It is a soul-satisfying view, and it is to this house that Dr. Johnson walked away to dine in March 1776, leaving Boswell rather disconsolate at the inn. But let the story be abridged from Boswell's own words: —

I had seen Mrs. Gastrel (who then occupied Stowe House) the preceding night, and when Johnson walked away without any apology I wondered at this want of manners from a man who has no difficulty in carrying a friend to a house where he is intimate. . . .

I began to think myself unkindly deserted but was soon relieved, and convinced that my friend instead of being deficient in delicacy had conducted the matter with perfect propriety, for I soon received a note in his handwriting: 'Mrs. Gastrel at the lower house on Stowhill desires Mr. Boswell's company to dinner at two.' I was not informed till afterwards that Mrs. Gastrel's husband was the clergyman who, while he lived at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he was the proprietor of Shakespeare's garden, with Gothic barbarity cut down his mulberry tree, and, as Dr. Johnson told me, did it to vex his neighbors. His lady, I have reason to believe, on the same authority, participated in the guilt of what the enthusiasts of our immortal bard deem a species of sacrilege.

At least three of the rooms of Stowe House remain just as they were at the time of Johnson's and Boswell's visit, and a large mirror let into the wall of the dining room must have many times reflected the ponderous Doctor as he labored over his dinner. But the literary history of Stowe House does not end with Mrs. Gastrel and her guests. Subsequently it became the home of that amazing and amusing eccentric, Thomas Day, and in it he wrote the once-famous *Sanford and Merton*.

We were a merry party over the week-end of the nineteenth of September. Sir Anthony told stories and told them well, and Lady Hawkins, a handsome woman, a perfect type of English countrywoman, in reply to what I thought was a well-turned compliment to this effect countered very neatly when I got through by saying, 'Thank you very much, but I was born in Vermont.'

III

It has so happened that I have been in London on a number of occasions when events of great importance were unfolding. This time, on the day after our arrival, careful reading of the newspapers made it clear that England's difficulties seemed to be coming to a head. Immense sums of gold were being withdrawn from the Bank of England for shipment abroad, and whispers were heard of the 'flight' of the pound sterling. The King, who had only just arrived at Balmoral Castle, in Scotland, returned to London the next day by special train to attend a hastily called meeting of his ministers, and immediately thereafter announced through his Chamberlain that he proposed to forgo, annually, fifty thousand pounds of his income while the financial stringency

lasted. This is a large sum of money for a man who is not very rich and who is, nevertheless, obliged to support establishments worthy of the King of Great Britain and Emperor of India. At the same time the Prince of Wales, who enjoys no income from the civil list, made a personal contribution of ten thousand pounds. These announcements were made to synchronize with an appalling statement from Mr. Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons that the expenses of the government were far in excess of its receipts and that the deficit must be met by increased taxation and an immediate reduction in the nation's expenses. A gasp and a groan went up throughout the Kingdom.

Such was the situation when, on a Friday afternoon, we left London for Lichfield. For many years I have always kept a few hundred pounds on deposit with a century-old bank in the City. I debated whether I should close this account and remit my pounds by cable to New York, or take a ride with them wheresoever they might go. This seemed to be the sporty thing to do; I did it, and I am still 'riding' with my pounds. I also determined that I would not look at the newspapers until the Lichfield festivities were over. When I came down to breakfast on Monday morning, September 22, I saw instantly from the faces of those about me that something serious had happened. The London *Times*, the one-time 'Thunderer,' in common with all the other papers, announced that the Bank of England would that day suspend payment, in gold, at the usual rate of exchange, that the London stock market would not open, and that this lead would be followed by the stock exchanges of Berlin and several other Continental cities. I knew instantly what the effect would be in New York. I guessed that our stock exchange would brace itself for whatever might happen and remain open at whatever cost; indeed, there was little choice — it would be obliged to do so.

When the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, as the Bank of England has affectionately been called, lays down her knitting, folds her hands, and goes off into a doze, something is bound to happen. With us, transactions made outside the exchange cannot be enforced; in London, there is always a 'street market.' Exchange on New York fell on that miserable Monday from $4.86 to $3.45 and closed at $3.90 to the pound. When it is realized that the fluctuation of a penny in the pound causes a foreign-exchange banker trepidation, it will be realized that such a fluctuation develops either a weak or a very stout heart.

The English are, in general, good sports, none better; we are not in the same class with them. We are belly-aching over twelve months' misery. The English people, under incompetent political control, have had five years of it. The newspapers said that 'constructive measures' had been taken, hoped that it was not too late, — as is usually the case with their constructive measures, — and implied that they would 'muddle through.' Whoever first invented this phrase did England a great disservice, for in order to live up to the tradition of 'muddling through' — and tradition is a rule of conduct in England — the English never prepare for an emergency, but when it comes they face it like a lion.

Now, curiously enough, I had happened to be in London some years before when exchange on New York fell, as I remember, to $3.20 to the pound. The English seemed unperturbed and said it would go lower. I know nothing of foreign exchange, — few men, even bankers, do, — especially of that mystery called triangular exchange, in

which goods shipped from New York to Hongkong are settled for in London; but I felt sure that London would endeavor to raise the value of the pound nearer to the parity of the dollar, and I bought substantially. Then, having pounds in London, I invested in what was, and is, briefly called 'war loan.' I sat down to wait. To my surprise and, I may add, intense gratification, pounds began to go up, or dollars to go down, which is the same thing. Presently — and unwisely, as I have always believed — the old parity of $4.86 to the pound was reëstablished. How it was done I never understood, but those 'in the know' must have made huge fortunes.

The statesman who is credited for this *tour de force* is Winston Churchill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time. May I say in passing that he is not as universally respected as is Philip Snowden, the Chancellor of the late Labor government. I suppose no two men in England hate each other more cordially than these two ex-Chancellors, and I believe Napoleon at Waterloo felt not a whit worse than did Mr. Snowden when the pound came crashing down about his head, for Napoleon cared for nothing but self, and Snowden would go and has gone through hell for his convictions. The effect of a fall of 20 per cent in the pound is equivalent to a tariff of that amount, with this difference: that it produces, directly, no revenue. Now Snowden and John Burns are perhaps the only two distinguished statesmen who still believe that a free trade is essential to England's well-being; and thereby hangs another tale.

It is said in London, very openly, that a well-known politician did something very naughty in connection with the sugar tariff, which resulted in the fact that enormous profits were reaped and shared by certain interests at the expense of the common people, and the mere mention of a far-flung tariff is enough to bring Philip Snowden in a towering rage to his feet. He is a very frail man, always in bodily pain, and rises reluctantly. It must have been an agonizing moment for him when he brought in and had passed his last bill, increasing the already crushing taxes on incomes and reducing somewhat the dole and the salaries or wages of certain public servants, thus, as he said, 'balancing the budget' — at least on paper. It was, in effect, a confession of complete failure. The Labor Party and the Conservative Party alike have been unable to deal with unemployment. The glowing promises of both had come to naught, yet so determined, so obstinate, so opposed to change is English character that the mere suggestion of a tariff, which has worked amazingly well in the building up of the automotive industry in England, is nevertheless sufficient to bring ruin to its proposer. The policy of free trade which made England rich and powerful a hundred years ago must be the right policy to-day: so ran the argument.

I can but feel that the speech in Parliament in which Mr. Snowden practically admitted that England had reached the end of her tether, and that increased taxes and wage reductions were a necessity, was ill-considered. A magnificent peroration with an apt quotation from Swinburne did not serve to prevent a mutiny — a strike it was called — in the Navy, and the Navy is England's first and last line of defense. No one really knows how serious it was; the newspapers said as little as possible. Ramsay MacDonald rose to the great emergency and — perhaps under the promptings of the King, who I verily believe is to-day the most universally honored man in the world — offered to 'head up,' as we should say, a National Party. Henderson and most of the Labor leaders

'deserted,' — how the English hate a quitter! — and Lloyd George ran true to form and availed himself of what I think may be his last opportunity of being contemptible.

IV

I have attempted, very briefly and imperfectly, to suggest conditions in London when I took my usual flat in Jermyn Street with the intention of doing a little book hunting, dining with friends, and going to the theatre, but I soon discovered it was no time for any of these things. The only thing that I could do was to read the papers and try to understand what was going on. London was no longer 'My Old Lady London,' but a rather exacerbated old gentleman with jumpy nerves.

Like most other men, I have come to have but little, if any, respect for authority. This may be due to the fact that I have grown up, or to an early reading of Thomas Carlyle. In any event, man is, to me, pretty generally a forked radish and nothing more. As Charles James Fox replied when someone called his attention to the magnificent gravity of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, 'No man ever was as wise as Thurlow looks.' So I decline to respect a man merely because he wears ecclesiastical, religious, or military trappings — even a horsehair wig only abashes me for a moment. It follows then, quite naturally, that when political economists come forward with their always-conflicting remedies for difficult situations I prepare to enjoy the 'comic relief,' as it is called when fun is introduced in a tragedy upon the stage. The Dogberrys, disguised as wise men, who now crowded forward with their silly plans for the relief of unemployment and the stabilization of the pound, brought to mind our own absurd efforts to keep up the price of wheat, Brazil's futile attempt to do the same thing with coffee, and the sequel to the effort made by Britain to force us to pay her war bill by cornering the rubber market.

It would not be inexact, I think, to say that an 'eminent' economist is always wrong. No two have ever agreed as to money, either gold or silver or paper, wages, credits, tariffs, or anything else; yet they remain 'eminent,' and men listen to them, as who should say an oracle has spoken. The war, in 1914, gave them their great chance, and they were quick to embrace it. We had one at the University of Pennsylvania. His name I forget; he was an old man and he married a child — which, as Sir Peter Teazle says, is a crime that carries its own punishment. It certainly did in his case. Well, he came out one day — I remember it well — with a pronouncement that the war would last only a short time, that the financiers of the world would not permit it; that there was not money enough in the world, that money would be in demand, hence it would 'go up'; that one's real estate and shares, and so forth, should immediately be sold, and everything should be turned into money. I read his screed carefully and said to myself, 'If this economist is right, I am a ruined man, but I feel sure he is wrong.' What happened? Within a year money was the cheapest thing in the market, and the war lasted four years and over.

England has been confronted by a condition for more than a generation, and she has met it with theories. When she was in a position to do the manufacturing for the world, she had practically a monopoly of three essentials — coal, iron, and cheap and intelligent labor. What she then required was cheap food; free trade gave it her. But when America entered the manufacturing game, as did Germany, France, and Belgium, and every country save England protected itself with

tariffs, she became the dumping ground of the world. Joe Chamberlain, thirty years ago, read the handwriting on the wall and came out strongly for protection, but he was out-manœuvred by the free traders. The very word 'protection' became anathema.

A generation passed, and Stanley Baldwin slowly became converted to the idea, but not to the word. I remember seeing a cartoon of Mr. Baldwin looking in a dictionary for a word; asked what he was looking for, he replied, 'I am looking for a word which means "protection" but does not say so.' The word 'safeguarding' was found and adopted, and 'safeguarded industries' were said to be, not protected, but 'sheltered.' The automotive industry was 'sheltered' and prospered; this especially enraged the free traders, as it ruined their theories. I have always believed that Lloyd George, as agile and unscrupulous as a cat on a back fence, would have come out for protection some years ago, as a result of his visit to America, but when, on his return, he found that Mr. Baldwin had beat him to the issue and had come out flat-footedly for 'safeguarding,' he, Lloyd George, his hold on 'the masses' and his power of invective unabated and unequaled, so ridiculed the idea that Baldwin was forced to drop it.

So England drifted on year after year, living on her fat, as has been said, each year becoming poorer, but, seemingly, more than ever convinced that free trade was her only hope. Indeed, it was not much over a year ago that Sir George Paish, the Governor of the London School of Economics and author of the entirely neglected *Road to Prosperity*, came forward and staked his reputation — whatever that may be worth — that the whole world would be free-trade within five years. The election held in England a few months ago certainly does not point that way.

When economic doctors disagree as to what remedy to apply in a difficult situation, a mere book collector and a has-been business man may be forgiven for being in a fog and asking a few questions. Why is it, I have asked my English friends, that a tariff which seemingly works so well in Belgium and Denmark — both small, densely populated countries — cannot be made to work in England?

'Why, you see,' comes the reply, 'we are an island, are n't we?'

I admit it, but ask is it not, perhaps, because London bankers do not care much whether the bills of exchange which they toss about with such skill represent profits to their makers, so long as there are bills to toss about. In other words, London is a banking and shipping centre; her interests clash with those of the manufacturers who are scattered over the north of England; and London has known what she wanted and how to get it for centuries. Do we not see the same cleavage developing in this country? Do not the bankers of New York, who have sold several thousand million dollars' worth of worthless bonds, want the protecting tariffs of this country reduced so that foreign countries shall prosper and be able to make their bonds good? These men, who confess and call themselves bankers, are indeed, many of them, only thugs in disguise. It takes a certain amount of intelligence to make an actor, or even a clergyman, but a crook can wear a stern expression and accustom his head to a silk hat, and we go to him for 'securities,' and get them in the form of worthless bonds and stock. I did not get my share, but I make no complaint.

Our present tariffs may be too high — I know nothing about it; but with England talking of a tariff of 100 per cent while the matter is being discussed, it does not look so. The tariff is a business matter and should be taken out

of politics; let prohibition — the issue which both parties are trying to dodge and the only one in which I am interested — take its place. Conflicting business interests will each employ their own statisticians and economists, and they will arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions. To state the matter concretely, can anyone imagine Albert H. Wiggin's expert, representing the Chase National Bank, reaching the same conclusion as Gerard Swope's, representing the General Electric Company? Or does anyone suppose that, when some fool governor wants to commit some crime in the name of reform, he is unable to secure from his attorney-general an assurance that his course is in strict accordance with the law?

V

On Saturday, September 19, at twelve noon, while I was watching my old friend, 'His Worship,' the Mayor of Lichfield, hanging a wreath on Dr. Johnson's statue, the Bank of England closed its doors, never to open them again, as I believe, with the pound sterling at the old rate of exchange. When the doors closed, the pound was worth $4.86 in New York; when the doors opened several days later it was worth $3.45. I still had mine, and felt more than an academic interest in the matter.

Late one afternoon, as I was sitting toasting my feet by the fire, there was a knock on the door of my little sitting room, and a prominent London banker entered. He looked tired; whereupon, opening a closet door, I called attention to its contents. 'I have,' I said, 'two bottles of port, one of sherry, a bottle of Scotch, half a bottle of brandy, and some aspirin tablets. What will you have?' 'A cup of tea,' was his reply. And over our tea and thin bread and butter we talked. The pound had closed that day at $3.90, he said, and no human being knew at what price it would open the next.

I never admired the English more than I did that afternoon. They are a proud race, and, by Saint George and the Dragon, they have a right to be! They are all beefeaters in a way, and, as the song goes,

> The screw may twist and the rack may turn,
> And men may bleed and men may burn;
> O'er London town and its golden hoard,
> We keep our silent watch and ward.

But its golden hoard is now sadly diminished. Time was, when you went into a bank for a hundred pounds, you were asked if you would have it in gold or in notes; if you said gold, a man with a little brass scoop weighed, on a set of scales which stood on every banking counter, a certain number of sovereigns. The question will probably never be asked again, although 'never' is a long word. The gold standard has passed to other nations which may not be able to use it so well for the stability of the world.

My friend was an intimate friend of Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, who had only recently returned from Canada, just in time to see his life's work turn to ashes under his hand. I referred to the blunder, as I called it, of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's bringing the pound back to parity with the dollar, a few years before.

'Do you suppose,' he said, 'that that was the work of any one man? That step was taken after the most careful consultation with the ablest bankers in New York, including Benjamin Strong, now dead, the then Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank. It seems now to have been a mistake, but at the time it was thought the wise thing to do. When big men make mistakes, they make big ones, naturally.'

My friend did not stay long; it was gracious of him to call.

In all the circumstances, I felt the proper place for me was home. I had no difficulty in securing accommodations, and on Saturday I sailed. By a coincidence I had only a few dollars in American money and I determined to get some, but not a dollar in American money was to be had. I should not have supposed such a thing could happen to me in London; and while on this subject I might say that the first thing that caught my eye on the bulletin board of my steamer was a notice which read: 'Passengers are very politely requested to pay their steamer expenses in American money.' Where, I inquired of the purser, were we to get it? And my sixpenny bottle of Bass was billed to me at seventeen cents — this on an English steamer, mark you. Not exactly cricket, what?

VI

We say, loosely, that England has gone off the gold standard; internally, she has, but her foreign purchases must still be paid for in gold — only it now costs her about 25 per cent more to buy dollars or francs than it formerly did. That is her tragedy. And that brings up another question — the question of silver; and if there is a more controversial question, with the exception of prohibition, than the position of silver, I do not know of it.

For centuries silver was as good as gold for foreign exchange, at a ratio varying from 14 to 1 to 16 to 1. That is to say, one pound (troy weight) of gold was equal to fourteen (varying to sixteen) pounds of silver. The English pound originally meant a pound of silver, just as a French *livre* meant a pound of silver. The French term is now obsolete, and an English pound meant, until a few weeks ago, $4.86 in gold in New York. The night before I left London I found myself dining at the house of a friend upon whose table was some interesting plate, and 'plate' in England means solid silver. After the ladies had left the table, a group of men drew their chairs together, port was passed, and someone, a young man, asked me if I was interested in silver.

I replied, 'Yes, but I have only a few good pieces; nothing like this' — waving my hand at some fine flat-top tankards.

'I don't mean plate,' said my friend, 'I mean silver — its position in the markets of the world.'

I asked a simple question and my friend is even yet trying to make the matter clear to me. What I said was this: 'We are told that the United States and France have the bulk of the world's gold. Why, then, did England permit China and advise India to go upon a gold standard, both countries having been from time immemorial on a silver basis?'

'Sheer stupidity,' was the reply; 'stupidity that was worse than a crime — and it may have been a crime, too. It was committed in Whitehall, where sit in luxurious chambers more Tite Barnacles [Tite Barnacle was, it will be remembered, a high official in the Circumlocution Office in *Little Dorrit*] than in any other area in the world. Delhi undoubtedly gave its assistance, too, and India has placed an import duty of 37½ per cent on silver. It must be undone, or the world will go smash. India is to-day selling, for a shilling and a penny an ounce, silver which we bought from you at the end of the war for four shillings and tuppence.'

'That sounds dreadful,' I said, 'but don't let it worry you — you did n't pay for it.'

'No, and never will.'

'Now let me talk for a moment,' I said, 'on a subject of which I know

nothing. I supposed that, as the United States produces most of the world's silver, England pushed India and China off a silver basis as an act of — shall I say of brotherly love? Sort of hands-across-the-sea, like.'

'But you don't. Mexico is the great producer. You produce a lot, but Canada also produces silver. I have heard it said in the City,' my friend went on to say, 'that an Armenian corrupted some officials in China and India and made a colossal fortune thereby; it is inexplicable otherwise. Silver is the money of Asia, with its teeming millions; obviously, if we decline to take the only money these millions have, they can't buy our goods. Look at our cotton industry: it is bleeding to death, and yet that miserable economist, Philip Snowden, said jestingly in the House of Commons some time ago that if every Chinaman would add an inch to his shirt tail it would immediately absorb all the cotton in Manchester.'

'He was only quoting Mrs. Gaskell in *Mary Barton*, maybe without knowing it,' I said. 'She makes one of her characters say: "If every man in England had two shirts instead of one, there would not be enough shirts to go around."' But my friend had never heard of Mrs. Gaskell's admirable political novel, and continued: —

'People talk about overproduction, with hundreds of millions of people starving and freezing all for the want of what we have too much of. I tell you our troubles are due to the lack of money; they will vanish when we recognize silver for what it is — money, as good as gold, when coined at the ratio of 15½ to 1 with gold. That was the formula adopted by your ancestor, Sir Isaac Newton, when he became the director of the mint.'

'I thought my ancestor, as you call him, Sir Isaac, was in the apple business,' I replied.

'He was also director of the mint, and his rule, a hundred years later, became known as the Law of Calonne. You remember him, of course?'

'Perfectly, perfectly,' I said. 'Who was he? The only Calonne I know anything about was the controller-general of the finances of Louis XVI, when he had n't any.'

'The Law of Calonne was that anyone bringing a kilo of gold to the French mint could have it coined into one hundred and fifty-five disks, each of the value of twenty francs; or a pound of silver would be coined into forty disks, each of the value of five francs. You see, 15½ to 1 exactly. And the debtor could tender gold or silver, or both, and obtain quittance for his debt. That was the Law of Calonne.'

It was getting too deep for me. I tried to change the subject; I steered toward safety. Pushing the decanter of port toward my friend, I made some observation from Dr. Johnson about claret being the drink for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes — but my friend would not have it. 'Your nation,' he said, 'almost alone among the great nations of the world has attempted to do something for reëstablishing silver in its proper position. There is not enough gold for the commerce of the world. Did you ever hear of William Jennings Bryan?'

Had I ever heard of William Jennings Bryan! And then my turn came. 'Listen,' I said. 'Years ago, before you were born, the Democratic Party held a convention somewhere in the western part of the United States, at which time a candidate for the Presidency was to be nominated. A political convention is an assembly of the crooks and thugs of each party, in respect to which there is no difference between them, but the emblem which has been pinned upon the Democratic Party is a jackass, which is significant. Times were very

hard, and, as always when times are hard, it was attributed to lack of money. It seems queer that when business is good there is always plenty of money and when it gets bad there is n't enough to go round.

'Anyway, every lunatic with a theory for setting the world right went to that Democratic Convention; and then, finally and at last, Bryan, a handsome young man with a magnificent voice, got up and made a speech, a good one, winding up with a purple patch. In a voice which electrified his audience, he cried, "I answer the banker's demand for gold by saying, 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorn! You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!'" After that, there was nothing to do but nominate the orator for the Presidency. The Republicans claimed that if Bryan was elected debts contracted when a dollar was worth a hundred cents could, and would, be liquidated with a dollar worth fifty cents, and the nation would be ruined. McKinley, who ran against Bryan, tried to straddle the question. Like Mr. Baldwin, wanting a word that meant protection but did not say so, McKinley rolled his eyes to heaven and "demanded that every dollar issued by these United States be as good as gold."

'It was a bitterly contested campaign; even I took an interest in it. I stayed up all night waiting for the returns. A group of us went to the theatre, to see Anna Held, I remember. After the performance we walked the streets and presently the returns began to come in. All the saloons opened at midnight and all the stockbrokers kept open house. When it was found that McKinley was elected, joy was unconfined. I remember seeing in a stockbroker's office the president of a long-established bank dancing a cancan in an advanced state of inebriation. Such sights were not unusual; there is a legend that I was seen trying to light a cigar at an electric bulb, and certainly, about dawn, four or five of us tried to go to sleep in one bed, which our host turned over to those of us who could get into it, while he dozed off very comfortably in a bathtub, with his clothes on. We roused him about noon next day, merely by turning on the water.

'So Bryan was right, after all, you say, and all this effort was wasted? I guess you are right: motley's the only wear, and all political enthusiasm is misplaced.'

VII

But every cloud has a silver lining. I read in the paper the day I left England that Winston Churchill, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had intended coming to this country to deliver fifty lectures for which he was to receive fifty thousand dollars, with all expenses paid, had had his contract canceled. That is so much good money saved.[1] The English regard us as a people to be lectured. Both Churchills, father and son, were over here lecturing us a year ago. The son, a callow youth, would not have dared peep in England, but an Englishman will lecture us at the drop of a hat, and we — fools that we are — will drop a hat, even a good one, for the privilege of hearing him.

It is said of Democritus, the Laughing Philosopher, that he put out his eyes that he might not longer witness the frailties and follies of mankind. I would not be understood as recommending so extreme a course, but it might be well, occasionally, to close our eyes to the frailties and follies of others and in so doing lose sight of our own.

[1] *Jan.* 1.— Evidently Mr. Churchill's contract has been renewed, for he is in New York, prepared to 'lecture' as soon as he recovers from the effects of walking into a taxicab. — AUTHOR

GONE FOR THE DAY

I decide to spend the Depression in the bosom of the family — and commend the programme to all able-bodied husbands

BY JOHN COLEMAN, JR.

I

It has been my custom in recent months to sit up nights rather later than usual waiting for the return of prosperity. The vigil, while as yet unrewarded by the approach of the prodigal, has afforded an opportunity for a wide range of reading, and in the course of my searchings for the truth I have happened upon two observations which have all the earmarks of destiny.

The first of these teeming passages, supported by authentic data, makes the bald assertion that 'between the years forty and forty-five, 90 per cent of all business men meet reverses and begin to lose their accumulations; and that between forty-five and fifty, ninety-seven out of every hundred actually lose all their money.' The second, lacking in documentary evidence but none the less profound, is in the nature of an advertisement in a magazine devoted to sports and recreation, stating that the editors guarantee that a man will live longer and more cheaply and lose less money by forsaking his desk and espousing the great outdoors — and have a heap sight more fun. In other words, all one needs to do to lose his shirt is to stay in business long enough; the way out of the dilemma leads through the fields and streams!

Here, indeed, was not only a warning against the inherent dangers of trade, but at the same time a practical plan of escape from the blighted world of business. In my lighter moments I had toyed with the notion of an early retirement, but, the world being too much with us, I had reached the age of reason without exercising the option. There was something obligatory, however, about these emphatic broadsides, and, leaving a 'career' suspended in mid-air, I promptly took the great resolve to quit the market place and dare the perils of private life.

Now, to those who may from time to time find themselves afflicted with this outlandish urge, let me say that it is a far simpler matter to get *into* business than it is to get *out* of it. The involvements of an occupation, however brief, need time to unravel. There are friendly attachments to be severed, genial contacts to be broken; and if, as is not unlikely, there is something sentimental about your secretary, a scene of dramatic proportions must be gone through with.

When it comes to parting company with your associates it is well to be pretty specific in your reasons for pulling out; and if the move is contemplated in early life, — say at sixty-five, — you must be careful not to

usurp the prerogative of seniority. Quitting trade is on the order of getting a divorce. You really ought to go away for it — to Paris or Reno or Vienna, where the atmosphere is more conducive to freedom. In the West, where my separation was effected, the union between man and his desk is practically indissoluble.

II

I had, in my time, dabbled in a variety of enterprises alleged to be gainful, but my earlier ventures were never very spectacular. A nonconformist by nature, I was a poor conference man, and my attendance at business luncheons was quite ragged. The dread of becoming a key man kept me under constant self-repression. Ever since I entered commercial life my chief concern has been not so much with 'getting on' as with 'getting out.' Reared in the South, where business is taken in broken doses, I no doubt acquired some inhibitions along these lines which have been difficult to shake off. There may even be a trace of heredity in my lukewarm attitude toward aggrandizement, for I can remember from boyhood that the scions of the first families came home pretty regularly for lunch.

Since I was engaged as statistician in a brokerage house, and was thus conversant with financial fiction, it was no trick at all to balance very favorably my personal and domestic budget. I was further fortified in my mad career by a beneficence which had lately come to my wife — it having been always understood between us that I was marrying for the long pull, not just for a quick turn. It was a princely heritage, and we doubted our fitness to cope with such a bewildering array of values as was contained in the formidable portfolio. But the depression has relieved our anxiety on this score: the figures have since been reduced to such simple terms that a child could understand them.

Invoking the 'dismal science' of statistics again, I reached the amazing truth that for each business year I passed six hundred unimaginative hours, traveled twenty thousand monotonous miles, and spent a good deal of money, counting in my deficits at bridge, in order to reach a sunless canyon where the air is heavy and the noise something terrible. The mere act of commuting thus represented an heroic exertion; in terms of Cook's tours, it must have approximated, in extent, an excursion to the Upper Cataract.

Cooling toward the turmoil, after having survived both boom and panic, I did not fancy the prospect of a morbid hiatus and the repetition, ultimately, of the same giddy cycle. As for booms, they offer fresh testimony to the impermanence of riches. I am convinced, in looking back over the mêlée, that we were never supposed to keep the mushroom moneys made in those fertile, if futile, years. I can remember when we were kids that the magician used to let us hold the rabbit; but he always made us give it back. Extra-curriculum activities for the younger generation habitually include visits to the planetarium, the waxworks, and the stockyards; to these phenomena should be added by all means an expedition to a mirage as one of the most effective lessons in the appreciation of booms! The luscious balances of '29 have become the margin calls and memories of '31. The milestones of progress, to which we pointed with pride as new highs were methodically ticked off, are as millstones around our neck.

The boom was the new era, not only

of industrial expansion, but of personal expansiveness as well; material success had its sharpest reflection in recreative accoutrements, with life about to take on a blend of elegant leisure. The Gospel of the Golden Age insisted that every gentleman's portfolio include membership in a dude ranch, a deer sanctuary, a duck marsh, a trout stream. Another fifty points — and we should all be either country gentlemen or animal trainers! Fumbling around the bottom of my 'strong' box a while ago, I found among the chattels which had escaped my banker's summons a certificate evidencing proprietary rights in the Noxubee Plantation. Failing at first to identify the instrument, I presently recalled that it was another one of those overindulgences of the moon-shooting days — a quail club down deep in the South, a sylvan retreat in the country of calomel, quinine, and cotton. I cannot account for my predilection for quail: I hold no partiality for gallinaceous birds. An aristocratic sport, it was no pauper's pastime — you could send a couple of youngsters through college for what it costs to bring down a season's bag of birds. But it was the kind of thing bull markets did to you! Some of us would stoop to nothing less swanky than yachting, and when a burgee of my own design — a bull, rampant on a field of ticker tape — flew from the masthead of my fifty-footer, I was certain that life was becoming very real.

III

But where there's a boom there's bound to be a panic — a formula as fixed as the stars, always obscured in the elation of the moment. It has been quite a tumble from those dizzy heights of opulence. The wagon used to back up to the door to deliver a load of old masters; to-day it comes to take away the piano. Gay spirits turn melancholy under the strain of attrition; brooding over the lost cause is sapping all the fun out of life. Desperate endeavors to salvage something from the crumbling pyramid have been shattering to health and disposition. The intensest application results only in exhausting, ineffectual breast beating. Long, sullen days at the office are rewarded by still falling prices, shrinking volume, and vanishing profits. The only help our fiscal healers give us is the admonition to keep up our standard of living — even to the third and fourth generation of mortgages.

There is, after all, nothing that one can do about it. A great impotence has fallen upon us all. There may very well be another Promised Land — but a Moses has not yet emerged from the rushes. I have, in company with the multitude, taken high hope in plans and panaceas, lent an attentive ear to the Washington Warblers, passed all the blindfold tests — only to see each propitious start toward recovery peter out under the weight of 'constructive developments.' One hundred and twenty million Americans could not be broke — for long; science, invention, chemistry, would presently come to the rescue. But with another spring come and gone, and nothing to keep dandelions out of the front lawn, one loses faith in the efficacy of the test tube. To take the veil, even at so tender an age as forty, seemed, under the harassing circumstances, the obvious thing to do.

For many of us the boom, in spite of its subsequent rupture, still constitutes life's greatest rapture. A hundred points here, another hundred there . . . faith in America . . . financial independence . . . prosperity now and forever. . . . At least we can tell our children that when the bulls overran the country in the late nineteen-

twenties we were not hiding in safety vaults and savings banks — and neither was our money. Liberty bonds paid only 4 per cent, but that pyramid in Du Pont looked as though it would reach the sky, and that last ride together on Radio was one of the boisterous bits of life. There was seduction about the unseemly revels; tips that always made good; 'pools' that poured out profits; syndicates that did their stuff before the ink was dry on the signatures; 'jiggles' that went over big. What if the whole thing was only in fun! The trouble with the boom was that nobody had a sense of humor.

Legend would have us believe that every business man who has made a big success of himself started on a shoestring. I am embarking upon my adventure with a family, ten acres, and a homestead with a broad, overhanging roof which ought to support a pretty fair-sized lien. Besides, considerable renovating has been accomplished as a result of an expansion programme conceived in the spendthrift days of '29. There is the 'Westinghouse' wing, the 'Union Carbide' conservatory, the 'General Motors' guest room, the 'Allied Chemical' foundation. And, while these embellishments have their artistic value, I am afraid that if another nail were to be driven into her tottering timbers the old manse would fall quite apart.

IV

In the suburb where I live, I am something of a curiosity. 'Was it his health?' 'I hear he got the gate.' 'Whatever does he do at home all day?' 'Satan finds mischief for idle hands.' . . . My wife, who I am sure secretly dreaded having a man around the house, has reconciled herself very gracefully to an awkward situation. The children, too, are getting used to it; one hopes that they will not, too soon, 'get on to it.' I think I am far enough along in my new way of life to point out the lights and shadows: you see more of your family, less of your banker; you learn things you never knew before — how clocks are wound, where the screwdriver is kept, who the people are who come to the front door; you help Junior with his spinach and sit in at morning exercises; you go down and watch Number Seven come through; you write your Congressman; you are forever doing odd jobs around the house, thus creating a demand for skilled labor to come in and repair the damage you have done.

But keep out of the kitchen! A while ago I rashly took upon myself the 'running of the roost' during a brief absence of the Lady of the House. I threw open a hospitable door to kindred spirits. We had meals at all hours and menus of intricate design. We demanded, I am afraid, a superlative sort of service. Returning somewhat earlier than anticipated, my wife was greeted with the resignations of our favorite cook and an able stewardess. My suggestion that everything seemed to run smoothly enough during her sojourn and that perhaps the walk-out may have been a gesture of displeasure over her premature homecoming fell considerably short of mending matters.

Your private life becomes an open book. Lie late of a morning and a score of eyes are upon you. The handy subterfuge of a hard day at the office no longer holds as an excuse for evading an occasional opera, a dinner, or a dance; being no longer a business man, you are not supposed to get tired. You will perhaps miss the 'funny' stories of your business buddies, but I find that neighborhood gossip is fully as interesting as brokerage-house chatter — and there is just about as much truth in it. I am aware that loafing has

licked a lot of good men and the indulgence of ease is most certainly fatal to excellence. But the outlets of leisure are legion, and this broad and befuddled land must abound in opportunities not essentially commercial. One day passes pleasantly enough painting the side of the barn; another in grandiose speculation about the whole duty of man.

Because my preferences at the moment seem to lie outside of the countinghouse does not imply that I am in revolt against business — which has rewarded me beyond my deserts. I do think, perhaps, we may have overrated the importance of our 'big shots,' with all their optimistic obsessions and fiscal frailties. They take themselves with not enough salt and try to keep too many balls in the air at one time. It should be made a misdemeanor for anyone to serve on more than one board of directors. I am in favor of a more even distribution of halos.

The fellows who still punch the time clock chide me for what they are happy to call my inertia, and profess wonder at my absenting myself from the hurly-burly. But I hear of no fortunes being amassed in these anæmic days and I am sure there is no business — or my stocks would be doing better. In fact, I suspect the boys of being a little hypocritical about their office life, and I venture to guess that their daily grind from nine to five could be compressed into a much briefer space with no great disturbance to the economic structure. The lawyers are busy getting us out of things we had them get us into a while back; the doctors, albeit they tell me collections are not brisk, are quite active mending derangements brought on by the debacle. But elsewhere business, from all I can gather, is mostly a matter of going through the motions — and very slow motions indeed.

I am hopeful that the cult of leisure is enlarging, that the movement away from swivel chairs is gaining ground. The brave little band of wayward brothers in my own community has lately welcomed to its midst a number of erstwhile executives of substance and influence — with the early prospect of additional novitiates. We do no proselyting, but word reaches us that civic and commercial bodies, alarmed at the drift back to the home, are discussing ways and means of combating the heresy.

For my part, at the present rate of extinction of interest and dividends on our guilty-edged securities, I estimate that the household can get along without any visible means of support from me until about the spring of 1933, exclusive of non-recurring income realized through the sale of the family jewels. After the last dividend shall have been passed, the final vestige of savings — that silly concession to conservatism — drawn down, and all assets frozen stiff, I suppose I shall wait as a suppliant at the portals of trade. In the happy interlude, having tasted of the sweets of the contemplative life, I move that every married man who can afford it — the single men are better off down town — give up work for a period of at least twelve months; a sabbatical year, as it were, for fresh perspective and domestic research. Such a programme would immeasurably help the unemployed, relieve congestion in bond houses, test the permanence of marriage, and brighten one's outlook in countless different ways. Besides — we want some more company!

GOD'S WORK

BY KATHARINE BALL RIPLEY

I

BILL'S voice was shrill and hoarse above the jingling of the mule's harness. He was still shouting as he scrambled down from her back. 'Say, mam, kin you say when Pop'll git back?'

I said, 'Why, late to-night — or maybe to-morrow morning. You know he went with Mr. Ripley to take home the baler. Don't let go of that mule. She might start off.'

Bill grabbed at the hanging lines. 'Oh, mam, I got to git holt of Pop some way! Hit's the little feller!' He put up his hand and dragged it viciously across his eyes. Where it passed it left a wet smear of grime. Suddenly he was no longer the field hand that did the ploughing, but a little dust-soaked boy with a mouth that was crumpled and working. 'Petey's purty nigh dead, I reckon.'

I forgot the mule that was property and stared at the boy who until that minute had been only day labor. 'What's wrong with the baby, Bill?'

'I dunno, mam. He's been this-a-way since soon this mornin'. He'll twist hisself and then lay kinder still, like — and then he'll sorter hump up his belly somethin' awful.' The boy's eyes turned to me — hurt, puzzled eyes. He added quickly, 'Mom's been a-prayin'.'

'Has the doctor seen him?'

Bill's hands twisted in the mule's roached mane. 'No, mam. I jist now come up from the lower field to git Pop to go for him.' Again that valiant gesture of a small boy's hand across his eyes. 'Tother end of the lower field I heared Mom a-prayin', and,' he gulped, 'I heared Petey a-hollerin' once. . . . Las' night he was fine,' he went on between choked gulps. 'He et jist what we et — greens and fatback and 'taters — and this mornin' he drunk his coffee hotter 'n what I done. That's the kind of young-un Petey is. Hit jist took him all of a heap, like. . . . Say, mam, *you* been schooled — ain't they nothin' you kin do for him?'

No telephone. We were eighteen miles in the country. I knew the local doctor our tenants patronized — part human, part horse doctor. Not much help except to usher a perfectly willing baby into the world or give castor oil for a stomach ache.

I said, 'Tell your mother to get him ready. I'll drive her over to the county hospital.'

'To the big hospital? Oh, mam, will you?' Bill kicked the mule. 'You bet I'll go tell Mom.'

II

As I poured gasoline into the Ford I found I was trembling. It was close to sundown. The road was lonely, and none too good. I knew the Ford and I remembered the old worn tires.

The three were on the porch as I rattled to a stop before the tenant

house. Bill was sitting despondently waving at flies with a piece of folded newspaper. The baby lay limp on what looked like a pile of old rags at the boy's feet. His mother, slight and forlorn, knelt a little apart, her hands folded in prayer, her colorless lips moving soundlessly. There was about all of them the submissive apathy that one associates with a scene of death.

I hesitated on the step of the car. My lips felt dry. One does n't interrupt a prayer with, 'Why have n't you got on your hat, Mrs. Craver?'

I tiptoed hurriedly over to the baby. Bill stood up and pointed down to his eyes. They had rolled back until only a rim of pale china blue showed above the whites. He looked dead already. I leaned down quickly to touch his hand. It was reassuringly hot.

I ran over to Mrs. Craver and caught hold of her shoulder. She gave a little jerk and turned her pale, plain face toward me.

'Did n't Bill tell you?' I knew I was shouting, but I could n't stop. 'Come get in the car, and we'll drive him over to the hospital.'

The meekness that I had come to associate with tenant farmers' wives was in her voice. 'Yes, mam, he told me,' she said. 'But Petey's most gone, mam. Only the good Lord can save him now.'

I knew something of the dull obstinacy of these women when it came to their God. Isolated for generations on lonely farms where no human aid reached them, they must either cling to a miracle-working God or turn to meet the bitter inevitability of nature. If they were strong enough to face that, they would no longer be the wives of tenant farmers. I said, in a voice that I hoped was calm and very firm, 'Dr. Ellis knows heaps about sick babies, Mrs. Craver. I do believe he can cure Petey.'

She looked at me. She nodded her head as one might nod to a good child. 'Mam,' she said, 'I've done laid my burden in Jesus' lap. Nobody kin do more'n that.'

I opened my mouth to speak, but her voice rose shrill and strained. 'When you've asked the Lord to he'p you, you sho' hev to put your trust in Him.'

She pointed her finger at me almost accusingly, as though she dared me to contradict her. 'That's right, ain't it, mam? God will save us if we put our trust in Him.'

I am sure it was involuntarily, it was even half furtively, that she glanced down at the listless baby on the floor. But sudden panic stared from her face. Her voice wavered. 'If He's a mind to,' she added under her breath. It was like knocking on wood.

'Let's try the doctor anyway,' I said. 'Go get your things.' I leaned down to pick up the baby.

She grabbed my arm. 'Don't you lay a hand on him! You'll be his death shore. I've asked the Lord to save him. You leave Petey be.'

I might have stopped right there. When a mother feels God is with her, it takes a woman stronger than I to contest it. But, surprisingly, in that second of indecision Bill piped up.

His voice squeaked up and down the scale. He clutched at me. 'Oh, mam, go on! Take him to the doctor! The Lord don't care nothin' for us, seems like.'

Mrs. Craver went white. Her hand smacked across his face. 'You, Bill, don't you say such a thing! God is a-listenin' to you. Do you want Him to take your little brother away for a punishment for your wicked ways? On your knees and pray your lovin' Father to forgive you, you wild-talkin', wicked boy!'

Bill stood a little defiant, a little

frightened. His hand began again to wave the newspaper over the baby. But he had given me courage.

'Oh, please, Mrs. Craver,' I said, 'please be reasonable! Look at poor Petey! God helps those who help themselves.'

She stopped short. 'Is that in the Bible?'

'I don't know. Yes, yes — I guess so.'

She was trembling, weeping, all of a sudden. 'Well, I dunno.' Though her hands did n't move, I had the feeling that she wrung them. 'Well — if you're set on hit — take him, then!'

'Get your things, Mrs. Craver.'

She turned on Bill. 'If the Lord feels you need the punishment for not trustin' of Him, He'll take him anyway. Oh, sinful, sinful child!'

She was moaning pitifully. 'Bill don't mean no harm, Lord. Forgive him and save Petey! I'll stay here on my knees a-prayin' to you, our Heavenly Father. You promised, O God, to he'p them that turned to you.'

Bill silently held out a quilt. Together we wrapped up the little uncomplaining body. Bill lifted the baby in his arms.

It was not until I was in the car with my hands on the wheel that I gave much thought to the responsibility I was taking. 'Won't you change your mind and come with us, Mrs. Craver?' I faltered.

The kneeling figure did n't turn its head. 'Oh, no, no! I'm a-goin' to stay here and pray.'

III

The yellow haze. The white road reflected in our eyes. The old Ford rocked and rattled as I gave it the gas.

The baby stiffened against my arm and as suddenly relaxed. He moaned weakly and twitched his fingers.

I did n't dare take my eyes off the road ahead, but in my mind I could still see Mrs. Craver praying. My lips twitched with a half-hysterical desire to laugh. I wished I had asked her to say a good word for the tires. Clearly I remembered the patch in the right front one, the shoe in the left rear.

'They ain't no young-un perter'n what Petey is when he's feelin' right,' Bill said. 'He kin sit up at night late as what I kin, and laughs all the time.'

What's the use in trying to explain hygiene to a twelve-year-old farm boy? I might have made an attempt even so, but at that minute the front tire blew out.

There was still daylight.

Bill carefully handed the baby to me. 'I kin change tires,' he said simply.

I did n't dare lay the child on the seat alone. I held him gingerly, hot and quiet, in my arms. The gray road stretched empty in the low sun. I could hear Bill hammering and tugging. I could hear his grunts, his labored breathing when the spare stuck and refused for a long time to come off. The time seemed endless.

When it was finished he climbed in. 'How many more miles, mam?' he asked as he took the baby from me.

'Eight, I think.'

'Gee! . . . But that ain't so fur. Maybe the night air'll cool Petey off some.'

'Better pull up the quilt, Bill.'

'I reckon you're right, mam.'

Neither of us spoke of the fear that was uppermost in our minds.

Bill began to sing: —

'Good-bye, Nuomi, I'll tell you my mind,
To drown you in Deep River and leave you behind.

'I can't sing reel tunes what you'd say real good, mam, but when Petey's feelin' pert he likes mightily to hear me.'

Petey was n't hearing anything now. He lay limp and quiet. Will she blame

me if he does die? Can the night air hurt him?

'Good-bye, Nuomi, you shore got to die.
In the bottom of Deep River your body will lie.'

A jerk. Clump, clump, clump. . . . 'Oh, Bill, it's a tire again.'

'Stop, mam. I'll git out and see.'

Clump, clump.

'Ain't you a-goin' to stop, mam?'

'No . . . we know what it is. I have n't another spare.'

But I changed my mind. 'Well, yes. Take off the tire. We'll try to save it, and run in on the rim.'

As he handed the baby to me I could feel its body grow stiff for a second in my arms.

'Never mind the tire, Bill,' I said quickly. 'We'll just drive on in as it is.'

'Oh, mam, you'll ruin your tire.'

'I guess not.'

The road was straight and empty. Clump, clump, clump, at ten miles an hour. A strangled moan from Petey. I drew a quick breath.

Bill caught hold of my arm. The pressure of his fingers startled me. The car jerked forward.

'Is hit dead?'

I peered down for an instant. 'I don't know. I — yes, I'm afraid so, Bill — but maybe not.'

I could hear Bill's carefully stifled sobs for a long time.

It was black dark when we reached the hospital.

The little nurse with the bright red hair took the limp form from Bill's arms.

'Why, yes — yes indeed,' she said in a queer, surprised voice. 'Certainly he's alive.'

'Oh, mam! Oh, mam!' Bill was frankly weeping.

For four hours Bill and I sat in the waiting room. Dr. Ellis was using the Murphy Drip, whatever that was. The red-headed nurse had whispered to me, 'There's still a chance of saving the little fellow.'

Bill asked, 'Was she whisperin' to you 'bout payin' the doc? Pop and me'll work hit out this summer if you'll give hit to him now, mam. Doc Jones gits two dollars a time, but if this doc'll cure Petey, tell him we'll give him ten. Tell him so, mam. Tell him to work hard.'

'Sh-sh, Bill. That's all right.'

After a while he fell asleep on the bench. The nurse motioned to me. 'There's a vacant room in there. Why don't you try to sleep?'

IV

It was broad morning.

Dr. Ellis looked haggard. There was a thick stubble on his chin. But he spoke heartily. 'Well, we pulled the little chap through, after all.'

'You're pretty good, are n't you, Doctor?'

'Not so bad, I think, this time.' His eyes were bright with weariness. 'I've given that mother a good talking-to on feeding, too.' He shrugged helplessly. 'If you could only pound a little sense into some of these women's heads.'

'Does his brother know yet? How did Mrs. Craver get here?'

'Your husband brought her. She and the boy have just gone into the room. You can go in. It won't wake the poor kid; he's passed out for the time being.'

I opened the door. Bill was standing by his mother, his hand clinging to her skirt.

Mrs. Craver was staring down into the white hospital crib, a look of rapture on her plain face. Her fingers poised above the child as though she longed and yet did not dare to touch anything so miraculous.

'God's work,' she murmured.

LOW FEVER AND SLOW FIRES

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

AGRICULTURE'S slow tempo turns economic distress on the farm into a low fever rather than a fierce, malignant one. When a business man loses money, he must find a remedy soon or quit, either voluntarily or as a bankrupt. Not so the farmer; comparatively few farmers reach the courts through insolvency, though many are insolvent. Some are insolvent all their lives without ever going bankrupt. They weather hard times by letting their lands run down in fertility and by living on their buildings and fences, even though these may not be entirely theirs.

A few examples will show why American farms are running down and why American farmers seek relief through political pressure.

Before Montana began to lose population and northern New York farmers began to lose money, the latter invested largely in Montana mortgages. One of these mortgages remained in an estate administered by a friend of mine. He wrote the debtor suggesting a cash deal with discount, no reasonable offer refused. By return mail he received a deed to the property from an embittered soul who said he was moving to town, where a man could fight something else than insects. So the executor wrote off the mortgage and closed the estate. That farm will be sold for taxes. The Montana farmer, of course, let the place run down to almost a raw land value before he quit.

In the same estate was a debt secured by a New York farm of one hundred and thirty acres, sold on contract seventeen years ago for $3500, the buyer to pay $100 a year and interest. This he has faithfully done. The debt now stands at $1800, which is a fair price for the place as it stands to-day. For ten years the buyer has not been clearing enough to meet his payments; nevertheless he paid them by letting his buildings and fences depreciate to the extent of his money needs. To put this farm in as good condition as when it was sold would take every cent of the $1700 paid on the principal since the sale. Consequently the debt cannot be turned into cash except by writing off a large portion of it, because the debtor can walk off that place and get another just as good for a sum equal to his balance due.

Decaying barns and buildings sometimes keep young persons in college. One of the best farm homes I know, from the standpoint of joint cultural and agricultural development, occupies two hundred and thirty acres. It has been in the same family for one hundred and thirty-one years, and free of debt for more than a century. On this farm the human stock has always been rated ahead of the live stock. They tell you first of the Congressman they raised

there, later of their prize bulls. Three generations of boys and girls have gone from that farm to Cornell University. 'We're a Cornell family,' they say proudly. That is the key to their farm economy, as the key to another might be 'We're Holstein breeders.'

This farm, also, has run down of late years. The boys and girls of this generation have been going to college on the buildings of their ancient heritage. The present head of the family admits a decline: 'We've always been provident, and so are still out of debt and going stronger than some of our neighbors. Nevertheless, we have had to let things slide here and there. Within my lifetime our standard of living has declined. We have many things my forefathers lacked, but they had some things we miss. My mother used to sit at her table, ring a bell, and receive service. When I was a boy we always had one hired girl in the house the year round, and two in the summer. At present we have no hired girl and have n't had one for years. We used to have four hired men the year round; now we have two. Even so, our farm is still relatively a big, prosperous, going concern for our neighborhood; few of our neighbors keep even one hired hand the year round.

'We have slipped, but not because of lazy or unintelligent farming. After going to agricultural college, I found my life work on this farm, and my son after me. We've never chased rainbows or loafed on the job, and we are open to new methods. Some general condition, off this farm and beyond our control, has kept us from making the headway in the last sixty years that my great-grandfather and grandfather made on this same farm in a like period. . . . We have bound copies of farm journals here from 1840 down, and from a reading of them I place the golden age of American farming in the decade from 1840 to 1850. Things have never been as good for farmers since, except during abnormal war years.'

II

Barns and fences will keep a farm family alive a long time when a living is all they ask. For ten years I have been watching a thrifty elderly couple eating their structures bit by bit. Gates and barn doors hang askew; cow stanchions and barn floors are worn thin. Even the hospitable doorstep sags underfoot. If the owner outlasts this slump, he will build his property up again; if not, one more farm goes to join the growing rack and ruin of rural America. Though past seventy, he seems tireless, and keeps optimistic in spite of misfortune.

A few years ago, when big business was the idol and inspiration of the country, this optimist held a touching faith that 'pretty soon' big business would do something for the farmers. 'Man alive,' he would say, 'just look at the wonderful farm market for manufactures! Why, if we farmers should be prosperous for five years, we'd spend all the profits fixing up our places. I'd buy nails and lumber and roofing and paint and a new silo. Man alive, they must help us in order to keep the mills running!'

The idea that the mills would ever stop running never occurred to him; those big business men he read about in the newspapers and magazines were too smart to let anything like that happen. 'You see,' he would say, cocking his lean gray head at me, 'we farmers are n't like city folk, here to-day and away to-morrow. This farm suits me. You might call it bleak, being all hillside; to me it's just nicely airy. All I ask before I die

is a chance to fix this place up right; then I know Mother can go on eating fences, if necessary, as long as she has any appetite.'

Be it ever so tumble-down, this is home, with the atmosphere of idealism celebrated in old-school poetry and new-school realty advertising. The farm home, by and large, is the reason for the existence of the average farm and all the work that goes on there. There are perhaps 5,000,000 farm homes in America, if one makes deductions from census figures for suburbanites, kid-glove farmers, corporation farms, and farms of such low economic vitality that their occupants are ground down almost to the brute standard. Whatever damages these homes, by lowering their standards or breaking down the spirit which maintains them, damages America.

Farming, some say, should be a business, run on scientific lines, with adequate accounting. Possibly that is what it will be some day when the eccentricities of man have been smoothed away. For my part, I like him better the way he is, and believe that the agrarian politics of the near future will be largely concerned with keeping the independent farmer from being improved into a farm hand.

III

There are rhythms in economics as in physics, in man as in nature. Probably we can no more escape business rhythms than we can escape the seasons or live without pulse beats.

Every boom creates a succeeding depression; yet every boom, notwithstanding its pursuing shadow, leaves the country richer than it was. Canals and internal improvements, wastefully built and rashly financed, brought on the collapse of 1837; but the improvements remained and were used. Spectacular railway building contributed to the depressions which began in 1873 and 1893; those railways are still running and were once so prosperous that men actually thought the roads would own the country unless curbed. Our recent boom left a bulky inventory of tangibles which are not likely to wear out for years — radio stations, concrete roads, airports, skyscrapers, housing. Perhaps we paid too much for them, but there they are.

Unfortunately there are also offsets. Although each successive business cycle sees the country richer than before, the end of the down swing finds fewer persons in possession. Social morale sinks, though the national inventory rises. Many have lost everything, gone bankrupt; others have slipped in the economic scale beyond recovery. Whatever standards of measurement are taken, the conclusion is inescapable that the middle class has been losing power and influence in America for a century. Not steadily, of course. Between depressions the middle class recovers part of the ground lost; then in the next depression it loses what it has gained — and more.

In the aftermath of depression appear movements of protest. After 1837, Know-nothingism. After 1873, Knights of Labor. After 1893, Populism and a Democratic Party 'gone Populist.' A new silver movement is already gathering strength. Unemployment and privation predispose to radicalism those who have only their labor to sell. Of more vitality, however, will be the effort of the middle class to preserve itself from further shrinking. Mere uprisings of the plebs ravel out quickly. Wat Tylers are more easily squelched than John Hampdens. A vigorous middle-class movement, however, may hold the gates of change ajar until social revolution enters.

Our farmers for ten years have been

fighting to retain the middle-class position which their fathers enjoyed without question in the days when a 'good farmer' stood as high, socially and financially, as a village merchant. For the most part, theirs has been a random and reckless struggle, waged without cohesion between sections and with either too much organization, as in the case of the Non-Partisan League, or too little, as in the case of the co-operatives. But the object of the fray is manifestly neither the overturn of government nor the ending of private property. The object is to keep the independent American farmer in the middle economic class, to bolster his proprietary position.

By and large, there are three kinds of farms in the United States, according to Dr. C. F. Ansley, whose keen analysis along this line has been accepted by many authorities. There are large-scale farms, including corporation enterprises. They are adequately capitalized and scientifically operated with the latest machinery. Though still comparatively few, they increase in number and acreage; a goodly slice of the future probably belongs to them. If well managed, they are almost invulnerable, because farm wages drop nearly as fast as farm prices. In distressed times they buy 'distress' land and hire distressed men.

At the other extreme are the sustenance farmers, holders of small acreages on which they aim first of all to raise food for their families. If the sustenance farmer has a side money crop, it is usually on so modest a scale that he can handle it without hiring extra help. When he must have assistance, he trades time with a neighbor. But the bulk of his cash is likely to come from outside work for wages — carpentering, threshing, ditching, harvesting, road repairing — or from some kind of winter job in a near-by town, to which he motors. I know one such farmer who teaches the violin and piano. Sustenance farmers have a two-point suspension — outside wages and home-grown food; hence they are not easily upset by hard times.

In between are the so-called independent farmers, with from eighty acres to a section of six hundred and forty acres. They must hire help, borrow money, buy fertilizer, and pay taxes in larger amounts than the sustenance farmers. Their cash comes out of the soil, not from the pay roll of someone who plans their work for them. Farms of this medium size are more heavily mortgaged per acre than those both larger and smaller; hence their owners suffer more when interest must be paid with the proceeds of sales of farm products which sell for less at maturity dates than when the mortgage was written.

Like the middle class in society as a whole, the middle-class farm tends to be shredded away under the economic frictions of peace. Many a deserted farm of this type awaits dissolution, either through being merged into a larger enterprise or by being cut into smaller parcels for the accommodation of sustenance farmers. Of course, there are other abandoned farms which should never have been cleared at all. The enforced trek of the disillusioned back to the land, which marks every depression, benefits some independent farmers by bringing them cheap help; but to an even larger extent it increases the number of sustenance farmers who look to the land for food and elsewhere for cash.

IV

This three-way classification of farmers may seem faulty because it includes no category of tenant farmers. But the classification is as much mental as

economic, partaking as much of hope as of reality; and whoever rents a farm, small or large, will generally be found wishing that he owned it or one something like it. In fact, no small proportion of tenant farmers are former proprietors trying to 'come back.'

There are two points of view on American farm tenancy. One school holds that the practice is developing land workers incapable of ownership, who do not want its risks and responsibilities. The other believes tenancy is a first step toward ownership, and this seems truly the case outside of the 'cropper' regions of the South. Even there the recent Georgia experiment in selling farms to tenants on easy terms, less than 3 per cent above the annual rent, brought forth a response indicating that the age-old desire of the land worker to own that part of the footstool which he tills has not been destroyed by years of shifting. Centuries of landlordism in Europe and Ireland failed to kill that ancient hunger; the only country where the rural population has remained indifferent to a change from tenancy to proprietorship is England. In the United States, at least, I think we can take for granted that tenant farmers and owning farmers will stand together in the main; both will have the farm view in the tug of war between town and country, field and factory.

One farm point of view, no matter what the rest of the country thinks on the subject, is that the farmer is the salt of the earth and the backbone and sinew of the country. If this is true, the country must be tottering, because the backbone is surely getting shaky. On the basis of income, the average farmer is no longer a member of the middle class. He has slipped into the lower classification. Social descent, however, is seldom accepted quickly by any individual. A man changes front like a chameleon when he goes from $1000 to $100,000 a year, but not when he falls from $4000 to $1000 a year. He may pinch and scrape, make the economic adjustments, eat the bitter bread, but seldom does he fly the white flag of spiritual surrender to adversity. Usually, while strength is in him, he expects to come back, regain lost ground, and stand where he stood before. Especially is this true when the victim has not changed base or occupation during his decline, and when his immediate neighbors have been slipping at almost the same pace.

This trend becomes clearer year by year. The security of the independent farmer has been shaken enough to disturb him, but he still thinks of himself as where he was before, where his ancestors have been since the dawn of the Republic — in the middle economic class in a country where the middle class rules, or is supposed to rule. Long after the farmer has been declassed financially, he will still be firm against proletarian persuasion and Socialist philosophy. But this does not mean that he will accept his decline without a struggle. His fight will be made for the preservation of the farm home, the regaining of his old position, and, incidentally, for the preservation of the middle class. His tactics may smack of Socialism or state capitalism, or, perhaps, be nothing more than an agitated grab in self-defense, but the end sought is clearly that of preserving farm proprietorship on a middle-class plane, with every farmer the boss of his own acres, and more secure there than he was before the fight began.

V

Rich and powerful persons may be able, in a pinch, to protect their property, hire their own police, lay down

laws of some sort if need be, as feudal barons did in days of old. The middle class, urban or rural, cannot do this. The middlers need the State; the modern, democratic State is essentially their handiwork. Nevertheless, the sovereign State tends to slip the leash and wander off toward one extreme or the other, as fickle politicians favor poor folk to-day and the rich folk to-morrow, looking to the proletariat for votes and to the plutocrats for money.

We see the middle class taxed for proletarian benefits which its members have little need of — for free swimming pools and playgrounds, elaborate civic centres, free clinics and hospitals, poor aid and old-age pensions. On the other hand, behold the middle class also taxed in the interest of certain mill owners through a protective tariff. The first brings heavy tax rates to bear upon middle-class homes; the second makes certain that whatever enters that home costs enough to support certain industries which, in the wisdom of legislators, are not able to stand on their own feet against foreign competition. If the argument be advanced that the tariff is really intended to benefit wage earners rather than protected industrialists, then the middle class is still being taxed thereby for the benefit of others differently situated. The injustice still holds; the economic grinding against the middle continues from both extremes of the body politic.

The first line of defense for the middle class, consequently, is resistance to taxation. First, of course, a stern effort to restrain the extravagance of government; then vigilance to shunt a larger share of the legitimate costs of government to other shoulders. In our day the middle class has found two sturdy weapons neatly suited to these purposes — the graduated income tax, with heavy surcharges in the upper brackets, a club against the rich; and the sales tax, a club against the poor. Other defenses will be found as the middle class feels the shoe of taxation pinching harder and harder.

Taxation has been tearing at farm foundations. For a decade, at least, the dice have been loaded against the independent, or middle-class, farmer. The prices of his chief farm staples have been too low in relation to the costs of the things he has had to buy. Tax demands upon him have increased; in New York approximately 14 per cent of his takings goes for taxes. Titles to wealth, such as stocks and bonds, may be concealed; land and buildings, farm stock and equipment, lie open to the assessor's view, and the farmer cannot shift residence easily to seek lower taxation.

Of all middle-class folk, — I use the term to include all who think they are still in that class, though actually they may have slipped out of it, — farmers recover the fewest advantages from their tax expenditures. They must still police their own properties and fight their own fires. All their tax money buys for them is a good road somewhere near by, an inferior school for their children as compared with city schools, and the vague, tenuous benefits of government in general, which are frequently overrated. Many urban enterprises can add tax payments to costs of operation and collect them from the consuming public, in which case they are not taxpayers, but merely tax collectors. Farming does not fall into that happy category. Taxes come directly out of the farmer's pocket as a cost which he cannot charge against the consumer. If farmers ever manage to collect their taxes from their customers through price fixing, some legal barrier will be found to keep them from it, as being against sound public

policy or the general-welfare clause of the Constitution. In the meantime, if the farmer is to recover middle-classdom, let him resist taxation as staunchly as his brother-farmer, the French peasant, does.

Keeping what he gets is a practical improvement, after all, on the alternative policy of paying revenue into the Federal Treasury with one hand while trying to take out revenue with the other. Lately we have seen a futile effort to peg wheat and cotton prices with Federal funds for the benefit of wheat and cotton farmers only, and to the positive detriment of many farmers outside of the favored categories. The McNary-Haugen Bill had a similar motive for a broader clientele. Farm Board stocks are a menace, not only to wheat growers, but to the whole range of wages and prices, because cheap bread means, in the long run, cheap labor. Instead of grabbing at Treasury funds under the formula of farm relief, farmers would do better to fight tariffs on the goods they must purchase. Indirect as well as direct taxes must be lowered before agriculturists recover the ground they have lost in the last ten years.

VI

Since misfortune hit the towns, farmers are feeling more contented in their adversity. For eight years after the war the farmers had to take prosperity on faith, because they never saw any of it. What is more irritating than to read of irresponsible town laborers getting increased wages while one's own time and care bring less than before? Now a balance has been struck; the farmer realizes the sorry plight of the out-of-work who has no hold on the land, who loses his job without notice and is left without a grubstake between himself and hunger. In a quiet way the farmers are already doing quite a sizable relief work. Their out-of-work boys and girls have moved home in large numbers to wait for better times in an area where, as long as seeds sprout and buildings hang together, the bell rings for meals three times a day, a roof fends off rain, and a wood lot provides fuel. The extent of the recent migration from town to country must be enormous. Industrial cities have lost heavily in population, some of them as much as 25 per cent. Starvation has not overtaken the departed, since vital statistics show that the death rate is down. Those who have left the towns must be on the farms; there is no other refuge large enough to accommodate such throngs with so little confusion.

A gnarled veteran of the soil told me it seemed like old times to have the children back. 'Sure, I make them work, but it is n't the work I'm thinking of. There's somebody to talk to now. You know a farm can be a dreadful lonely place sometimes with so much machinery and just two old folks on it. I have n't had a hired man to swear at since 1912.'

Machine agriculture has come so rapidly that it is not unusual to find farms whose machinery is worth as much as land and buildings. By no means all farmers can handle the business complications caused by this increase in capitalization of their properties. Farms have been mechanized far faster than the ability to manage machinery could develop. Here and there will be found a sustenance farmer with a machine equipment who prospers by hiring himself and his machinery out to the independent farmers of the neighborhood. A specialist, he makes money out of operations in which his customers usually lose money. Quite a delicate computation is required to estimate the true

costs of machine operations on farms, and to measure the real profits or losses of any crop so produced.

The successful user of factory machinery sees that its productive power is extracted in the shortest possible time. He uses it at least eight hours a day, more if he can, since interest charges do not cease when the wheels stop turning. But farm machinery can hardly be so efficiently used. On an Eastern farm the binder is seldom worked more than ten out of the three hundred and thirteen working days in the year. Over-equipment with under-used machinery ruins city enterprises, no doubt, but it is a greater danger to agriculture than to almost any other industry. In fact, as one studies the farming scene, the wonder grows that farms should show any signs of being improved by progress.

What benefits have better tools, machinery, methods, pest controls, and all the rest, brought to the independent, middle-class American farmer? Are farmers more prosperous now than before the reaper was invented? Will a farmer's labor, translated into salable crops, buy as much as his grandfather's like labor? Does the farmer enjoy a higher standing in his community? Does his type have as much influence on affairs as it used to have?

Of course, America is too vast to permit of a cocksure answer applicable to all sections, but, wherever I have put these questions to farmers who had enough background to answer the question intelligently, the answer has been a puzzled 'No.'

There is less back-breaking labor now, and a somewhat shorter working day, but there is a good deal more worry, as well as responsibility. Of course, social benefits have flowed from the advance of agricultural methods and tools, but the profits of that advance have gone to city landlords more largely than to rural ones. The farmer is seldom well enough off to sit on the porch after buying a labor-saving machine and watch a hired man operate it; instead, he lets some helper go. Labor-saving machinery allows less man power on the land to feed more men in the towns, but not often does it increase the responsible farmer's leisure. City lots have risen in value; quiet county seats have become noisy industrial cities; yet excellent farms are selling to-day for less than the cost of clearing and draining them, and farmers are hard put to it to finance a living as good as that enjoyed by their fathers on the same land.

VII

I talked recently to a wise man of many investments who declared that the independent farmer is already whipped. He said, 'Huge mechanized farms are just coming into their own. Either American farms must be merged into large units precisely managed, or Russia will run away with world markets in the staples common to both countries. In either case, the old-style, independent farmer is done for. All that remains is to conduct his funeral — that is to say, get him shifted into another job, and his lands into more responsible and efficient control. This will take time and trouble, because the farmer is a stubborn fellow, and we can't coerce him into larger units, as is being done in Russia. But after he breaks into wage earning he will like it better than proprietorship. He really does n't enjoy eating fences, and some day soon will realize that he needs a boss who will make that waste unnecessary.'

On the other side stands this statement from a farm champion: 'Farming

in America is more than a business; it is also a way of life for millions of steady-going persons. It is precisely the idealism of the farm home that keeps American farmers from going "peasant" in adversity. The resistance which American farmers will develop to the growth of large-scale corporate agriculture is also at bottom a form of idealism — a faith, long nurtured through American education, that responsible individuals making their own decisions are better citizens and stronger personalities than those who from youth to age accept orders, avoid risks, and leave to others the ordering of their effective working years. We think the decline of independent farming in America will also mean the decline of America in all other fundamentals, so that the impending struggle means far more to us than merely preserving the economic independence of 5,000,000 farmers. We think that America of the Fathers will perish soon after America of the Farmers is destroyed.'

This conflict may easily soon become a burning issue in American politics. The independent farmer holds the ground, though less firmly than he did. More than $5,000,000,000 in mortgage debt weighs him down; his plant has depreciated; his goods are selling below cost; his first dip into the Federal Treasury has had disastrous results. Nevertheless, he will fight against changing from boss to farm hand with every weapon at his command, frequently choosing the wrong one.

Most of all he should battle against public expenditures, try to shift taxation elsewhere, and walk out on all grandiose persons and programmes that cumber the world with debt. It is to be expected that his methods will be constitutionally political, but, these failing, he may try direct action here and there, in spots. In that case, look out. It is in the slow fires and the low fevers of middle-class resentment that historic revolutions generate the heats which later melt down the brazen doors of states.

LEDA AND THE SWAN

BY OLIVER GOGARTY

THOUGH her mother told her
Not to go a-bathing,
Leda loved the river
And she could not keep away:
Wading in its freshness
When the noon was heavy;
Walking by the water
At the close of day.

Where between its waterfalls,
Underneath the beeches,
Gently flows a broader
Hardly moving stream,
And the balanced trout lie
In the quiet reaches;
Taking all her clothes off,
Leda went to swim.

There was not a flag leaf
By the river's margin
That might be a shelter
From a passer-by;
And a sudden whiteness
In the quiet darkness,
Let alone the splashing,
Was enough to catch an eye.

But the place was lonely,
And her clothes were hidden;
Even cattle walking
In the ford had gone away;
Every single farm hand
Sleeping after dinner —
What's the use of talking?
There was no one in the way.

In, without a stitch on,
Peaty water yielded,
Till her head was lifted
With its ropes of hair;
It was more surprising
Than a lily gilded
Just to see how golden
Was her body there:

Lolling in the water,
Lazily uplifting
Limbs that on the surface
Whitened into snow;
Leaning on the water,
Indolently drifting,
Hardly any faster
Than the foamy bubbles go.

You would say to see her
Swimming in the lonely
Pool, or after, dryer,
Putting on her clothes:
'Oh, but she is lovely!
Not a soul to see her,
And how lovely only
Leda's mother knows!'

Under moving branches
Leisurely she dresses,
And the leafy sunlight
Made you wonder were
All its woven shadows
But her golden tresses,
Or a smock of sunlight
For her body bare.

When on earth great beauty
Goes exempt from danger,
It will be endangered
From a source on high;
When unearthly stillness
Falls on leaves, the ranger,
In his wood lore anxious,
Gazes at the sky.

While her hair was drying,
Came a gentle languor,
Whether from the bathing
Or the breeze she did n't know.
Anyway she lay there,
And her mother's anger
(Worse if she had wet hair)
Could not make her dress and go.

Whitest of all earthly
Things, the white that 's rarest,
Is the snow on mountains
Standing in the sun;
Next the clouds above them,
Then the down is fairest
On the breast and pinions
Of a proudly sailing swan.

And she saw him sailing
On the pool where lately
She had stretched unnoticed,
As she thought, and swum;
And she never wondered
Why, erect and stately,
Where no river weed was
Such a bird had come.

What was it she called him:
Goosey-goosey gander?
For she knew no better
Way to call a swan;
And the bird responding
Seemed to understand her,
For he left his sailing
For the bank to waddle on.

Apple blossoms under
Hills of Lacedæmon,
With the snow beyond them
In the thin blue air,
To the swan who hid them
With his wings asunder,
Than the breasts of Leda
Were not lovelier!

Of the tales that daughters
Tell their poor old mothers,
Which by all accounts are
Often very odd;
Leda's was a story
Stranger than all others.
What was there to say but:
Glory be to God?

And she half-believed her,
For she knew her daughter;
And she saw the swan-down
Tangled in her hair.
Though she knew how deeply
Runs the stillest water;
How could she protect her
From the wingèd air?

Why is it effects are
Greater than their causes?
Why should causes often
Differ from effects?
Why should what is lovely
Fill the world with harness?
And the most deceived be
She who least suspects?

When the hyacinthine
Eggs were in the basket —
Blue, as at the whiteness
Where a cloud begins;
Who would dream there lay there
All that Trojan brightness;
Agamemnon murdered;
And the mighty Twins?

I TEACH IN A HICK COLLEGE

BY WENDELL BROOKS PHILLIPS

I

THERE are plenty of hick colleges all over the country, but the one in which I teach is so perfect an example that it might be used as a yardstick by which to measure all the rest. Not a single quality is missing: we have a deep purpose in life; we are not only poor, but desperate; we supply a college education to rustic boys and girls for about the price of a secondhand Ford; we neither dance, drink, nor smoke, and pet as little as possible; in short, we are so different from the usual college of movie and popular novel that you really ought to know something about us.

So far as I can discover, old Brother Spence was the only Georgian who founded *two* colleges. As a young Methodist minister, he first went out West to do good to the Indians. Then he decided that the Georgia mountaineers needed him more, and came back home. Many people forget that Georgia has mountains. They think of us as a land of turpentine swamps. But in the northern part of our state the great Blue Ridge comes to its most delectable climax; farthest south of all the Appalachians, these mountains combine the freshness of a high country with the warmth of a Southern sun. In the hopeful nineties, when all things were possible, Brother Spence came back to this region, so beautiful before man haggled it up. He went into a dreamy little valley on the western side of the mountains and founded one college; then he drove his horse and buggy over to the eastern side and founded us. One of the miracles of the twentieth century is that we still persist.

There were few railroads in those days. Students came in from miles around, some of them walking barefoot, as Carlyle walked to Edinburgh University. They came from high ridges and hidden coves; they came from the little corn patches, the log cabins, and the moonshine stills. This was just what Brother Spence wanted. He listened to the boy whose only resource was a 'yearlin' steer,' which he hoped to 'larn up' to work on the college farm. He told of the woman who had sold her cookstove 'to put it into Davy's head.' Cooking over the fireplace was hard work, but she had a boy in school. Very few of the ones who came were ready to enter college; so Brother Spence had to found a high school, too. Even this would n't take care of everybody. Finally he decided to do the business up right and include everything from the first grade to the bachelor's degree.

II

Of course, many things have changed during the last forty years. The town developed its own grade school, so we dropped ours. Georgia's high schools

increased from eleven to over three hundred, so we did n't need our 'Academy,' either. Our students now come from the small towns and farms fully as much as from the mountains, and none of them come barefoot. But our poverty, which has been so constant a companion for nearly forty years, remains. We should hardly feel normal in any other state.

Most colleges *think* they are poor; but have you ever heard of a college without a single college building? Our recitation hall is a converted livery stable; our library is a redeemed doctor's office; our girls' dormitory is a reclaimed summer hotel; our boys' dormitory is a reformed dwelling house; and our chapel is a regenerated Chautauqua hall. Actual money is so scarce that we have resorted to a complicated system of barter, far more interesting than ordinary getting and spending. I buy milk from a neighboring farmer, but I would n't think of paying him money for it. Each month I write him an order for thirty quarts' worth of tuition, with which the farmer's son pays his bills at the college treasury. And the treasurer charges the sum against my salary account. I receive a good part of my salary in the form of peaches, potatoes, hams, and firewood from the college farm. Even as it is, however, salaries are always in arrears, and are very small when they are paid. So we have to scheme, and patch our clothes, and, when tempted to have an appendicitis operation, simply subdue the impulse.

I don't quite know why the millionaires have all overlooked us. Other schools whose mountaineers were not one bit more convincing than ours have got money. Other founders not half as charming as our Brother Spence, with his warm heart, his Southern eloquence, his shrewd humor, have moved the most stubborn of magnates. To be sure, Mr. Carnegie helped us toward a small endowment. But the kings of the twentieth century have not followed his example.

No, it is not the millionaires who have loved and cherished us — it is the New England old maids! Here it was that Brother Spence made his master stroke. He soon saw that he could not finance his college with funds from a South still impoverished, still unable to support decent public schools. Hence he bravely laid aside his denominationalism and called in help from a more powerful church in the North. We became a missionary college, and the sewing circles in Vermont and Massachusetts heard about us. Brother Spence grew old and died, but his system carries on. We owe our continued existence to five-dollar donations from those thousands of gnarled but generous hearts who people the New England hills.

But I am dwelling too long on the hick college as picturesque tradition. I am more interested in telling you how we stand the wear and tear of the present age. Well, frankly, it's going pretty hard with us. Victorian ideals, when sincere, were capable of being beautiful. We inherited these while they still had life in them; but we make a rather sorry sight still clinging to the dead husks. The one thing that sometimes makes me want to leave this land forever is my despair at the restricted view of life which we seem bent on giving our students. It is n't the fault of any one person. A thousand complicated things have helped to make us that way. But the upshot of it is that we pay far too much attention to what our students *do*, and far too little to what they *are*.

The ideal student in the eyes of the administration is the docile, conforming student who makes fairly good marks, but who has no original ideas,

nor any questioning fire in him. Every trace of individuality is censored out of our poor little college paper by official supervision. The faculty will not allow dancing because 'the trustees would n't hear to it.' The trustees say it really does n't matter to them, but 'the parents would be outraged.' Most Georgia parents seem quite willing that their sons and daughters should be thus carefully guarded at college, but they readily let them dance when they come home.

Perhaps it does n't matter much that the wine of life should leak away into the sands. But it does matter, I think, that the student's whole set of values should be so badly confused. A person becomes good or bad according to whether he does or does not do certain trivial things. Our handbook of rules is a wonderful document. It explains that young women are not allowed under any conditions to smoke tobacco; and that young men may not smoke in any college building, or on the street, or in any public place. As a concession to masculine waywardness, smoking is not utterly forbidden; but it must be indulged only in furtive secrecy. Several of our students were recently expelled for drinking a mouthful of brandy; another, convicted of flagrant and outrageous cheating, was allowed to remain. One of the seniors remarked to me that of course the authorities had to expel the brandy drinkers, because they had injured the reputation of the college, but that the faculty could go easy in the other case, as a little quiet cheating would hardly be noticed. I thought he was being ironical. To my dismay, however, I found that he was entirely serious.

Caught in this maze of rules (which even specify that one may not appear in class without a necktie), compelled to attend chapel, herded to church twice each Sunday, is it any wonder that our more intelligent students come dangerously near to having less respect for the college at the end of their course than at the beginning? They at least read books and magazines in the library, and find that many very estimable people have a view of life quite different from that laid down in the handbook of rules.

I wish we could get away from all this and give our students the notion that there is something more important than the mere avoidance of naughtiness; that cigarettes, like coffee, are a matter of taste and manners, but hardly to be dignified as a means of sin; that even the heinousness of brandy is largely dependent on how, when, and where it is drunk. I wish we could give them some notion of what high learning means, and the joyous toil that leads to it. I wish we could lead them to see those green pastures where human life is a beautiful thing, and instill in them a longing to find their way there.

III

But, even as I cast these reproaches, I am repentant. The last few paragraphs would be terribly false if allowed to stand alone. Our very failings are due to an exaggerated idealism which is loath to make any concessions to the wickedness of this world. If we are petty in small points of student conduct, we are not petty in larger concerns. I have taught in several Southern colleges, and observed a good many more; and I know of none where the spirit is more magnanimous in matters of race, religion, and a general feeling for human decency. The place has a soul — a unified and definite soul to which many brave lives have contributed. We do seek to find the green pastures, uncertain though our paths may sometimes be.

Our tiny mountain village has an

almost cosmopolitan air. Out of our faculty of twenty-nine, fifteen are from the South, and fourteen are from the North. Even the large state universities do not offer so harmonious and balanced an atmosphere. It is no wonder that chance visitors often return to us again and again, and sometimes settle down in our midst. My own friends who live at a distance, not understanding all this, often sharply question me as to why I stay in this provincial place so long, sliding on past the peak of middle age, letting bigger and better jobs go by. The answer is simple. Like Falstaff, I have drunk medicines; the place has cast its spell over me. It is only fair that I should more fully expound the ingredients of this spell.

In the first place, it is inevitably a satisfaction to know that one's work is greatly needed and greatly appreciated. Many of our students could not possibly go to college if they were unable to go here. And, no matter what doubts we may have as to the value of college training, we can *see* the transformation which brings students from the bleakness of mountain farm or cotton mill to happy and responsible work in the world. One of our graduates is a federal judge in Macon; another is a city official in New York; a third is an editor in Chicago. Others all over the South are successful as teachers, doctors, lawyers, and business men and women. This would be a commonplace for the usual American college; but here it seems to mean more because the distance traveled is so much greater.

My next reason, I'm afraid, is merely a matter of vanity. In most parts of America the teacher, like the preacher, no longer has much human dignity. Our rapacious society looks on him as a rather pitiful thing who has nothing to sell that the world is willing to pay for. But here all that is different. The college teacher is regarded with respect, as a leader in his community. Even our meagre salaries are not looked on with disdain. The Harvard student regards the twelve-thousand-dollar income of his professor as ridiculously less than what his father can earn; but the boy from a one-mule Georgia farm, whose family never see three hundred dollars cash in the course of a year, regards our two-thousand-dollar salaries as high affluence.

The strongest bond which holds me here, however, is found in the perennial freshness, the unspoiled and eager teachableness of our students. The teacher's paradise is a class in which everybody wants to learn. We very nearly attain that here; and the fact that there are such depths of ignorance to fill makes the job all the more exciting. The usual Southern student unquestionably is much more innocent of knowledge than the Northern student of corresponding position. This is not wholly to his discredit; it is due to a fundamental difference of cultures. The culture of old New England was based on learning and piety; the culture of modern America is based on power and machines; the culture of the South was and is based on manners. It is quite possible to go into the houses of some of the 'best families' of Atlanta and find antique furniture, old silver, and exquisite courtesy — but never a book!

This lack of book culture does n't apply to the Bible, in which the Southern student is better informed than his Northern contemporary. But even there his knowledge is barren and literal, and entirely lacking in historical perspective. This sometimes leads to astounding results. A year or two ago, some small matter of church history arose in my Sophomore English Literature class. The Baptists and the Methodists of the class were disputing

as to which belonged to the older denomination. I told them that reference to any encyclopædia would soon settle the matter, but that if age were their mania they should remember that the Catholic Church was a considerably older body than either of the organizations to which they belonged. One of the boys, brought up on the account of the baptism in the Jordan, found this hard to accept. Finally, with admirable directness, he cut his way to the heart of the matter with the following question: 'Well, Professor, there's just one thing I want to know. Which *was* Jesus, anyway — a Baptist or a Catholic?'

IV

It is when we forget the classroom that we learn most. In those rare moments when we can do as we please, we really live. And what is there to do in a place so far removed from the great libraries and museums, from the music and art which make up so much of human culture? Well, I shall tell you what I do.

On holidays I take three college boys, pile with them into a rickety Ford, and set out for my log cabin thirty miles away in the big mountains. We feel a sense of joy, of release from prison. We drive too fast along the narrow winding roads, we sing and shout aloud, we become intoxicated without resort to alcohol. Suddenly we stop by an old-fashioned mill, where the swift little river turns a ponderous wheel. Farmers bring their corn from the mountain valleys to be ground. Like so many things done in simple ways, the meal is far better than that made by modern machinery. The great millstones, turning gently, do not rend the soul from the corn. All the life, the warm fragrance, like golden sunshine, is left unspoiled. For a quarter we buy a big bagful, and invest a dime in a gallon of buttermilk. We aim to have corn pone for supper, baked Georgia style before the fireplace.

The road up the mountain is so toilsome, it traverses so incredible a series of boulders and ledges, that no city-bred car would even try to climb it. But we go up and up, and, although our flivver pants hotly, it never dreams of stopping. At last we come to that hidden glade, under the beeches, under the hemlocks, for which my soul had longed for many years before I was able to buy it. The cabin stands with its back to the ancient forest, as if emerging from mysterious shadows. But it faces the sheer drop of a granite cliff from which a small stream hurls itself, and is lost in a chatter of broken voices, hundreds of feet below. From the cabin porch one looks far down into the valley, with Yonah mountain majestically rising at the end. Beyond the dim horizon, forty miles away, lies the great world with all its futile vanity.

We are five miles from the nearest house, and the realm that lies around us is our own. Wood is to be cut — the stubborn oak, the sparkling hickory, the dry chestnut. Fat pine knots which sizzle with resin furnish the kindling. Supper is cooked and eaten and cleared away. Darkness settles down from the mountain top. But the fire flames up the rock chimney and flickers on the log rafters. We sprawl before the hearth and light our pipes. The boys see a few books on a shelf. They pull them down, and at first are disappointed to find that they are all 'classics.' But, since there are no poor books available, they might as well read good ones. One of the boys is our sharpest senior, but he still retains the quaintness of his original mountain speech. He opens Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. Soon I hear him chuckling.

'This Walt Whitman was a pretty vulgar old cuss, was n't he?'

'If you mean that he had no use for schoolmarmish prudery, he was, and proud of it. But you seriously misunderstand Walt if you think him essentially vulgar.'

'Read some of it to us, Professor, and explain it.'

For two spellbound hours we read and talk. Whitman is one of my chief delights, and I have an audience both intelligent and appreciative. Here is the flesh and blood of a living man, and the immortal book which he has left behind him. As the boys ask questions, I warm up to my subject: —

'If we could only understand what this man was, and what he did! He was free, in an age of peculiarly petty slavery. He rejoiced in the human body in an age which despised and ignored it. He understood the rhythm of human life in an age of confusion. He anticipated much of the best that is in Freud and Havelock Ellis before those men were born. And the thing for which I peculiarly love him is this: he is the only poet or prophet — the only one, I say — who has ever had a complete and beautiful vision of what this great American continent is and what it might become. The rest of us crawl like destructive insects over its surface. We have made this soil, which should be sacred, incredibly hideous. Whitman told us of a better way, but it is thus that we have fulfilled the promise of the pioneers.'

'I believe you teach better up here in the cabin, Professor, than you do down yonder in the classroom.'

'Teach? No — I am merely talking to my friends about another friend, who, though dead, still lives among us.'

V

Yes, these are the medicines I have drunk, and the spells which hold me to this preposterous but enchanting place. My old Harvard roommate who faithfully continues to write me letters even from the courts of the mighty once tried to wean me away from this land of the hicks. But he is now resigned. It is no use, he says, since I am only a sort of super-hick myself. Well, why not? Being a super-hick is something new in the way of a career, and it suits me exactly. Like Brer Rabbit, I am never able to feel at home when very far away from my native brier patch.

GRANT BEFORE APPOMATTOX

Notes of a Confederate Bishop[1]

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY C. LAY

On the morning of the 12th [November 1864], we found ourselves at Kingston, and I learned that General Sherman was there. An hour before day I set out in search of him, and walked into his quarters. I found sitting by a fire General Barry, his chief of artillery, who knew me. He carried me in to General Sherman, who was just finishing his toilet.

General Sherman was as polite as hitherto, but seemed embarrassed to know what to do with me. He would commence his march into Georgia in two hours. The bridges were destroyed already on the road to Atlanta. He might perhaps send me to Jonesboro or to Palmetto. At his invitation I went for my baggage and returned to breakfast.

As soon as I came back, he proposed to me that he would send me through the lines at Richmond. I readily assented, as it suited me well; and seeing that, although he had 'presumed on my character to observe the war secrecy,' he did not wish to send me in advance of his columns, I introduced the topic and said that I preferred to go by a route not liable to that objection. He replied that he did not doubt me at all, yet it would be very difficult for me to speak of my travel at all without letting fall something liable to be used to his prejudice.

'So, General,' I said, 'you are off for a flight into the air! I confess it has surprised me.' 'Why?' he asked. 'Because I saw your mules in Atlanta.' 'What have you to say against my mules?' 'Only that they were too poor to pull the wagons.' He said I was mistaken: they were gaunt for want of long forage, but never lacked corn; besides, they would soon fatten in the Southern cornfields.

I believe it will be found that his mules are very poor; and further, that a very considerable proportion of his force are not veterans, but newly drafted men.

General Sherman was in high spirits and very talkative. 'Hood's movement to Blue Mountain was an admirable one if he had stopped there — but when he went further he uncovered the very vitals of his country. I am about to take advantage of his mistake and to carry fire and sword for two hundred miles into Georgia.

[1] In the first half of these notes, published in February, Bishop Lay recorded how, in the fall of 1864, while acting as Missionary Bishop to the Army of Tennessee, he obtained permission from Major General Sherman to enter the Federal lines in order to visit an old lady in Huntsville, Alabama. Returning from this visit, he got as far as Chattanooga when he encountered unexpected difficulties. Until that moment Sherman had held Atlanta and had tried to keep the northern line of communication open; now he was on the eve of starting upon his famous march to the sea and had already abandoned the city and the railroad. — Editors

His error was excusable; it seems impossible for you all to appreciate our numbers. He does not know what an army Thomas has.'

The common report was that Sherman took 40,000 with him, leaving General Thomas 75,000.

He spoke of Thomas in high terms, especially as a safe man; whatever he entrusted to him he knew would be done right. 'What sort of person is General Stanley?' I asked. 'In what respect?' 'Is he a man of dash and energy?' 'No — if he had possessed energy and activity when I sent him to Hardee's rear at Jonesboro, I should have captured the whole corps.'

He seemed to be nerving himself for what he was about to do in Georgia. He had studied the map for years. It was impossible to divide this country by a line drawn east and west; if the division proposed had been a line drawn north and south, that would have been a different matter. Two nations could not exist on this continent except in a state of perpetual war.

As for slavery, it was a matter to which he was indifferent. We might make any arrangement we desired, if only it could consist with social order and the supremacy of law.

At one time he had invited a conference with the citizens of Memphis. They asked him what he would do with slavery. His reply was nothing, if he could help it.

There were several ways in which the slaves might be disposed of. He described the country on both sides of the Mississippi from Vicksburg up to Memphis. Why not settle them all in that region to themselves?

I smiled at this, and said our people found the Negroes very soon outgrew the plantation. 'Well, then,' he said, 'try this. There are three millions of Negroes. We have eighteen millions of whites, equivalent to three millions of families. Let us distribute them through the whole country, one Negro to each family. If it be argued that some do not want any, I answer that others will want two. I will take five.'

I told him the more I heard of such speculations, the more I was convinced that we might as well seek to make a new channel for the Mississippi as attempt to readjust great providential arrangements.

Something was said about General Price and his popularity with his troops. 'The true way to be popular with troops,' he remarked, 'is not to be free and familiar with them, but to make them believe you know more than they do. My men believe I know everything; they are much mistaken, but it gives them confidence in me.

'You will find Grant very pleasant. He dispatches business promptly. He will probably, when he sees you, say to a staff officer, "See that Bishop Lay has what he wishes," and that will be all. He is a man of great tenacity of purpose. It would kill him to retire voluntarily from his position in front of Petersburg. Besides that, he is a good man, a pure man — *as pure a man, sir, as General Lee.*'

He then gave me a new passport in the following terms: —

HEAD QRTS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISS.
IN THE FIELD, KINGSTON, *Nov.* 11th 1864

Bishop Lay of Arkansas having entered our lines with my authority, and now being prepared to pass out by the route by which he came, it is deemed to the interest of the United States as well as himself that he should re-enter the Confederate lines by a more circuitous route, namely by way of Virginia.

All officers subject to my authority are commanded to afford him free passage and safe conduct to Louisville, whence he is permitted to travel by any of the familiar routes to Baltimore, Old Point Comfort, and if need be to City Point, and the Com^{d} officer

at Old Point Comfort is requested to assist the Bishop to enter the Confederate lines in such manner as he may deem proper. If this paper should fall into Gen[l] Grant's hands, I commend Bishop Lay to his kind attention.

W. T. SHERMAN
Major Gen[l] U. S. A.

Between eight and nine o'clock the troops began to move. They were splendidly equipped, with bands playing and colors flying. I observed them from the window with no small pang of sorrow. An officer entering, General Sherman said to me, 'You will be pleased, I am sure, to see Jeff Davis. This is General Jefferson Davis.' His ambulance came to the door with four prancing horses, and the orderly stowed the baggage. General Sherman told me he carried little besides his bedding, a box of cigars, and a bottle of brandy. Presently he mounted his horse, rode away attended by his escort, and I saw him no more.

General Barry, with whom I was left, was sick with erysipelas of the head and was on his way to the rear. He was very kind in inviting me to go with him, and during the time we were together was most considerate of me. He had a box car for his own use, with a stove, a large bedstead, and a mattress.

Thus, on the morning of the 12th of November, General Sherman marched from Kingston on his way to lay waste the homes of my people, while I turned my face to pass through the North country.

I have omitted mention of the contempt with which General Sherman spoke of our attempts to cut off his supplies. His arrangements were made upon the supposition that two trains a week would be destroyed by guerillas. While his communications were broken, he had fed his men in Atlanta, diminishing the meat ration one fourth and increasing the bread ration in the same proportion. Other officers and men told me the same thing.

'It amused me,' said General Sherman, 'to read in your papers that some trains have been destroyed and therefore Sherman must fall back. What do I care for the loss of a train? It is a button off my coat.'

We were two days on our way to Nashville. General Barry was sick and so was I. I spent most of the time lying down. On Sunday, while I was reading, General Barry asked me to read a chapter aloud.

Reaching Nashville on the 14th, I was introduced to General Webster, commanding the post. He offered me his own pass to Louisville, which would obviate the necessity of showing my full papers to everybody: this was very considerate. He also gave me a note to the quartermaster in charge of transportation and sent me to him in an ambulance.

This quartermaster was talkative and greatly pleased to see a rebel. Disclaiming any wish to interfere with my political sentiments, he was anxious to impress upon me the wealth and power of his army. He could turn out and put on the road forty box cars and four locomotives per week. He had, in spite of obstructions, sent to the front 30,000 men since the 14th of September.

He urged me to take the river route to Cincinnati as far the safest. I declined, as it would require four days. He then urged me not to take the night train to Louisville; it was almost certain to be fired upon. If I would wait until morning, he would secure me a place in the ladies' car and I could go safely. I took his advice, and thus on the 15th made an easy trip to Louisville, where the luxury of the Galt House was in striking contrast with the discomforts of the last ten days.

The next morning, after paying a visit to the Reverend Mr. Whittle, I left by steamboat and then came via Zanesville and Harrisburg to Baltimore, reaching the latter place on the 18th. Passes were not required after leaving Louisville.

While on the cars, a gentleman touched me and asked me if I had not been chaplain at General Hood's headquarters; he then told me he was a surgeon of Cleburne's Division on his way to be exchanged, and introduced me to another surgeon of Price's command lately captured in Missouri. We had all heard that Price's expedition had been disastrous. This man informed me that it was a great success; he had carried out with him 15,000 recruits and supplies of immense value.

My friends in Baltimore were astonished to see me and supposed that I must have been in trouble. I had much interesting talk with them. I reported to the Provost Marshal, and was advised by him to await General Grant's return from Burlington, whither he had gone to see his family.

Called on Mr. John W. Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and was interested in his talk. He believed that Lincoln would be glad to make peace on terms very favorable to us. He assured me that Lincoln was really a kind man, much more generous than his advisers. He had seen him at Gettysburg shedding tears over a dying Confederate soldier. He also informed me that the good condition of the Federal finances was largely due to the wonderful development of petroleum, and gave me a striking sketch of the value of that discovery.

I did not see any of the clergy of my former acquaintance; indeed, my arrival in the city was known to very few persons. I never officiated as a clergy[man] in Huntsville or elsewhere within the Yankee lines.

I found very warm-hearted Southern people in Baltimore, and my friends supplied all my wants. However, I brought out little or nothing except some clothes for myself. I told General Sherman I had some letters and a dress for my wife; but he cut me short, remarking that, evil as the times were, he hoped the day would not come when bishops would do anything wrong. My baggage was not so much as glanced at, but I brought only what I could carry in my hands.

General Grant having passed through without stopping, I left Baltimore on the 24th and came via Fortress Monroe to City Point on the 25th. The river was full of war vessels and other shipping.

I found at City Point quite a large hotel, newly built of plank — rough, but passable. After depositing my baggage, I went in search of General Grant.

His headquarters were on the premises of Dr. Eppes, the yard being occupied with neat tents. The adjutant informed me he was at the barber's shop (he was being *shampooed*). I sent in my card and after some delay was invited to his tent. This was a canvas stretched over a slight wooden frame, with two doors, a floor, carpet, lounge, and easy-chair. The furniture came out of Dr. Eppes's house.

General Grant is a thickset man, five feet eight inches in height. He happened to mention that at West Point he stood next to my brother in the company and incidentally told me his height. He wears all his beard, and his hair was nicely arranged. His complexion florid, but not like that of an intemperate man. His voice and manner pleasant, but partially contradicted by the expression of his face. He looked to me like a man of fierce but smouldering passion, such as craved stimulus and excitement. Resolution and perse-

verance are evident in his demeanor. He is not easy in manner and does not wear his honors gracefully. Contrary to my expectation, I found him quite loquacious, and a good talker. He smokes without intermission.

After reading my papers he said they were all-sufficient; he would be glad to send me into the Confederate lines and to extend to me all the courtesy that General Sherman could have showed. He inquired about General Sherman and the incidents around Atlanta. Reference was made to the shipment of cotton from Mobile for the relief of Confederate prisoners. He told me he had acquiesced in the arrangement. He was anxious to conduct this war on the highest principles of humanity. Furthermore, neither he nor General Meade had ordered or authorized any damage to private property in Petersburg. They shot at the lines, but gunners would sometimes fire too high and thus it happened that residences were struck.

He offered me his hospitalities while at City Point, which I civilly declined. He then invited me to spend the evening with him, and accordingly I returned after nightfall.

I found with him a colonel of his staff — Roberts, perhaps, who used to be Hardee's adjutant at West Point.

General Grant excused himself for turning to his table and offered me Richmond's morning paper.

I collect some items of his talk.

'I wish you would tell your people they utterly misunderstand Mr. Lincoln. He is one of the best men in the world. They think he is revengeful and hates the South. It is not so. I have just left him and conferred freely with him. He would be glad to see the South restored to every right she ever had, with some exceptions in the matter of slavery, and to even a larger measure of influence. Your people do not know that his feelings towards you are all kind and placable.'

'This is not new to me,' I said, 'for others have spoken to the same effect in Baltimore, but you judge aright the impression is very different among our people. If there are such feelings, however, why do you not confer and express them? Mutual explanation and conference must precede peace.'

'I know that, sir. I have been anxious to see General Lee. I have not thought it well to invite him, but I should be most glad to see him here at City Point and would do everything to make his visit agreeable.'

He said this as something which he wished me to repeat.

'But besides that,' I said, 'the statesmen must end this war. Ought not they to confer?'

'I should be glad for them to do so. I should be willing for leading men on your side to go almost anywhere — certainly to Fortress Monroe; and I would ensure an interview with any persons they might desire to confer with on our side.'

I here took occasion to repudiate the character of an amateur diplomat, telling him that as a clergyman I confined myself to my proper duties. I spoke only my individual notions and impressions. Furthermore, however useful conference might be, I had not seen in the South anything that indicated a disposition to compromise the matters in dispute.

'And I must say,' added he, 'there is one thing to which we will never consent — that is *separation*.'

He recurred to Atlanta and spoke of General Johns[t]on in the highest terms. 'When I heard Johns[t]on was relieved, I was as much elated as if I had been enabled to add a full corps to Sherman's army. But Bragg is the best general you have.'

He spoke of Sherman as a most

superior general — a good and kind man, too. 'Very unrelenting, however, in his character,' I said, 'in walking the path marked out for himself.' 'Yes, that is his character. But I have another man, Sheridan, of great ability — not equal to Sherman, perhaps, but in some respects even superior to him.'

I told him that General Sherman had declined to exact any promise or pledge of me, and in reply he said that he should exact none. 'You can say what you please. I am advised of whatever happens on your side, and I suppose your spies inform you what I am doing. I am not squeamish about persons passing through my lines. Of course the case would be different of a military man, accustomed to observe and making it his business to do so. You could not tell anything to my detriment.'

He alluded to his visit to General Scott, and remarked that, although he had often seen him in Mexico, he had never been in his company or spoken to him until the Sunday previous. I alluded to the inscription General Scott had put in the copy of his memoirs presented to General Grant, saying that I remembered General Scott had told me of a sword presented by Frederick the Great to Washington, inscribed 'From the oldest to the greatest General in the world.'

General Grant replied he had supposed it to be original.

The conversation turned upon the changes which had been made in the art of war. I asked him if he had many visitors from the English and French army. He said yes. One of them, after inspecting everything, had said to him, 'If you people can do so much against each other, what could you not do, if united, against the world!'

Open-field fighting was almost obsolete. During the present campaign he supposed his army had thrown up five hundred miles of breastworks. Artillery was revolutionized. He remembered when they were drilled at West Point on artillery without horses. That was during his first year there. He was not noted at West Point for proficiency in anything except riding. He had turned over to him horses that no one else could ride. At one of the examinations he leaped over four bars in one round, the last pole being raised six feet two inches. No horse had ever dislodged him from the saddle when on his guard, but he had been very often thrown through his own carelessness.

When I rose to take my leave, the staff officer before-mentioned detained me, saying very deferentially there was a question he would much like to ask me if there was no impropriety in it, as a matter of curiosity. How did the officers of the old army now in our service manage to support their families on pay so inadequate? I told him it was hard for any of us to tell how we lived; he must consider that we had learned to live on very little, wearing old clothes, and so forth; that the women had developed great industry and did much with their own hands to support the family; and again that great brotherliness of feeling was engendered among us, and that everyone who had something to eat filled his house up with his poor kindred and friends.

General Grant asked me to come to his quarters the next morning and he would carry me with him up the river and forward me through the lines.

On going back to the tavern I found an Irish Roman Catholic priest occupying the room with me. He was reading his office. Told me that during the two years he had been with the army he had read it daily, except for three days at the Wilderness.

The loungers about the hotel spoke unfavorably of the Dutch Gap Canal. They say it cannot be made deep enough for gunboats to pass without

detention; that if one sticks fast for a few moments it will be sunk by our batteries and block up the canal.

In my rambles I saw the tent of the Christian Commission open by day for soldiers to read and to write letters, every night for religious worship. Observing some currant cake at a shop, I took a piece and asked the price. The man, perceiving I was a clergyman, bowed and said, 'Nothing to you, sir.'

November 25. — After breakfast I went to General Grant's quarters and left my baggage at the adjutant's tent.

While I was walking about, General Meade approached me and introduced himself, reminding me that we had once traveled from Havana to Charleston together.

Allusion being made to the beauty of the day and of the prospect, and to the marring of all by the discords of war, he asked me, 'What is to be the end of all this?' I said I could not tell; from what I had seen neither party was disposed to yield anything, and I supposed we must fight it out to the end.

'But what can you hope for? Why prolong the strife? You have seen what our resources are, and although accidents may modify the course of things for a time, in the end numbers will tell.'

General Grant had spoken in somewhat the same strain, saying that he was daily receiving letters urging him to call for volunteers. He could raise from 300,000 to 500,000 ninety-day or six-months men.

I replied to General Meade that I had been taught to pray, 'Thou givest not *alway* the battle to the strong.' True, the presumption, *cæteris paribus*, was in favor of strength; but war was a confession that reason and argument had failed: it was an appeal to the solemn arbitrament of God himself, and He did not judge according to numbers.

General Meade replied to this, 'Both parties, I doubt not, very sincerely expect the divine interference; but I have yet to find reason for expecting that that interference will be on your side.'

Generals Grant and Meade were going to inspect Butler's lines, attended by their staff. At 10 A.M. we went down to the steamboat, a magnificent one reserved for General Grant's use. General Meade courteously gave me precedence at the gangway. He is a tall, fine-looking man, of more cultivated and polished manners than any other officer I saw.

Quite a number of citizens followed. These occupied the Generals. I picked up a new book and occupied myself with it, not caring to seem curious, although I should have liked to see the canal.

On reaching Aiken's Landing, General Grant told me to remain on the boat and he would send an officer for me. The steward gave me dinner alone, turkey and pumpkin pie, I suppose of the Thanksgiving stock.

After two hours an officer came with an ambulance and conveyed me to General Butler's headquarters, where we remained a little while. I did not leave my place, but amused myself watching an artist who was making a sketch of the house. Thence we went to General Weitzel's quarters, where an officer to carry flag of truce joined us — and thence to General Jordan at Fort Harrison. Here my parole was demanded, in spite of my reply that General Grant was satisfied on that point. I disliked to be thus annoyed, as I am sure it was without authority; but it was now nearly night, I had no military information to give, and so the parole was really worthless. Rather than return to General Grant, I gave my parole to tell nothing of numbers and disposition of troops or of other military facts which could be used to their detriment.

The pickets were about fifty yards apart. The flag went out and was soon met. I walked across the brief interval, and after some conversation went on to General Ewell's headquarters, a mile off, and he kindly lent me a horse. We rode together to Richmond that night.

I may mention here that the following week I was at General Lee's headquarters, and told him what General Grant said about shelling Petersburg. His comment was, 'I can't say it was done by his orders, but certainly by his authority. The Northern papers told constantly of the damage done and of a longer range being obtained by which more distant portions of the city were reached. Besides, whenever a house was set on fire, we saw the fire of the enemy increased and converged on that point.'

The things that impressed me most during these weeks may be thus summed up: —

1. The difference in the *physique* of the armies. Our men are sinewy, theirs are fat; ours brown, theirs ruddy and 'beefy.'

2. The profusion of military supplies in the U. S. A. Not merely profusion, but extravagance; wagons, tents, artillery *ad libitum*. Soldiers provided with everything.

3. The comforts of all sorts. A sutler's shop at every little place, with many luxuries at a moderate price. Bakeries with excellent bread; soldiers buying many things to help out rations — oysters and the like.

4. The universal horror of rebellion among the masses. They speak of it as the unpardonable sin. They consider rebels outside the pale of humanity. They deem it no harm to commit any outrage upon a rebel.

5. The luxury of the North. More money and more extravagance than ever before.

6. The inflation that accompanies it. No seeming dependence on God. No fear of disaster. All minds full of the greatness of the Union. The national vainglory inexpressible.

7. The character of their generals. Men who desire to be considered honorable and kind; who really think they are so; men of punctilious courtesy and good manners, and who yet in the best conscience will do — just what they have done, and do it regretfully, as Torquemada would burn a heretic, or Marat send an aristocrat to the guillotine.

8. Thank God I am in the South. Far better our Confederate poverty, ennobled as it is by patience, than Federal wealth with its attendant pride and self-sufficiency.

I may add that everything I saw and heard, the common talk on the cars and by the wayside, among citizens and common soldiers, satisfied me that peace may be had, but only by receding from every position we have assumed and entrusting ourselves to the faith and good feeling of the Northern people.

They are elated, I may say astonished, at the wealth and might they have developed. Their idol is less the Union of the past than the sublime Union of the future, destined soon to overshadow all the nations. They deem the act of those who interrupt its triumphal progress so great an impiety as to authorize any punishment that may be inflicted.

Furthermore, they deem us to be already enveloped and hopelessly overborne by numbers; they speak pityingly of the insanity which continues to extremity a struggle the issue of which is to them almost palpable.

I brought home with me one deep and abiding conviction. We must, at whatever cost, win our independence. There is no other alternative open to us which can be for one moment considered.

A DAY IN NEPAL

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

THE elephants had gone down to the river, early in the morning, to get ready for the day's work. They lay, some fifteen or so, like black rocks in the slow-moving, muddy stream. Behind them, on the north bank, the forest rose, a wall of greenery, topping the precipitous earth bank that glowed a rich yellow in the level sunlight. It was a very hot day in June, with the rains already a week overdue; the heat, even at that early hour, was stifling. Not a leaf quivered.

The mahouts, with much shouting and many vociferous commands, attended to the toilette of their charges. Radha Piyari — Radha the Beloved — lay on her side close inshore, right in front of me as I lazed on the river bank watching the scene. Her trunk was curled up out of harm's way, like a gigantic ammonite; her crafty little pig's eye was tightly screwed up; over what one could see of her great face there was an expression of complete beatitude. The water lapped gently against her sides, and the mahout rubbed her down with a brick, stopping now and then to throw water over her with his cupped hands, or to examine her huge ear for parasites. He stood on the foreleg which the water hid, and talked pleasantly to her, all the time, 'of cabbages and kings.' Then, stepping back into the river bed, he ordered: '*Tiriya, beti.*' ('Turn over, my daughter.')

Not a muscle moved. 'Art thou deaf? Did not I say turn over?' Radha Piyari's only response was to snuggle down luxuriously yet a little farther into the soft sand. She was having the time of her life: cool water lapped her; soft sand moulded itself to her every sinuosity; and then there was the blissful joy of being scrubbed by a brick, while the sunlight, not yet too powerful for her taste, soaked steadily into the great black hide.

Muhammad Ali threw out his arms in expostulation. 'Shameless one! Evil liver! Low-caste person! Dost thou not attend to my orders? Have I not said, twice, that thou must turn?' His voice rose to a frenzied yell. Radha Piyari gave a heave of contented enjoyment, and a little wriggle which sought yet more of that blissful contact with the cool, soft sand beneath her; but the tight-shut eye did not open, and the trunk remained tightly coiled.

Muhammad Ali stepped back a pace, and shrieked: 'Child of shame! Spawn of a nameless outcaste! Thou dost not obey me — thou, whose mother's virtue could not resist the village watchman; thou, whose sister . . .' And so on through the untranslatable intricacies of what has come to be a stereotyped formula of abuse. Radha Piyari cautiously opened her cunning little eye. This, though 'but the beginning of love talk in her country,' promised to get more serious, all the same. Perhaps

she had better do something about it, after all; there was still one whole side to scrub! So the huge bulk rolled to a vertical position, then heaved up slowly on the forelegs and subsided, — without the trace of a splash, so controlled was the whole movement, — exposing the other side. The little eye shut again; blissful content spread like a slow smile over the great face; and she settled down, with nicely adjusted wriggles, to another half hour or so of perfect happiness.

II

An hour later we were off. We crossed the river, which forms the boundary between British India and Nepal, and threaded our way, in single file, through the forest, drifting along silently — for an elephant on a forest track makes little more sound than a falling leaf. The great sal trees stood up on each side of us, sixty feet high or more, their summits a feathery mass of silver gray, fresh and cool-looking in their new foliage, and the air was heavy with the perfume from their flowering tops. Every now and then, as we moved into a clearing, the sun burned our faces and hands; and the elephants slipped their trunks inside their great mouths to draw out some small store of liquid, which they squirted along their overheated flanks.

We twisted through the tortuous paths of a Tharu village, the overhanging thatch of the houses brushing the sides of the elephants as they passed. One or two of them made tentative movements to steal, as they drifted along, the gourds or pumpkins that lay, fat, juicy, and inviting, on the sun-bleached roofs — tentatives which were corrected by resounding thumps on the head from the heavy ankus that each mahout balanced on his right thigh. Little children, naked as worms except for the amulets round their necks, poured in from a side path, perilously near the ponderous feet. One could feel the great beasts 'collecting' themselves and going cautiously, lest they should harm any of these little ones. But the children trotted along sturdily, unheeding, pluffing up the thick dust with their feet, and shouting in their shrill voices: —

'Hathi, hathi, bal do.
Sone ka bal do.'

('O elephant! O elephant! Give me a hair.
Give me a hair of gold.')

Their mothers had told them that if an elephant plucked one of its sparse hairs and handed it to them it would turn into gold in the palm of their hand. And one's mind went back to a very small English boy of long ago, dainty in white piqué skirt, pursuing unweariedly the thrushes on a velvet green lawn, with a handful of salt tightly clutched in one chubby fist. For *his* mother had told him that the only sure and certain way of catching birds was to put salt on their tails.

Bahadur Singh — 'short and stout and round about, and tubby as could be' — hopped excitedly in his howdah, and pointed to a blue jay that fluttered off, pale blue and dark blue, gorgeous in the sunlight.

'A *katnas* on the right! By God, we shall have at least one or half a tiger.'

And Abdul Muhammad, tall, fat, and heavily bearded, came in with the deep-voiced refrain: 'If it please God, we shall at least have one or half a tiger.'

Later we passed a tiny little girl, perhaps six years old, who stood at the corner of a jungle path with a *ghara* of water poised on her head and her arm curved up to steady it. An exact replica of a grown woman, in her reddish-brown skirt that hung in multitudinous folds, in her sari and her pitiful little ornaments.

'A virgin on the left, with a full water pot! By God, we shall have at least three tigers!' — and Bahadur Singh jumped up and down in his excitement. And from behind me the deep refrain boomed out: 'If God wills, we shall have at least three tigers.'

We wound on and on, along jungle paths or through trackless forest. There were omens all the way, and all were favorable. Our probable bag rose steadily. The rifles got too hot to hold in our bare hands, and we had to slip on the leather guards. Knowing what such temperatures can do with cordite, I kept my cartridges in my pocket.

The elephants were bored, for it was dull work; they squirted more and more frequently along their burning sides; they played with clumps of coarse grass that they had dragged out in passing, knocking off the earth and polishing the roots to glittering whiteness by dexterous whisking against their toes as each foot advanced in turn. The sun bit strongly at our faces and hands, and our eyes got dazzled with the terrific glare. We began to shift uneasily in our narrow seats, to stand, to sit, to doze off every now and then. It was clearly time for a halt.

From behind me Abdul Muhammad boomed, 'It is necessary to halt. It is the hour of the midday prayer. The sun stands at its highest in the sky.'

Without a word spoken, we turned to the nearest shade. Abdul Muhammad slipped down the hind leg of his elephant; changed his turban for a skull-cap; spread his praying mat on the yellow burnt-up grass, pointing it toward Mecca; washed his hands ceremoniously in the sand drift close by; and was at once absorbed in the stately ritual of his religion. The rest of us clustered together and talked in low tones. After some time Bahadur Singh got restless; the kneelings, the bowings, the standing up and the folding of the hands, went on interminably. 'He is a five-times man,' he said. 'But he forgets that, though God will wait, — and often has to, — the tigers won't! Hai, Abdul Muhammad!' The automaton went on, undisturbed. 'Hai, Abdul Muhammad — there is need of speed!' Abdul Muhammad beat his forehead on the earth.

Bahadur Singh plucked from a bel tree, beside which his elephant stood, a dozen or so of the round, dark green, aromatic fruit it bore; and then, from a distance of perhaps twenty yards, lobbed them slowly, one after the other, at the praying figure. Each, about the size of an orange, fell with a thud, and rolled gently to somewhere very near the edge of the praying mat; none quite touched it. It was wonderfully accurate work, but it had not the slightest effect on Abdul Muhammad. When the full ritual had been performed, he gathered the mat, shinned up the hind leg of his elephant to his howdah, stuffed a quid of pan into his mouth, and chewed contentedly.

'Now *thy* work is done till the sun goes down; ours is yet to do. March,' said Bahadur Singh.

They were friends of very long standing, and they knew the exact limits to which each could go with the other; but one marveled, all the same. For a Hindu to molest a Muhammadan at his prayers is no light matter; blood has been shed, many a time, for less than Bahadur Singh had done.

III

Almost at once we found ourselves in quite different country. The trees were taller; underneath, the ground was as bare and as hard as a city pavement; nowhere — not even in the sparse watercourses — was a blade of grass to be seen; the signs of fairly recent fire were all around us. For perhaps thirty

feet up, there was not a green leaf; everywhere lay blackened patches that had formerly been clumps of grass and undergrowth. Most striking of all, many of the trees were smouldering as they stood; the air was full of tenuous, filmy, blue-gray smoke; and here and there great *asaina* trees lay prone, burning slowly, with the smoke rising in delicate spirals. The asaina is peculiar in that it burns very gradually, like touchwood; the ash is pure white; and even the heavy seasonal rains seem unable to put out the fire. And so with astonishing frequence one saw, on the fire-blackened ground, the ghosts of great trees that lay in an outline of soft, powdery ash, complete to the last little twig. As far as the eye could reach through the thin haze of smoke, there was nothing but fire-blackened ground, seared trunks, and these huge white ghostly relics of what had once been the giants of a primeval forest. Not a bird sang in that desolating wilderness; no animals lived there; there was no water; the silence of death encompassed it. It was like a nightmare vision of the Inferno.

We pushed slowly on, for the elephant on a long march is not a fast walker, sometimes emerging into open areas where herds of cattle seemed to find a living on the seared plain, bare as the palm of one's hand, sometimes plunging again into the sal forest, every now and then passing mango and lime trees that marked the former sites of abandoned settlements. It is a country without roads or rivers; the torrent beds that the seasonal rains cut, like great gashes across the face of the land, are all unbridged; there are very few villages, and in none of these did we see a single house of brick, or even of sun-dried mud. There is very little cultivation, and that of the semi-nomadic type.

We are accustomed to talk, perhaps rather glibly, of man's constant strife with nature; in India one sees that strife in its elemental form. Every day one has before one's eyes some massive temple, constructed for eternity, where the fig tree has sent its searching roots into the great blocks of masonry and overturned them; shrines lie dismantled in the green depths of the forest, dissolved by the trees and grasses and creepers that have eaten them away; my elephant has stumbled, in the very heart of a great forest, over the almost imperceptible remains of a broad wall that was the sole remaining vestige, aboveground, of what had once been a great and populous city. I have shot tiger in 'God's Fort,' as it is called locally — a wilderness of Cyclopean masonry, of wide temple steps and ruined fanes, of partially blocked-up crypts where leopards laired. For acre after acre one moved from massive stone to massive stone, pushing one's way between the tree trunks, dodging the hanging lianes, scrambling through the thorn bushes and the creepers — chrome yellow splashed with blood-red spots — that bound the tangle together. 'God's Fort' stands in the centre of the forest, with no habitations, not even the meanest, within many miles.

IV

Tiger shooting is not unlike the well-known definition of war — weeks of acute boredom, punctuated by minutes of intense excitement. We had plodded along twenty-odd miles, perhaps, to beat a patch of thick cane jungle that was not much larger than a football field.

The details of a tiger beat are of no particular interest except to the participants; it will suffice to say that the omen derived from the 'virgin on the left, with a full water pot,' was the correct one. We got our three tigers, all big beasts. There was much joy in the Tharu village close by, — for these

tigers lived on the villagers' cattle, — and we swung off on the long trek home with their cheery shouts of thanks and farewell to hearten us on the way. The return journey, when there are three heavy tigers lolling ponderously on the pads, is always pleasant enough; we went over, untiredly, every little incident of the beat, the repeated charges, and the final kills, talking excitedly among ourselves and with the thronging mahouts. The picture which remains most vividly in my mind is of a great tawny beast, with deep black stripes, flashing over the green palm-like leaves of the canebrake, the drawn-back lips showing the glittering teeth, the paws stretched out to their full extent, six feet above the ground, and coming straight at me with the most heart-shaking roar. What did one think of? I am quite clear as to that. One thought of the imperative necessity of protecting one's elephant, which stood four-square, without a tremor, but very, very watchful.

Almost immediately after recrossing the river, we picked up, in the rapidly waning light, the track of an elephant. It will seem extraordinary to anyone not accustomed to these vast but sparsely inhabited areas, and to the life of the forest, that my mahout — I happened to be leading — should have turned to me at once with the casual remark: 'That is the jungle-wala sahib. He must have come in from Bellarpore.' He had; and we found him later at our camp, where his tents were already pitched. Thompson was a canny Scot, who knew his job and attended to it admirably. He slouched over to meet us as we came in, and admitted that our three tigers were 'quite nice little beasties.'

'I let one off myself, yesterday,' he added.

'Missed it, you mean?'

'No. What I say — let him off.'

We lolled in long chairs, on a clearing overlooking the sluggish river, which gleamed leaden-dull in the faint light. Ice tinkled gratefully in the long glasses, and the owls hooted mournfully. Bit by bit, slowly, and as it seemed unwillingly, we got the story.

V

Thompson, returning about three o'clock to his camp after a long tour of inspection, had picked up the fresh track of a tiger.

'You know the bit of outlying forest, all *roni* trees, at the bend of the river, three miles this side of Bellarpore?'

We nodded.

'Well, it was there, on the path by the side of the river. A new tiger — evidently just in from Nepal. A big male. Shortly after, I noticed vultures in a cotton tree half a mile farther on. I went there straight, cutting across another bend. And there was the kill — a young buffalo, with very little eaten. Almost in the open, too. Damned fool of a tiger — he had walked along, in broad daylight, without attempting to take cover; and he had left his kill in the open. It seemed good enough, — though it was a hell of a hot day, as you know, — so I went on to the camp to fetch my machan, have some tea, — my first meal that day, — and get my rifle. I sent a pad back to fix up the machan in the cotton tree. I suppose I got there about five; I had left my watch behind. It was in the full sun, and infernally hot. There was a hanging rope, of course, to help me; but the trunk was very wide, and very slippery. I had to swarm up, and there was about thirty feet of it; it felt like three thousand. When I tumbled into the machan, I was cooked, absolutely done, lost to the world. I lay there gasping, soaked through with sweat; half a dozen times I thought I

was going to be sick. Never felt so completely done in all my life. It was ten minutes or more before I could rouse myself to tell my mahout to tie the rifle to the rope. I hauled it up, loaded, and settled down to wait for the tiger. The elephant I sent back through the jungle, so as not to disturb the river path. I told the mahout to come back for me a quarter of an hour after the sun set; I was not going to sit there in the dark for any tiger.

'Well, I don't suppose the elephant had been gone half an hour when I heard the tiger, somewhere near the river bank. He came crashing along as if the place belonged to him. Then I heard a thump — evidently he had jumped down on to the river bed. I could see the north bank from where I sat, for nearly a quarter of a mile; but the near bank was hidden by the trees, except a hundred yards or so of it. I had a perfectly clear field of fire toward the river and the kill — which lay almost under me, just in front. In a few minutes, I picked up my tiger — a whacking big male, with a splendid ruff — slouching along, bang in the open, parallel to the river and not seventy yards from me. He did n't care two hoots for anything or anybody, clearly — never looked this way or that, but shambled along, as if he were in carpet slippers, weaving his big head slightly from side to side. I was fascinated watching him. I did n't want to shoot — though I could have picked out any single hair on him and put my bullet through it. Suddenly he turned straight for the river, and picked his way delicately through the odd puddles to the bank at the edge of the big pool.

'I watched him bend down to drink; and then things happened with such suddenness that my eye was not quick enough to see it all. There was a swirl in the water; and the next thing I knew was that Alphonse — the big "croc" that I have seen so often sunning himself on the bank opposite — had his jaws tight clamped over the tiger's head. I could see the tiger's hind legs come under him, and stiffen; but Alphonse was pulling him into the water all right. It stood like that for a second or two; and then, very, very slowly, the tiger backed away from the edge. Alphonse's big wicked head appeared, then his shoulders, the tiger heaving away steadily. End of that movement! Slowly, against all that the tiger could do, he was drawn in jerks back to the water's edge again. End of that movement! I tumbled to it after a bit. When fully afloat, the croc lost the advantage of his weight; when he was partially resting on the ledge of the pool, the tiger could n't move him. And so it went, backward and forward.

'But that tiger was having an intensive education in British India. The next time, when he had Alphonse well out, he gave his head a quick jerk up, and tried for the throat with one paw. I don't know whether he got him or not, for Alphonse had his head down in a split second. But every time after that, when the tiger got far enough back from the water's edge to risk it, he had another determined try for Alphonse's throat. I don't know how long it lasted — my best guess was something like a quarter of an hour. Again all of a sudden, so quick that I could not follow it, there was another swirl in the pool, and Alphonse had disappeared. The tiger almost fell back, recovered himself, and whisked round. Then he staggered, stumbling at every step, away from the river, and threw himself down right in front of me on some soft sand.

'His head was torn to ribbons; his ruff was in points of clotted blood; his big sides heaved, and he took his breath in great gasps. Done to the world — just

as I had been three quarters of an hour before when I tumbled into my machan. I could smell the reek of him as he lay laboring there in front of me; and I never felt sorrier for anybody. I promised myself that Alphonse was in for it, as soon as I could find time to lay for him — it ought to be pretty easy. I gave the tiger about twenty minutes to get his wind again, and cool off a bit; then I searched in my pocket for a spent cartridge, and tossed it on his flank as he lay. He looked up at me once, gave one woof, and was off.'

ACROSS THE PACIFIC — CEREBRALLY

BY LOUISE TAYLOR

THE young Japanese scholar and I were seated in the Museum study room looking at *Ukiyoe* prints. In the picture before us half-clothed hairy demons were engaged in a fierce battle with picturesque warriors. My companion pointed to one of the demons. '*Shutendōji*,' he said. And, indicating the warriors, '*Yamabushi*.' Then he rapidly inscribed the two names in Japanese calligraphy on two slips of paper, added the English definitions, 'demon chief' and 'itinerant monks,' and handed the papers to me. 'It tells there,' he explained further, pointing to the Japanese characters showered over the top of the print.

I had an inspiration. 'Mr. Shigimoto, could you teach me to read it? I need it in my work, you know. Sometimes I have to catalogue prints. If you could be kind enough to give me lessons!'

'But I am very glad — if you will help me with my English,' he said. Thus lightly I stepped into the linguistic labyrinth of the Far East.

'We will start with the alphabet,' said Mr. Shigimoto when we met for the first lesson. I smiled faintly at the simplicity of the thing after all 'Still it is not exactly an alphabet,' he pursued, 'but you must learn fifty letters, and then fifty more — and still that is not exactly the true language. But then you will be ready to begin the ideographic characters, which must be learned separately. As a start you will study the four hundred commonest ones, but, in order to read, one must know several thousand.'

I dismissed ugly doubt from my mind and eagerly reached for the first home assignment. The page was enchanting to look at. Dotted lines marked off little squares. And there, each in a separate square, in vertical columns ranged from right to left, were the fifty first letters! Beside each one was its English transliteration in red ink. At a glance it was plain that here was no 'alphabet' of letters, but a syllabary — each character representing a combination of vowel and consonant sounds. As Mr. Shigimoto read it aloud, I was confronted with a confusion of *sa*, *wa*, *ri*, *ko*, and the like.

These sounds were indicated by a

series of symbols so different from any familiar form that I wondered how in the world I should ever memorize them. Well might I wonder! I copied them. I studied them. I took them in columns and pairs. I wrote them on scraps of paper and stuck them in my mirror. I learned conclusively that memory is an act of association. If only those tricky little characters looked like something, it would n't be so bad. I began to see the most far-fetched analogies; began to recognize 'the one like a bird track,' 'one like a knotted rope,' 'one like an anchor,' and so on. Then it was just one more step to learn the name — and I had it.

At this stage came the bright idea of inscribing the separate characters on individual cards with the pronunciation on the back. Deal them out, guess, and turn over. The rightly named ones stack in one pile and the stumbling-blocks in another. Then shuffle the hard ones and repeat. It worked; at last I learned them. But wait. The reading changes if two dots are placed beside the letter. That is something else. And something else again if a circle is added instead. What an inconvenient idea! But I could learn those too, and did. It was a proud day indeed when I could say *a-ka-sa-ta-na-ha-ma-ya-ra-wa* and write it too. It was disappointing to discover it was only a word for drill and had no meaning, but here was a small victory anyway.

The lessons were semi-weekly. At first my teacher inclined to the conversational method. He taught me to say 'Good morning' and 'Good-bye,' 'I understand,' 'I don't understand,' 'Thank you,' and 'You're welcome.' I decided to try one of my new words on Miss Ayame, a Japanese tsuba expert, who was a frequent visitor to the study and who was sympathetically observing my efforts from a distance. At my first opportunity I essayed a 'Thank you' in her native tongue. Immediately she was convulsed with merriment. 'That's what Mr. Shigimoto says,' said I, defensively. When she could stop laughing long enough to speak, she explained, 'That's man's language. He says it, but ladies must say different way.' And of course the ladies' way turned out to be three times as long. I reproached my teacher for subscribing to a double standard in language and he only beamed, 'That is why we must admire ladies so much. Their language is much more difficult.' I suggested that as an American girl perhaps I could get away with using the masculine style, but I saw I had shocked him, so pretended I was only joking.

Sentence structure was our next problem. We considered the possessive case. 'You say "leaves of the trees," yes?' began Mr. Shigimoto. 'We say "tree of the leaves," or maybe "tree of leaf." We have no plural — that makes it easy?' he added hopefully. Then, 'No article, either. Only' — he waved his pencil over the paper in an intricate pattern of scratches and waited for my approbation of the utter simplicity of it.

'That's very easy,' I managed bravely. Mr. Shigimoto rose to go. He murmured a farewell sentence in Japanese. Joyfully I came back with, '*Doitashimashite*' ('Don't mention it'), for I thought he was thanking me for something. It turned out that he had said, 'It has begun to snow.' But another Japanese student had arrived just in time to hear my response, and, misapplied as it was, I felt it was amusing him excessively. 'What you said means, "What is the matter with you?"' he told me. For I had given the final *e* the sound of *a* and there was the resulting change in meaning. 'Even

the monkey sometimes slips from the bough,' quoted my professor, consolingly.

I had promised to be vigilant of Mr. Shigimoto's English and to correct his mistakes and help him all I could. Imagine my surprise one day when, with his usual dignity, he asked me to show him a dictionary 'by the other guy.' I was so astonished that I smiled broadly, and this brought out, 'Don't laugh, kid.' I nearly fainted at these words from a formal diffident Japanese gentleman whose English words were always few and well-considered. It was extremely difficult to explain that he had used the words correctly as slang, yet they were not correct English. Some student companions had undertaken to interpret colloquial English to my teacher, and from then on I was busy excusing to him the irregularities of American speech. Not only slang, but also the commonest idioms began to seem monstrous.

My own language betrayed me unexpectedly. Why not a 'trifle bit'? Why not 'quite many'? If 'lamb,' why not 'ramb,' and given 'myrtle,' why not 'tyrtle'? I was amazed to discover that *l* and *r* sound identical to a Japanese ear. My friend transposed them freely with very entertaining results. He was even able to silence me when I complained of the difficulty of the Japanese *ts* and nasal *g* sounds. The English *th* and *v* are as diabolical of their kind.

But he had no comeback when we came to ideographs. Then analogies with English were forgotten entirely. Then developed the necessity of becoming artist and poet in order to approach penmanship. Although much more interesting than the cryptic *hiragana* symbols, nevertheless ideographs seem a hopeless tangle to the beginner — this notwithstanding the fact that now you are given 'something to remember them by.' Moons, suns, trees, people, and animals may be detected in graphic representation in the characters. A woman under a roof is 'peace.' Three women means 'to make noise.' The sign for 'purity' evolves from 'blue water.' Even the word for 'horse' has four legs.

Still, it's a long reach from the naïvetés of picture writing to the abstractions of the radicals. A single brush stroke means so much that when you name one meaning in translating you suspect a dozen others. You are only spurred on by appealing to your pride and remembering that Japanese school children learn all this somehow — the plucky little things. However, in the course of time, the day came when I could peek into a handbook of colloquial Japanese phrases.

Picture my delight at the prospect of actually grasping some usable conversation! After all the theory, I was about to try to operate this complicated mechanism. I opened the covers of the book. I turned the pages. I scanned the English translations beside the clauses, anxious to seize upon some serviceable material. I saw: 'There are many cranes in Korea'; 'It snows in Lapland all the year round'; 'Does your dickey bird sing?' — and on and on. I stared at these atrocious sentences. Impertinently they stared back at me. With a sardonic smile I flipped the pages of my notebook. Then finally I saw myself, as inarticulate as at the start. Who wants to hear an American recite the Japanese *hiragana?*

I turned to my friend, the tsuba collector. 'My Japanese is awfully funny, is n't it, Miss Ayame?' I said bleakly. A gale of laughter shook her. 'It is too pity,' she admitted cheerfully. 'But,' — here she summed it all up, — 'I get so kick of it!'

THE PROPHET OF AMMON

BY LOUIS REED

I

In the small town of Winfield, West Virginia, justice, like the gnarled and knotty inhabitants of the surrounding mountains, has ways peculiar to itself. Three times a year a circuit-riding judge comes to town to try the cases that have accumulated since his last visit, and his coming is the signal for all the folk for miles around to flock to the courthouse to see the show.

The first day of court is drawing to a close. The afternoon and early evening have been spent trying a murder case — State versus Fitzmaurice. Fitz is my client. Gene Mottlesey of Charleston is associated with me in the case, and we have done our best for Fitz. Whether our best is enough to save him from the gallows is more than either of us knows. Hour after weary hour the sordid details of the shooting have been laid before the jury. Fitz came home one day to find Jep Toothman with his wife, and Fitz shot him dead. The State has asked for a verdict of murder in the first degree. We have built up our defense upon the unwritten law. The jury went out at 9.38, and now the judge and all the lawyers are congregated in the witness room to wait.

In moments like this the judge is mellow and full of anecdotes. He tells story after story, finally coming round to one he has recently heard about that celebrated jurist, Judge Joe Smith of the Kanawha Circuit. Joe Smith, who flourished about fifty years ago, must have been a man worth knowing. His eccentricities have often been related in print. He is known to have walked through the streets of Charleston barefooted because his shoes hurt him, and to have trimmed his beard on the bench while conducting a trial. Withal he was a brilliant and capable judge.

'They say Evans Doddridge was making a long argument in court one day,' says the judge, 'when Joe Smith lost interest. Immediately Joe sank back in his chair and crossed his feet on the desk in front, so that Doddridge, who stood beneath, could see nothing of the judge but the soles of his enormous brogan shoes. Doddridge was an able and distinguished lawyer, noted in debate for his biting and sarcastic tongue. At the appearance of the feet Doddridge made a low obeisance and remarked, "There is evidently as much law at one end of the court as the other." Wholly unperturbed, Old Joe replied: "Not at all, Doddridge. It's simply a matter of your being able to convince one end as well as the other."'

The aged prosecutor tells one of his favorite stories, which we have all heard a hundred times. The clock ticks on. At 10.30 the judge sends the sheriff to the jury room to find out if there is a possibility of arriving at a verdict soon.

'Tell them,' says the judge, 'that I don't want to lock them up for the

night, but on the other hand I don't want to wait here until morning.'

The sheriff reports that the jury thinks it will soon arrive at a verdict. This heartens everybody. Once again the lawyers start yarning. At 11.09 there is a knock at the door. Instantly the courtroom bustles to action. The judge breaks off a yarn to mount the bench. As the news flies about that the jury has reached a verdict, the remaining spectators crowd the front seats. The jury files in slowly, enters the jury box. The prisoner, arriving breathless from the jail house, faces the jury.

'Gentlemen,' says the clerk, 'have you arrived at a verdict?'

'Yes,' says the foreman.

He passes a slip of paper to the clerk, who unfolds it deliberately. Not a breath is drawn in the courtroom.

'We, the jury,' reads the clerk, 'agree and find the defendant, James Fitzmaurice, guilty of voluntary manslaughter.'

'So say you all, gentlemen?'

'Yes.'

The tension passes. Hurried whisperings are heard among the spectators. The prisoner swallows gulpingly.

'Cheer up, old boy,' says Mottlesey. 'It won't be more than two years at the most.'

'I wonder,' says Fitz, 'if she got the kids ready.'

'Sentence will be passed,' says the judge, 'to-morrow morning. Court is adjourned until nine o'clock.'

At 11.42 I sit on the edge of my bed and look longingly at Ludwig's *Bismarck*. I have reached the place where Bismarck makes himself chancellor. But, chancellor or not, I have another long day ahead.

II

The next thing I know the jailer is there waking me. Fortunately I have always had friends to wake me, for an alarm clock seldom rouses me. The jailer is a huge, portly man with the build of a prize fighter. In his younger days he could lift a farm wagon with eight men on it. Of late years he has become very pious and has confessed to me that he should have gone into the ministry. His reading is confined to the Bible and the Baptist Sunday School Quarterly. Quite often it is necessary for me to read over the Sunday School lessons myself and explain their deeper meanings because the 'big words' in them are beyond him. He tells people that I know a great deal.

Sometimes I think he suspects me of heathenism because I wrote a paper called 'The Bearing of the Theory of Evolution on Social Problems,' and left it lying about where he saw the title. He did *not* read it.

The common ground where we meet most in conversation is the war. We have fought it through from beginning to end several times. Both of us were at Nantillois the night the Germans sent over the terrific bombardment. That was the night when Sid Thomas of Denver, pointing to the cemetery above us, said to me, 'It 's too hot here. I'm going up there, and sleep with the stiffs.' He is still sleeping there.

It is 7.14. Fortunately, the first day of court has passed, so that I need not be at the office at an unearthly hour. My room is over the jail kitchen; I can hear Pauline, the maid of all work, dishing up breakfast for the jailbirds. Through the open door comes the smell of bacon and eggs, and buckwheat cakes, and strong, black coffee.

My toilette finished hurriedly, I descend to the floor below. The family, consisting of the jailer, his wife, their two-year-old son George, and Pauline, the cook, is already at table. Muttering a perfunctory 'Good morning,' I sink into my chair. All of

us, including the baby, bow our heads reverently.

'Our heavenly Father,' says the jailer, 'we thank thee for this and other expressions of thy mercy. Forgive us our wrongs and save us through Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.'

Scarcely has the jailer finished when the baby springs a surprise. He has heard Pauline refer to various persons as 'pills.' A good many persons are pills to Pauline. Now out of a clear sky the baby remarks gravely, 'You pill, Weed.'

This sends everybody into guffaws of laughter. Joining in the mirth, I deny the accusation vigorously while the baby repeats it again and again. The jailer suggests that perhaps it is really Pauline who is a pill, whereupon the baby shifts the attack to his father, saying, 'You pill, Dad,' which starts the merriment all over again. Altogether the day starts off auspiciously.

Breakfast at the jail house is not one of your tomato-juice affairs for the sake of the stomach. It is a solid meal with plenty of starch and carbohydrates. There are four griddle-size buckwheat cakes, two or three eggs, and half a dozen strips of bacon for every person at the board. In addition there is milk or coffee, buttered toast, if you want it, watermelon preserves, maple syrup, canned peaches, pears, blackberries, and apples. If these are not sufficient, one may have any or all of a dozen breakfast foods, clusters of grapes, bananas, oranges, three different kinds of cheese, and half a chicken left over from yesterday's dinner.

This family enjoys eating, and looks it. The jailer and his wife weighed together will knock down close to a quarter of a ton. Pauline is no sylph. George has all the appearance of a giant in embryo. Many a time, sitting at this table, I have wished myself back in those days when I was in prep school and had an appetite that was positively unappeasable.

During all meals most of the conversation is directed at George, and, once he sets himself to eat with a gusto suggesting an inherited characteristic, there is nothing further to talk about. Toward the end the jailer says, 'Al Whiting wants to see you this morning. It's about that offer to sing over the radio.'

III

This amuses me, although in reality the situation is tragic. Al is in jail charged with killing two 'scab' miners during a strike. The killings were unique in that but two shots were fired from ambush nearly half a mile distant from where the men were, and each bullet killed a man. As a feat of marksmanship it is perhaps unsurpassed in the history of murder.

Al is being defended by the miners' attorney, so that his relationship with me is purely social. It began when I heard him singing down in the cell block one night and went down to investigate. For some reason nearly all jailbirds have good singing voices, but Al's voice is really exceptional.

I had a couple of songbooks filled with mountain ballads; we brought in a high-school boy who played the guitar; old Sam Johnson was there with his banjo. Of an evening the four of us, seated at one corner of the bull pen with the songbook propped up in front of us, would render a concert. Often the rest of us would remain silent while Al sang by himself. I have seen nearly a hundred villagers on the lawn outside the jailhouse listening to these concerts.

Somehow or other, news of our singing got abroad, with the result that a man came to see Al and wanted him to sing over the radio. At the time he mentioned something about all four

of us, and this it is that has tickled my sense of humor. In my time I have been assailed by divers and conflicting ambitions, but singing over the radio has not been one of them. But it is real tragedy to Al, because it may be the opportunity of a lifetime, and it comes when he is in jail charged with murder.

Breakfast over, the jailer unlocks the door to the cell blocks. Nearly all the jailbirds are known to me by name. There is Fitz leaning against the bars with his hands above his head, and the Prophet of Ammon sitting silent in a corner. Fitz is blue; I speak to him gently. The Prophet of Ammon stares me down as if I were a being from another planet, not even taking the trouble to return my greeting. Near the prophet, and facing him, sits my friend, old Sam Johnson.

There has never in my experience been another person quite like Sam. A towering giant of a man, with a noble forehead suggesting the early Romans, and long, delicate fingers still deft on a banjo, Sam is not the man one would expect to meet in a jail house; yet he is the most persistent jailbird of them all. If six months passed without his showing up at the jail house, a search would be started for his corpse.

Sam Johnson has never been accused of a vicious crime; I doubt if he could commit one. A kindly man, full of quaint sayings and a tolerant philosophy, he is one of the best story-tellers I have ever listened to. Many a time I have faced him in the bull pen, when the jailbirds were gathered round him, marveling at the play of emotions on his features as he told a yarn of the far-off days of his youth. A consummate actor, he can mimic the way his characters speak and gesture until one can almost see them striding across the bull-pen floor. His philosophy of life is summed up in his own statement: —

'What does it profit a man to amount to somethin'? Any young man startin' life in the twenties will be dead in fifty years. What's the difference?'

After all, what *is* the difference?

IV

Al Whiting is waiting at the lower end of the bull pen at the place set aside for consultations with attorneys. The jailbirds have a rule, rigidly enforced in their 'kangaroo court,' that a man talking to his lawyer is entitled to absolute privacy. As I approach, the others in that cell block move to the other end of the bull pen.

Al and I face each other with the bars between us. He is a young man of twenty-five, medium in height and build, with a sharp, narrow face upon which the long nose and protruding chin are most prominent — not exactly what one would call handsome, yet there is something fine about his big brown eyes suggesting his love of music. These are the eyes, too, of a man who easily convinces himself he is right and does not hesitate at settling differences in his own way. Whether or not he committed these murders, he could have committed them and felt that he was doing the world a good turn when he did so.

'What I want to see you about,' says he, 'is this. Jankins [his lawyer] told me last night the State will take a plea of guilty to second-degree murder. It means fourteen years. All the evidence they've got on me is circumstantial. They can prove I won the shootin' matches at Logan four years in succession, and that the bloodhounds wound up at my house. They've got the gun; it belongs to me. My wife talked more than she should have. What would you do about it?'

Since I am not Al's attorney, I say, 'Your attorney ought to know about that.'

'I understand that,' says Al, 'but I'm askin' you. And I might as well tell you I'm halfway tempted to take the stretch. Do you know why? They've got a broadcastin' station up there.'

I do not know whether Al is guilty, although I suspect that he is, but it does seem a shame that the opportunities of life have passed him by until he looks on fourteen years in the penitentiary with a gleam of hope. In my mind's eye I see the background of his life. A gray-black mining village perched on stilts at the foot of a mountain; razorback hogs wallowing in the mudholes in the streets; dirty, half-naked children shrieking in the doorways; smudgy-faced men entering the coal bank in the morning and returning black as Satan at night to drink, carouse, fight, and beget more children. And, in the midst of the sweat and the grime, the furtive 'speak-easies,' the narrow, circumscribed, primitive existence of an obscure mining village, a boy with the love of music in his soul and a golden voice that, properly trained, might have thrilled countless thousands throughout the world.

'Well, Al,' say I, 'I'm very sorry, but I don't see how I can help you. If you plead guilty, you know what to expect; if you go to trial and are convicted, it may mean a lot more. All I can say is, it's your problem, and you will have to decide it in your own way. Talk it over again with your lawyer, and do whatever he advises you.'

'I'm up this afternoon,' says Al. 'Maybe I won't see you again. Would you mind if I kept those songbooks?'

'Not at all. Take them with you. And wherever you go, remember that we used to sing those songs together.'

We shake hands through the bars. His hand trembles. I think there is a tear in his eye. (Al later went to trial, was convicted, and sentenced to eighteen years at hard labor.)

'When do I come up?' says Fitz, as I pass him on the way to the door.

'First thing when court opens.'

'What time is it now?'

'Just 8.28.'

V

From the front windows of the jailer's residence I see that Beckett, my law partner, is busy at the office with clients. It is too near court time for me to help him, but I must go to the office for my brief case. I try to breeze in as if I were in a great hurry. My speed is unavailing; Okey Kinder is waiting for me.

Okey is a flat-chested little man with a hacking cough and a voice that whines even in those rare moments when he is not asking for something. He removes his feet from my blotter and shakes hands like an old politician.

'I'm doin' a little talkin' among the boys,' says he, 'and they're all mighty favorable to the idee of you bein' our next prosecutin' attorney. The old man is all right, say I, but he's too old. What we need is young blood. They fall for it, too. The biggest trouble is Hathaway. He's got lots of friends if he runs, but the way things are linin' up now it's a walk-away.'

People often approach me in this fashion. Usually they want something. Okey switched ten votes in the last school-board election, and changed the outcome. He has a large number of relatives under his control, and bleeds the office seekers mercilessly.

'I wonder if you've got a five-spot handy,' says he. 'I forgot my pocketbook this mornin' and have to pay Old Man Roberts for some cow feed.'

The reason he touches me for a five-spot and not five times as much is that he is not certain that I will be a

candidate. I am not certain myself. Many of my friends are urging me to run, but the election is still a long way off. My first impulse is to tell him to go to the devil; my second is just the opposite. It would be foolish to make an enemy of this man over such a small matter. I produce the five-spot.

We leave the office together just as the bell rings.

'I'll be seein' you,' says Okey. 'And remember, I'm puttin' in the licks where they count.'

Passing the prosecuting attorney's office on my way to the courtroom, I bump into Hathaway. We mount the steps together.

'As soon as you get a little time,' says he, 'I want to see you in my office. I think the judge is going to work in a short divorce case as soon as Fitzmaurice is sentenced. If he does, meet me at the office.'

Hathaway is often mysterious. He seems especially so this morning. We enter the courtroom together.

'Did I see you talking to Okey Kinder?' says he, as we park our hats in the witness room.

'Yes.'

'How much did he touch you for?'

'A five-spot.'

Hathaway chuckles. 'You're lucky. He's my man, you know. He'll cost you several five-spots before you're through with him.'

VI

The courtroom looks about the same as it did the day before, except that there are not quite so many spectators on the benches and fewer lawyers within the railing. The jailer has opened court; the judge is leafing through his docket.

'The first item of unfinished business,' says the judge, 'is the case State versus Fitzmaurice. There is also set for to-day the case of Ateley versus Ateley, a divorce case that I am going to move to the head of the docket as a favor to Mr. Moran, who represents one of the parties and whose son is dangerously ill at home. After the divorce case we shall proceed with the regular criminal calendar, the first case being that of State versus LeMasters. Where is Fitzmaurice?'

The sheriff has him in the witness room at the judge's right. He is led in to face the judge, and to hear his sentence. Fitz is pale, but holds himself in perfect control.

'Have you anything to say, Mr. Fitzmaurice,' says the judge, 'before the sentence of the court is passed?'

'No, sir.'

'Very well.'

The judge glances at the open code book before him.

'The jury has brought in against you, Mr. Fitzmaurice,' says he, 'a verdict of guilty of voluntary manslaughter. That verdict, it seems to me, is eminently just. They could have found you guilty of a much more serious crime, but they were influenced, no doubt, — as I confess I myself am influenced, — by a certain sympathy toward you because of the unfortunate situation in your family.

'You do not look like a bad man to me, Mr. Fitzmaurice, but in the eyes of right-minded citizens and in the eyes of the law you stand condemned of an indiscreet and hasty action. Human life is a precious thing not lightly to be taken away. You have taken the law into your own hands and blotted out the life of a fellow man. That is an act the law does not tolerate. It is also an act for which you must answer in judgment before the throne of Almighty God.

'Under the law it is discretionary with the court to fix the penalty for voluntary manslaughter at not less

than one nor more than five years in the penitentiary. The law says, Mr. Fitzmaurice, that I must punish you in accordance with the crime you have committed. There is no such word as mercy in our statutory penalties. And yet there is a Higher Law which imposes mercy upon us. Even as I hope some day to find favor with that Greater Judge, so must I now be merciful.

'The judgment of the court is that you be confined in the penitentiary of this state for the period of one year, and that the sentence begin immediately.'

This is really better than we hoped for. Fitz will get two months off for good behavior and two months more if he works on the roads. He may be back at the end of eight months. Of course, he will probably lose his job and will always have the stigma of a convict upon him, but his lawyers are not responsible for that. He is young enough to pull out of it.

The sheriff takes Fitz back to the jail until his transportation to Moundsville can be arranged. The judge looks about for Mr. Moran, who has the divorce case.

'Owing to the large number of witnesses,' says he, 'the case of Ateley versus Ateley will be heard in open court rather than in chambers. Are you ready?'

'Let's go below,' says Hathaway.

VII

Hathaway still has that look of deep mystery on his face which I cannot fathom. We descend the stairway to the prosecuting attorney's office, where a young girl of about twelve years is sitting. She is a dreamy-eyed child dressed in white with two pigtails braided down her back. Her profile is classic; the Greeks would have called her beautiful. She is the daughter of Elijah Smith, the Prophet of Ammon — his prosecuting witness. The Prophet is charged with attacking the child, and the whole countryside is worked up about it; there has been talk of lynching him.

I think I understand Hathaway now. I have asked permission on several occasions to interview this witness, and have been refused. Perhaps Hathaway realizes that he ought to have been more courteous.

'Elsie,' says Hathaway, 'I want you to tell this gentleman that story just the way you told it to me.'

She is playing with a new doll that comes from the State Board of Children's Guardians, which has her in charge. I have seen these dolls before. Obediently she lays the doll aside and begins her story.

'We were working in the tobacco field,' says she, 'high up on the hill above the house. My father and I were suckering the tobacco plants. We would work out two rows across the field, then turn and work back two. There was a rail fence covered with ivy and wild grapevines at one end. It was shady there, and no one could see us. About ten o'clock in the morning, as we neared this fence, my father touched my arm. We sat down to rest in the shade, and remained there a long time.'

More damaging testimony I have never listened to. The girl is so young and has such dreamy, innocent eyes that I begin to wonder if I may not be wrong about the Prophet after all. I can see how a jury will react to this evidence. So far I have never defended a man who has received the death penalty, but the chances are about ten to one here that the Prophet's stretch will be that sudden one with a beam and a man at the ends and a rope in the middle.

All this while Hathaway sits puffing his cigar with an amused look on his face, enigmatic as the Sphinx. It is not like him to gloat over a hanging, yet I can interpret his attitude in no other way. When the girl finishes, he reaches in his desk drawer, extracts a paper, and hands it to me.

'Take this over to the jailer,' says he. 'Elsie, I want you to go along with this gentleman.'

I look at the paper and get the shock of my life. It is an order releasing Elijah Smith from custody!

'Don't ask questions,' says Hathaway. 'He's your client, is n't he? Tell him to beat it.'

Hathaway must have his little joke, I suppose, though for the time being I am not certain of his sanity. I march over to the jail house, leading Elsie by the hand.

The jailer is as much surprised as I am, but the order is authoritative and must be obeyed. After some hesitation he unlocks the door and calls the Prophet. Elijah emerges into the waiting room, stooping through the doorway.

'I am happy to inform you,' say I, 'that I have your release from custody.'

'Thank you,' says he gently.

He does n't even ask how it happened, nor do I tell him. I don't know myself.

'I am at liberty to go now?' says he.

'Yes.'

'And Elsie, does she go with me?'

'Yes, that is my understanding.'

'Thank you.'

He takes the child by the hand; together they leave the jail house. The jailer and I step out to the yard and watch them out of sight. It is a picture I shall always remember — the picture of the giant Prophet dressed in white, his red whiskers flowing in the breeze, holding the hand of the little girl with her doll.

The jailer, for the only time I can remember, descends to profanity. 'Well, I'll be damned,' says he, scratching his head in puzzlement.

Hathaway is still in his office.

'I suppose,' says he, 'you can't contain yourself much longer. Look at this.'

He hands me a folded paper, bearing the style, 'Report of O. G. Meadows, M.D.' The report is long, covering several typewritten pages, but I don't need to read it. On the back, in Hathaway's handwriting, is this inscription:

'The sum and substance of all this is that the prosecuting witness lied.'

HANDS OF MAN

BY EDWA ROBERT

I

DAN LEE was riding Dazzle when he brought the spotted mare for me.

Dan Lee was one of my oldest friends, though I had not seen him for fifteen years. When I was ten, he was the best horse breaker in the river county, and now that I was three times ten he had no betters. That's a record for horsemen, and I was proud that he asked me to ride with him.

He came for me, at Matt the fisherman's, when the autumn wind had whipped the looser leaves from the branches and rustled them over the meadow in scurrying clouds. It was the kind of wind that horses love, for it tangled their manes and made flags of their tails, and let them remember that once on a time no man had ridden them.

There was a mist along the Mississippi, one of those early fall mists that seep through the willows on the bank and make you know the harvesting is over and the burning of the leaves will soon begin. The hill behind Matt's house was flooded in chill sunshine, while the river before it lay hid under its wispy, twisting fog, and the gurgle and splash of the water came from beneath it with a hollow, mocking tone. Between the river and the hill lay a stretch of colored woods, so faded by the frost of the night before that the shades were indistinguishable, and blended like old tapestries in a dim corridor.

Dan had turned up the collar of his tweed jacket. I followed his example, then mounted and let out my stirrup strap to its farthest hole. As soon as Dan got on Dazzle she reared to his and her satisfaction, and the ride was on.

'Been a long time since a girl's rode that horse,' said Dan. 'Last one fell off.'

'Really?' I exclaimed.

'Well, now,' said Dan, 'you ought to know I would n't story to you.'

Perhaps I ought, but none the less doubts assailed me. I had not seen Dan for fifteen years, and I had not been riding for a very long time. The animal beneath me started off with a slightly rolling canter. She carried her head well up, and her hoofs rang on the frosty road. We rode through a shower of falling leaves at a good brisk pace. I was beginning to warm up, and to find the muscles in my knees, when a train whistled around the bend and the mare shot off like a rocket.

'Pull on her mane!' yelled Dan.

I caught a big handful and tugged. The mare went faster, but with less strain on the bit, and I knew that I had her. I did n't care how fast or far she went. The wind caught my breath, and my heart beat time to the thud of her feet. Where Dan was I did not know. Somewhere behind. The world was mine, just then, a road for me to race on, and if the mare could go on forever, so could I.

What is it that comes over a human being when he finds a horse under him? Is it that he has added cubits to his stature and can look down upon the world? Or can it be the realization of power, his power over a creature stronger than himself, that flatters the vanity of men? Or is it simply the vibrant life of horses that comes to a rider like an electric charge, claiming his identity, and lending him in exchange the vigor that only four feet rightfully possess? Whatever the magic, it is strangely real, and caught me in its charm as soon as I put my foot into the stirrup.

Now I have had one wonder horse, and he has got his angel wings long since, but the memory and love of him are still fresh in my heart, so that I am critical of horseflesh and not prone to admire. Yet I had to admit that the spotted mare had a singular beauty. Few pintos are handsome. This one, however, not only was perfect in conformation, though oddly enough not highly bred, but had rich brown patches on a coat of milk-white satin, with a snowy mane and chestnut tail. Her slightly pointed ears were indices of a marked and true intelligence, and the small sure feet beat rhythmically in spirited action. Had it not been for loyalty to Pegasus, I might have loved her on the spot.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had not heard Dazzle's hoof beats for a long time, so I pulled in the mare and turned back. Around a curve of the road I found my companions, Dazzle on her hind legs pawing the air, and Dan contentedly in the saddle smiling. My mount stopped, panted awhile, and fell to nosing the frostbitten goldenrod with an occasional glance of disapproval at Dazzle's cavortings. Dan was working her closer and closer to the upturned roots of a tree. At each step, Dazzle crouched low on all fours, sprang to one side, then reared, pawing and snorting. Her eyes rolled. Foam dripped from her lips and the sweat ran streaming from her flanks. Watching them, it was not hard to understand how the Greeks thought a Thessalonian and his horse were one creature. If Dan was not part of Dazzle, then Dazzle was part of Dan.

'And he loves it!' I thought admiringly, and then, enviously, 'Who would n't?'

How old Dan was I did not know. He seemed exactly as he had when I was a child, except for the graying of his hair. Lean and tanned, with shrewd black eyes set close to a hawk nose and a quizzical smile on his thin lips, he looked the gypsy that he claimed to be.

Gradually Dazzle's struggle grew less and less. She stood still at last, shaking and panting. Dan gave her time for a good breath and gently spurred her on to the tree roots that had frightened her. She stood over them at last, her head drooping, her spent legs spread far apart. The pinto edged closer to her. I put out my hand to pat her conquered head.

Dan caught my hand and held it back.

'Don't touch her head,' he warned. 'You 'll set her off again. She's a sp'ilt horse and won't let no one pat her.'

'Did n't she ever see this tree root before?' I asked.

'Sure she has,' said Dan. 'It ain't all fright. It's temper. However, if she can be broke, I'll break her.'

'And meantime?'

'Meantime I'll *ride* 'er!' he said with a grin that meant plainer than words that he hoped it would be a long time.

'I don't see why anyone should fall off this horse,' I said. 'How old was the girl who spilled?'

'Dunno,' said Dan. 'I did n't have time to look at her teeth.' And before

I could answer, he spurred Dazzle up a side road. 'I got to look for a mare who broke pasture up this way. 'T won't take us more'n a month. If the moon comes up next week maybe we'll meet a hant I know back in these woods a piece.'

I followed him along a dirt road to a gate that bore the legend: 'No admittance.' Dan dismounted, pried open the rusty latch, and beckoned me after him.

'What does the sign mean?' I asked, for, having lived many years in a city, I have a wholesome respect for signs.

'Dunno,' said Dan, with his straightest face. 'I never went to school, so I can't read. What does the sign mean?'

We trotted over a weed-grown road that led us through five sagging gates in dilapidated fences that shut in empty, desolate fields, and came at last to a group of cabins fallen to ruin. The oaks that stood over them kept them perpetually in the shade, and a spring, hidden somewhere about, gurgled faintly in the shadow. It was an eerie place.

'Right here,' said Dan solemnly, 'I met that hant. Maybe to-night, or to-morrow night if we ain't found that mare, we'll see him. You believe in hants? Well, you better believe in this one, 'cause, boy! he sure knows what's going on in your mind.'

He looked so terribly in earnest that I did n't know what to answer, so I pulled out my cigarette case and offered him a smoke. But his mind was on the hant, and whether he smoked or not, in private, he declined my offer.

As we rode past the decrepit barn, a family of skunks took shelter under its fallen door. Across the bat-infested loft was painted in faded letters: —

DARN YA — LEAVE TH EGS ALONE

The last words humanity had left on its surrender! Ozymandias the Mighty did not have more to say.

II

From this abandoned farm we turned to the right and rode single file through the uncleared woods. Brambles caught our hats and legs. Once a swinging vine entangled my mare's legs, and I hallooed for help. There was no sound but the crackling of the dry brush and the softer patter of the falling leaves. A hawk wheeled over us, pivoted, and soared away. I found myself patting the pinto's neck and talking to her, about Bellows's pictures and Moussorgsky's rhythms, and all the secret things one talks of to a horse. An unutterable longing welled up within me. It was through these woods that Pegasus and I had spent long afternoons together, when he was my only comrade and both of us were young. Why did I have to grow up, or Pegasus to die? What right had I to live on and make love to another horse?

'The world moves on, old friend, and no matter if some day I should love another, I'll never forget you, now that you are dead and I have learned what I have learned about the world.'

A little noise, like a whispered nicker, came from the thicket at my side, and I did not doubt my little brother had heard and answered me.

Dazzle began to trot, and we came out of the wood on to a cleared knoll. A few mules grazed idly on the summit. Dan rode into their midst, and stood in his stirrups to look about him. The mules scattered, but came sidling back, their big ears waggling idiotically, and their silly shaved tails flapping their sides. The spotted mare's ears went back, and she kicked at the nearest. Dazzle began to cavort, but Dan held her down and cuffed one curious brute on the nose to send him scampering.

'You know,' said Dan, 'ain't nobody *ever* gone to Hell for 'busin' a mule.'

I readily agreed, and looked, not for

the lost mare, but at the panorama thus suddenly revealed. The highway ran immediately below the hill we stood upon, and beyond that lay the patchwork of fields and barns and farmhouses, all different sizes and as many colors. Away to the northeast, the river finished the picture with a flash as radiant as a blue jay's wing.

'She might a gone in here,' Dan said at last, leading off where the oaks grew closer together and taller.

We went on in silence. The ground was covered with a carpet of leaves, gone, as we all shall go, back to the earth who sent them out and called them back as she does men and horses. The trees were browner here, and indeed, riding away from the river, the land looked paler and wanting in energy. We started downhill, facing the wood. The slope became quickly steeper, and, pointing a way round for me, Dan brought Dazzle down the rocky slant with all her feet together, almost sitting. She protested vigorously, but soon forgot her own indignity when two tremendous owls flapped over us with threatening hoots. We could ride no farther. The bank dropped away to a stream twelve feet below, yet Dan suspected his mare had got through a gap in the fence and asked if I wished to pursue her on foot. We tied our mounts, slipped through the barbed wire, and slid down the crumbly bank to a dry spot in the stream bed.

It was a shallow stream. Around the bend, the bank shot upward a good fifty feet. The water ran scarcely two feet deep, and was chalky blue, for the rocks in the perpendicular hillside were a soft blue stone that contrasted beautifully with the brown of the soil and the dull red trees.

'No, sir,' said Dan, 'she ain't been down here.'

'What would she come here for?'

'Water, maybe.'

I could see he was worried.

'What kind of horse is she, Dan?'

'She's a thoroughbred,' he said, and went downstream looking for hoofprints.

But there were no prints of any kind in the dry sand. While Dan searched, I picked up a flat stone and skipped it across the water. From behind me a stone sprang through the air and skimmed the water ten times to my one. Dan was chuckling at my throws. I copied his method, and soon we had assembled a whole pile of rocks and had a competition under full swing. From the way we went at it, you would have thought the only serious business in the world was ours. First I threw, and then he threw, and his stone would skip over mine or knock it under. Up the creek went the stones, frightening the water snakes from their last sun bath of the season.

'This sure would make a good place for a camp,' said Dan.

'Would n't it!' I agreed. 'Think of having a tent here, and a fire, and never having to go back to a city, or shops — '

'Just horses,' said Dan.

'They make better friends than most people.'

Dan nodded, and I suddenly realized that I had never seen him so long off a horse before.

'A thoroughbred is a runner, is n't it?' said I, trying to sound wise.

'This one of mine's more'n that,' Dan told me. 'She's gallant and she's got manners. I never seen her lose her head. She's a lady.'

'What about the girl who fell off the pinto?'

'Oh, her!' said Dan. 'If I had my way, I'd take her out to the woods and leave her to the wolves.'

'Where are there any wolves?' I demanded.

Dan chuckled. 'There's always one round my front door!' said he. 'Come on, we better get goin'.'

We sent a last stone a-skipping up the stream, and clambered up the bank to our waiting horses. Again in the saddles, we skirted the foot of the hill and pushed on through a thick growth of fading sumach and hanging grape-vines. The sun was warmer in the open, and the pinto shook her head and clicked her shoes as we came out on a cleared slope that invited a canter.

What fun it must be to have been born a horse! To kick four heels in a meadow and toss a mane in the wind!

'The animals have it all over us, lucky brutes,' I thought. 'They have n't even souls to bother over. Their life is a free gift, and ours is a duty; and yet we think ourselves the masters of creation! Pompous asses!' I exclaimed, spurring on the pinto. 'Just because we've got minds to make ourselves miserable with!'

And indeed, the same sky was over the pinto and me, and the same earth under our feet. We breathed the same air, and our pulses beat with the same joy of running in the wind.

'Brothers!' I said, and again, just behind me, I thought I heard the ghostlike whicker that I knew.

Up another hilltop, with Buffalo Knob in the distance dark red against the sky, and the river framing the picture with its ever-moving variety, but never changing its intention of reaching a far-away sea — just as determined on getting there, whether it knew it or not, as I was on getting to Heaven, whether I knew it or not.

'It is n't fair!' I said, for the river went on quite happily, and without apparent strivings. 'There's nothing we do in our way that they don't do better in theirs, and where will the music and the bridges be when the sun goes out — as it will some day — and dumps us, man and animal alike, into the dark? Men always struggling, and trying, and failing, and working it over again to a success that may last and may not; and animals (except when we capture them) and rivers (except when we interfere with them) living a life that's graceful and free. We're not so much, we men.'

III

The pinto shook her beautiful white mane, and I felt the life of her vibrate when she suddenly stopped and pointed her ears down the hill. There we saw a group of horses, kicking and fighting on the edge of a ravine. They made a splendid picture. One of them squealed and lined out across the slope, its legs swinging rhythmically, unhampered by saddle girth. Dan saw the crowd, and with a shout he plunged down the hillside like thunder, scattering them all but one.

That one stood, strangely enough, like a statue. Her long legs, stretched uncomfortably far apart, spanned the ravine. She looked a bag of bones. The mud on her sides outlined a gaunt array of ribs. I wondered if she had starved for a month, and again I wondered how she could hold her position, and why she did not follow the herd. Her head was drooping from weariness, but every now and again she would throw it erect, and the muscles in her neck bulged with the effort to keep it there. Pitiful, but brave; whatever her extremity might be, her patience was heroic and her steadfastness superb.

Dan leaped from Dazzle, and I knew this was the thoroughbred he sought. I hurried over to them to take Dazzle's bridle while he approached the mare. Her head fell as he drew near, and she threw it up with an effort that must have hurt, but her eyes glowed red

with wariness and exhaustion. Dan whistled, then dropped into the ravine. The other horses came crowding back, so that I was too busy scaring them away to notice what Dan was doing.

'Leave go the horses, will you,' he called, 'and come over here!'

I did what he asked.

'There! Now twist the thoroughbred's ear and hold it tight — just a minute — '

I seized her ear as her head sank, and she tried to bite, but could not find the energy. Dan crawled out of the ravine on all fours with a colt in his arms.

Of all the colts I ever saw, this was the most forlorn! Its legs were as floppy as its droopy ears, and its coat was covered with twigs and mud. Dan began talking to it before he was well out of the ravine.

'Come on, colty, you're all right. You get some dinner and it won't seem such a crool ol' world.'

The thoroughbred had surrendered at last, and stood head down under my restraining hand, until she saw Dan with her baby, when the little spirit left in her stiffened her legs for the bound she gave after him. Down she fell in a heap, her head and her hoofs in a miserable tangle. I never thought she'd get up again. Dan went a little farther with the colt's legs sticking out under his arms. It was too much for the mare. She had fought off the curious herd and she was not going to lose her baby now he was out of the ravine. She struggled to her feet, plunged her length, and fell again, to lie heaving on her side. But she was now in a sheltered place. Dan laid the colt down by her, and we gave them time to rest up and make friends.

Meantime, Dan took off the pinto's saddle and bridle and laid them a good distance away, on the far side of the ravine. Dazzle was out of sight. I could n't imagine what Dan meant by not tying up the pinto so that we could catch Dazzle and have a way of getting home. Yet I ought to have known that where horses are concerned Dan is always right. The spotted mare, though she could not salute, understood the command better than I, for she consciously mounted guard over her master's equipment and began a fight with the herd that she never relinquished until Dan released her from duty and put the saddle once more on her back. Her position commanded the only crossing to our side, and we left her to defend it alone while we worked over the colt.

And it was work!

The colt was shivering. Dan took off his jacket, stuck the baby's forelegs into the sleeves, and gave it into my keeping while he lifted and cajoled the mother to stand on her feet. She was gallant, as he had said, and she stood on her feet — until her knees gave way and he had to help her up again. To make matters worse, the colt had lain so long in the ravine that its craving for food was stunned by shock, and open its mouth it would not. First, I would hold up the colt to nurse while Dan supported the mare, and suddenly the baby would plunge to its knees. Then I'd get the baby steadied, and just as it would try to suck, the mother would tremble and fall, knocking the colt out of my grasp. And it was all legs! Nothing but legs, except for a fluffy tail that arched absurdly.

'Here,' said Dan. 'We ain't gettin' nowhere. If this colty don't eat right quick, he never will.'

He let the thoroughbred lie down, took a bridle rein for a nose twitch, gave it to me to twist, and, seizing the colt by the tail, opened its mouth and tried to get the milk in.

But the colt did not know how to swallow!

I never felt so baffled. Dan was nonplused. The thoroughbred looked at me out of staring, bewildered eyes, even more helpless than we. In the midst of the quandary, for Dan had given over trying for the moment and was thinking hard, I recollected my thoughts of an hour ago, when animals had seemed superior to man in their strength and their cunning.

'Look here,' said Dan, 'all I need is another hand! If I could work its throat till it gets the idear of swallowin' — '

'All right,' said I, 'I'll shift the twitch to my left hand and hold its tail with my right.'

So we did. Dan propped the colt's belly with his knee, and we began to succeed. Except for the fact that every now and then the thoroughbred would fall down, usually on top of the colt, nearly crushing him, we made a little headway — very little. Luckily it was not summer and we did not have sunstroke to contend with. The keen autumn wind, broken as it was by the limestone outcrop at the top of the hill, was cold on us, and the colt's thin little middle needed more warmth than the tweed jacket could put into it. We kept on, and on, and on. Every time the mare would fall down, we looked at each other in dismay and Dan would pick her up again, pat her, rub her, talk to her, anything and everything to put heart into her, splendid creature that she was. But there was no water near, and without a drink even I knew she could not stand the strain much longer. Then all at once the colt took a deep breath and nursed hard. Dan let him go, and he took three steps before he tumbled.

'He'll do,' said Dan. 'Let's get her in.'

It was slow progress getting the colt and the thoroughbred over the hill and into a small corral on the other side of it. We went on an easy slant, about seven steps at a time. Even at that rate, I doubted if the mare would make it. Yet she did. Dan carried the colt in his arms sometimes, and sometimes braced its wobbly hind legs by the tail. A useful handle! Indeed, I don't know what we should have done without it.

As we rounded the slope, Dan yelled back to the pinto, 'Keep them horses off my saddle!'

The spotted mare pawed, and whickered after us. She never left her post for a minute, and the last we could see of her she was standing her ground.

'Won't she get hurt?' I asked.

Dan shook his head.

'She's shod and they ain't. 'T won't be long till they find out.'

I never saw a piece of ground that stretched out as endlessly as that one across the hill. When the mare went well we let the baby walk behind, and when the baby had nursed again we let it hop along in front to keep up its mother's courage. And all the while our feet dragged over the way I was wondering if we should all get there alive. Angels of darkness and light hovered above us.

'Pegasus,' I said, in my most secret mode of conversation, 'you've lived and you've died. What do you think about it all? Tell me! You're still my horse. Whether I see you in clouds above the hilltops or feel you in the wind over the river, you are part of all creation just as I am, and nothing that was born can pass into oblivion. Dew turns to clouds and falls again as rain. Pegasus, tell me! Why do we struggle so for life?'

The colt, hampered by Dan's coat but now thoroughly warmed, tripped and got one leg out of the sleeve. The rest fell off, and he capered as he felt the sun on his little back.

'He's O. K.,' said Dan proudly.

'Come on, colty, show your ma how good you feel.'

He led the colt to her as she lay heaving on the ground. The sight of him made her lift her head, and a little gleam of light shone in her dimmed eyes. He touched his nose to hers, and she smelled of him and lay back. But I think from that time we both knew she'd make it.

'It ain't much farther, ol' girl,' Dan coaxed. 'Come on and get a drink. If the little fella can make it, you sure can.'

He pulled her up again, and commenced the last lap of the journey.

IV

I'll never forget the sigh the thoroughbred gave when she fell on to the pile of straw in the corral and knew she had n't to get up again. She lay stretched out, a scarecrow thing to look at, with her lips drawn back from her teeth. Dan brought her a bucket of water, and she sucked it in without getting up. The gratitude in her eyes was the biggest thing about her then. She had another drink, and I found a handful of hay in the crib, but she was too tired to chew, and better off without. The colt, meanwhile, had got very frisky, and was sniffing at everything around that was not too far off from his mother.

There we left them when we went back for our mounts. I remember how dark the mare looked in the pale sunshine, lying on the heap of yellowish straw, with the scarlet maples overhead. One little squirrel sat on the rail of the fence and scolded us all. The colt crouched close to its mother at this extraordinary noise.

'Whew!' said Dan, mopping his face. 'I sure did n't know she was goin' to find her a colt to-day.'

We found the pinto still on duty. While Dan saddled her and rode off to catch Dazzle, I climbed to the top of the hill and watched him cut Dazzle out of the herd and chase her over the ravine crossing.

'Will they be all right alone?' I asked, when we were once more riding.

'Sure,' said Dan, 'they don't need us no more. Let's go home through the prairie.'

The 'prairie' was, I suppose, one of the few strips of ground in Missouri that had never known cultivation. It lay between the corn land of the flood plain and the railroad track that shut it in, a tract of land covered with tall stiff grass, strangely green even at this time of year, that grew as high as our stirrups and whistled as we passed.

'This-here buffalo grass makes good feed if it's stacked green,' said Dan.

We rode on without speaking through the waves of the green prairie sea, where the buffalo had feasted when America was young, before horses or a printed book had alighted on its shores.

'The world is very old, Dan Lee,' I said. 'Does n't it make you feel insignificant and useless to think about it all?'

'Not me,' said Dan, ''cause I don't think.'

'How do you keep from it?' I asked.

For answer, he dropped the bridle and held out his hands.

'Use 'em,' he said, 'and you won't get time to think.'

I looked at his hands, calloused and sunburned and strong, hands that had controlled Dazzle's rebellion and saved the life of a colt. It was hands like these that had turned the prairies into cities and changed the force of rivers into light.

'Hands!' I exclaimed, as if I had not had a pair all my life.

The low sun showered the hills about us with the faint mellow tinge of

Burgundy wine, a kindly benediction to keep them through the dark.

'Hands,' I said again, as if the thought that gripped me had five fingers on it. 'What would the mare and the colt have done without ours?'

'Died,' said Dan, with his quizzical smile. 'Animals always die when they get in bad. It sure takes a man to get out of trouble.'

'Come on,' I said. 'Ride hard. I've got to get back to work.'

And the pinto, fresh from her rest in the pasture, struck out with her rolling canter into the road and down the hard gravel to Matt's. It was a joyous ride, and with real sadness I kissed her forehead and bid her good-bye.

'So long,' said Dan. 'You make a right good hand.'

I said farewell, and stood beside Matt's gate, turning over in my mind what was perhaps the greatest compliment I ever had in my life.

'A right good hand!'

'What if horses and rocks had hands?' I suddenly thought.

And it seemed to me that everything around, hills and trees and the river, was rushing toward me, through me, that I might turn its substance, of which I too was made, into the dreams it could not fulfill.

'Hands!' I whispered. 'The will's highway, the right to work! Go play, you other things! I am a man.'

The sun dropped down behind the hill, and a streak of red light stained the channel. Afar down, on both sides of the bank, I could see the lights of the bobbing buoys glitter and shine. An owl hooted from the deeper wood, and the hill looked nearer the river as the twilight gathered them in. Slowly the colors faded, till the trees were blotted out and the river and the hill were one gray mass with a glimmer on water and a glimmer on rock, indistinguishable from the faint stars in the sky.

'And I alone have hands,' I said to the wind in the dark. 'Now I know what it means to be made in the image and likeness of God.'

And out of the wind there answered the ghost-like little whicker that I knew.

THE END OF AN ERA

BY WILLIAM E. DODD

I

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago the close of the Napoleonic Wars found the ten million people of the United States in a high, speculative state of mind. Nine tenths of the nation were farmers; a tenth were commercialists and infant industrialists. The farmers had learned to manufacture their most needful goods in their homes; they sold their wheat at two dollars a bushel, their pork at similarly high prices, and their cotton at forty to thirty cents a pound. For twenty years this amazing prosperity had prevailed. Lands and houses were estimated at high values; bankers and corporations and states had put out hundreds of millions of dollars in paper; rates of interest were high and security was hardly sought at all; and working people received high wages, while slaves sold at high prices. There had never been anything like it; there had never been any country like the new United States; and the Union of Washington and Jefferson was duly canonized.

In two years after the collapse of the Napoleonic empire all changed. England was overwhelmed with debt; her warehouses were stocked to their roofs with unsalable goods; and English farmers and landlords were unable to sell their crops or buy goods or pay unprecedented taxes. Germany was living from hand to mouth, and France was in a slough of despond. Twenty years of war and economic dislocation had wrought their usual effects. Nor was it different in the new and isolated United States — isolated in some men's imaginations. The price of cotton fell in a few years to six cents a pound; the value of a barrel of flour declined from twelve to three dollars. The Bank of the United States collapsed in 1819, and nearly all the other banks, private or state, closed their doors. A farm in Virginia was worth only a year's rent. John Adams died in 1826 leaving a mortgage of ten thousand dollars on his farm at Braintree. Common-labor wages in Boston were hardly twenty-five cents a day. Here was a condition, not a theory; and planters of great estates as well as bankers of national reputation did not know what to do. There was no permanent turn for the better before 1830. It was as much a world situation as that which pesters statesmen now in Washington, London, and Berlin. What happened to pull us out of that slough of despond, since mere *happening* is supposed to be the classic American remedy?

II

Three larger trends set in and were emphasized. The first of these was offered in anticipation by John C. Calhoun and pressed to realities by Henry Clay. The infant industrialists were to be saved from British competition by a

protective duty on imports. The American market was to be saved to American industry. In saving the market, cities were to be created and the unemployed on the farms were to join their fellows in the towns and build cities. These would buy the products of agriculture. For twelve years the statesmen debated and quarreled over the great socialistic measure. James Monroe was dazed by the clever, if hothouse, American system of Henry Clay, as this means of relief came to be called. Daniel Webster resisted for ten years, only to reverse himself in 1828; John Quincy Adams, paying the ten-thousand-dollar mortgage of his father, at first resisted and later accepted the system.

At least the industrialists were to be saved. What they would do for farmers who were to receive high prices for their products in the new cities was not written into the bond. Whether they would pay high wages to their employees was another question which it was embarrassing to press.

The next great trend was the migration of more than a million farmers, farm hands, and newcomers from their old and poverty-stricken homes in the Eastern states across the Alleghenies to the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, nearly a fifth of the population, barring natural increase. In many counties like Worcester, Massachusetts, and New Kent, Virginia, half the people went West or South; nor did they present a happy spectacle. Some were on horseback, some pushed little carts, some were in wagons, and greater numbers trudged their way on foot five hundred miles through the wilderness to lands which belonged to the United States, but which many never thought of paying for. Old men and babies died on the way; women camped with their children around little fires while their husbands roamed the woods in search of food; debts were left unpaid in the older counties and other debts were contracted in the new region; while governments, state and national, made little effort to protect their rights to the soil or compel squatters to obey the land laws. In great emergencies, people are not overscrupulous in what they do.

Henry Clay's governmental aid to industrialists was nullified for a time by the fact that the unemployed farmers simply trekked West, bought few goods, and seized public lands. But as the decade passed, the squatters of the West held fast to their acres, built better homes, and bought better clothes. It required ten years; and the existence of enormous public landed resources was a great factor. But the cotton planters who remained at home, or set up anew in the Southwest, found that the prices of their exports did not rise. The cost of cloth and ploughs and house furnishings rose every time there was a rise in the rate of duty on imports. If a man sold a hundred dollars' worth of plantation products on the London market, he paid forty dollars of his return in increased prices on his purchases, whether they were made in England or New England.

The aid which Clay and Adams and Webster gave the industrialists to help them in business and restrain their well-developed disposition to secede from the Union was paid in large measure by the plantation masters, who now lost some of their devotion to the Union and talked loudly of secession. Class legislation to remedy the ills of a hundred years ago produced sectional hatreds worse than those which Webster and his friends in the Hartford Convention threatened in 1814. It was the Nullification movement. But men were working their way from the stagnation of 1819 — working and quarreling.

III

The removal of many thousands of people from some of the older states of the East started new anxieties. Such a migration from the great cities to-day would work more havoc in New York and Chicago stock markets than anything yet witnessed. And the states sought remedies: they would gain for themselves as much as possible of the trade of the new settlers beyond the mountains, and the wiser leaders would seek to hold the doubtful allegiance of the new frontier communities. To this end De Witt Clinton finished the famous Erie Canal in 1825; the Pennsylvanians started their elaborate canal system to match or surpass that of New York; and Charles Fenton Mercer united the rival interests of Maryland and Virginia to build the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. These were, for the time, gigantic undertakings, calling for appropriations and stock subscriptions which might equal a billion dollars in our money.

Nor was this all. The Carolinas, Delaware, and Massachusetts undertook public works and sought to keep their people employed to prevent their moving West, if not to save poor men's lives. President Adams and his Cabinet in 1827 agreed in an official recommendation to Congress that public lands should no longer be open either to purchasers or to squatters. Thus the great Hayne-Webster debate was started on the assumption that for social, if not class, purposes the Western lands should no longer be a resource for the unemployed.

A semi-bankrupt government of the eighteen-twenties lent still further aid to the people caught in one of the great depressions of history. The United States made large appropriations to the building of the road from Cumberland to the Ohio; a canal was ordered to be built around the falls of the Ohio at Louisville; and elaborate surveys were made for other and greater improvements at national expense. All these unprecedented expenditures, and plans for expenditure, by a government so weak and so young frightened the slaveholders, lest under the rising socialist impulse the Union might question the relation of master and servant. Thus Adams, Clay, and Webster played a vast rôle in the alleviation of the poverty and the distress which the European wars of two decades had brought upon the young United States.

Finally, at the end of the decade, the French broke once more upon the European world with their July Revolution. Wars and economic dislocations followed. Always sympathetic with revolution and class disturbances in the Old World, the leaders of the United States welcomed the French change and invited distressed peoples on the Continent and in revolutionary England to migrate. Improved markets for foodstuffs, tobacco, and cotton followed. War has always been a blessing to the farmers of the United States.

The end of the long depression was at hand when great numbers of fresh immigrants found their way to the then fairyland of North America. Immigrants, whom the government now sternly warns away, then became a vital agent in the recovery. Every immigrant brought a few dollars; many brought hundreds of dollars. They bought lands before they learned the art of squatting; they increased the demand for protected goods made in the East; and they raised the value of city property by building or renting houses. Nobody thought of suggesting that foreigners should be kept away; everybody was happy to welcome even the poorest of Europe's 'oppressed.' And suddenly there was prosperity, with credit expansion and speculation.

Wonderful steamboats hurried up and down the Mississippi; railroad companies borrowed huge sums from towns and counties and cities, never very particular to repay their borrowings. De Tocqueville, the French opponent of democracy, visited the magic land to see how it was done, and the skeptical Duke of Weimar traveled from place to place to see what it all meant. The depression was gone, but the renewed legacy of sectional hatreds remained.

IV

Another great European war broke a hundred years later. All the world became involved, and the deepest passions of men were aroused. The people of the United States, now as before, reaped amazing harvests. Cotton sold for forty cents a pound; wheat rose to three dollars a bushel; steel and copper and ammunition plants turned out millionaires by the hundred; and the Federal Reserve banks began to gather the gold supplies of the world into their vaults.

It was a revolution within a revolution. Henry Ford showed the industrialists how to apply mass production. He laid out the country into districts and set his agents the stern task of selling their quotas of cars on penalty of losing their positions. He extended the system of installment selling until a man with ten dollars could buy a car; and he advertised his moves and his prices till his ideas and wishes were as widely known as those of presidents and prime ministers. He became the head and centre of a great industrial-feudal state more powerful than that of the greatest of the dukes of mediæval times. He paid skilled laborers higher wages for shorter hours than had ever been dreamed of before; he expected working people to drive cars and spend their incomes during their free hours.

What the wizard of Detroit did, other industrialists were compelled to imitate. There were amazing profits. There was unimagined leisure on the part of workingmen. Consumption increased beyond all previous bounds. There were everywhere a doubling and a quadrupling of stocks, of real-estate values, of securities of every kind. Credit was as easy as the paper issues of banks and states at the time of Napoleon.

Then came the sudden collapse of the German power. Every European country was bankrupt, as they all had been a hundred years before. Victorious England found her former capital loans of twenty billions converted into debts of some thirty billions; France, with a property of fifty billions, had a debt about half as great and thousands of square miles of devastated area; Germany had wiped out her accumulated domestic obligations and must pay the Allies half a billion a year for five or six decades; and England, France, and Italy owed the United States eleven billions. This was an unprecedented situation, with all the world looking to the United States for leadership, both economic and political. The sorrowful negotiations in Paris in 1919 revealed the depths of the misery of those who take the sword in modern times, as they also revealed to the United States the unwillingness of men to reason upon the facts and take lessons from the past.

At the moment there was a single leader who saw dimly the tangled skein of world politics and warned all men everywhere that a new era had dawned: no nation liveth unto itself; old measures, economic and social, no longer suffice; if men would sell, they must also buy; peoples must associate on terms of give-and-take; both armies and navies must come to an end. It was too much for a generation making peace in the spirit of war. The strange

leader was thrust aside; a drastic peace was consummated; and the United States withheld its signature to the treaty because it included the plan of the League of Nations, and then proclaimed an isolation in the name of Washington and Jefferson that never was nor was ever likely to be. American leaders, business and political, went their ways, and there was a prolongation of war-time prosperity in the United States that ran almost a decade — industrial prosperity.

The Henry Fords increased their output and widened the terrain of their operations; the banks increased their loans to amazing volumes and encouraged the building of vast skyscrapers in place of older buildings hardly worn smooth with usage; they lent huge sums to Cuba and Brazil on the basis of sugar and coffee-crop control; and when European nations could not pay their debts, Americans lent them from fifteen to eighteen additional billions with which to pay reparations, set up industries without markets, build ships with which to compete with the United States, and buy American goods. And with it all went the advertising, supersalesmanship, and installment contracts. It was the heyday of industrial prosperity, all the rest of the country hopelessly in debt and all the rest of the world confronted with collapse.

There was never an official voice of warning. Candidates for offices, high and low, proclaimed the new era, an American era in which there was never again to be poverty or unemployment. Hours of labor would steadily shorten and all men would soon be gentlemen of leisure — all with cars, all sleeping of nights in modern apartments, with radios ready to be turned on, Amos and Andy bowing before them, and few or no children to bother. That was the United States of 1929, and there had been full seven years of it while other peoples labored through the slough of despond, overburdened governments utterly unable to pay debts and feed their millions of unemployed. They had even descended to the low expedient of paying doles.

V

There was some inkling of troubles ahead for the United States. European nations enacted burdensome customs systems. American wheat producers could not sell their crops. Cotton fell to fifteen, then to ten cents a pound. Here and there unemployment stalked about the great cities, new machines dismissing every week increasing numbers of laborers. There was some uneasiness. The President called Congress into special session.

Statesmen at once turned to laying still more bricks on the tops of high tariff walls. The Europeans laid other bricks on their walls. A bushel of wheat paid eighty-five cents duty in France; in Germany it paid more than half as much; in Russia there were to be no American goods at all, if the Washington government could prevent it. Before the statesmen had finished their repetition of the tariff of 1828, there was a crash on the New York stock market. Whatever is done in New York must be done all over the country, and when the bankers and brokers of the metropolis turned pale in the face and seemed dazed that anything could go wrong, the rest of the country fell into fits of terror. Was it all untrue — mass production with a world market, universal prosperity, installment sales, and enormous issues of securities?

Was it the end of the era so widely preached? The President could not believe it. He gathered about him the eminent men who had made the system.

They declared it could not be true. Everyone would go home and increase the wages of the men he had not dismissed. Organized labor in Washington answered, 'Amen.' But the prices of commodities continued to fall. Industrial goods piled up in warehouses and banks began to tremble. In a little while five thousand had failed; and those that had not failed were unable to lend their money. A hundred billions were written off the assets of industry and agriculture in a year. A farm was hardly worth its upkeep; a skyscraper was a liability. It was a panic — something quite as bad as that which Napoleon had left to England in 1815 and which passed on to the new United States three years later. Would statesmen wrestle with their problem as Calhoun and Clay, as James Monroe and John Quincy Adams, had wrestled with theirs?

Congress labored over its old tariff remedy. It became effective in 1930. Immediately the prices of securities and stocks fell again. A Farm Board was appointed to stabilize the prices of wheat and cotton; half a year had not passed till wheat and cotton sold at lower prices than ever. Thus the tariff failed to protect the wealthy, and the Farm Board failed to save the poor. And the masses of unemployed were no longer scattered over the wide stretches of the countryside. They were huddled together in Henry Clay's cities, which were to have been guarantees of prosperity. There were no wide stretches of public lands to which men might go, supporting themselves on the way by hunting and fishing.

Moreover, the dispossessed of 1930 knew little of the ways of agriculture. If they had been given tracts of land, they would have starved before they learned how to make a living. So the second great remedy of the eighteen-twenties was not at command; nor was there a substitute in the minds of statesmen still thinking archaic thoughts.

VI

There was yet a possibility. The internal improvements of a hundred years ago, if reapplied on a scale commensurate with the new scale of life, might give work to a million heads of families; and that would be a beginning. In 1858, Charles Ellet, one of the greatest of civil engineers, prepared the plan for a vast Mississippi Valley river and flood control — a scheme of improved navigation, vast water storage, and concentrated water powers, a plan which engineers and administrators have neglected through the decades in spite of warning floods and droughts. His plan might now be applied. It would make lakes on the dry slopes of the Rocky Mountains; it would set up water powers in West Virginia and Ohio far more important than the litigated New River proposition; it would scatter the unemployed and perhaps bring them into touch again with the countrysides. But here and now, as in 1830, great men would resist governmental creation of water powers, and, above all, governmental participation in business. Bankers and industrial magnates are as jealous now as were slave masters in Calhoun's time; there is no way out that is not blocked by inherited opposition.

Is there a way of escape where the Farm Board has failed? Henry Ford declares that agriculture must be mechanized like his Dearborn works; he also says that each of his employees must have his own house and plant a garden every spring — a contradiction, for mechanized farming would double the farm output, when the product is already too great. If he means that cities must be scattered and that every man must have a home of his own with

cultivated acres around it, something may be said for his wisdom. When Hoover as Secretary of Commerce supervised relief to the sufferers of the last great Mississippi flood, the Ellet plans were reprinted and again urged upon the country. Little was done; but now a greater need has come. The waters of all the great rivers of the Middle West might be impounded in reservoirs, after the Ellet method; releases might be made from them upon parts of the lands made arid by dry weather; and electric powers might be set up to draw great industrial plants from big cities and so improve the unemployment situation. A billion dollars might go into such undertakings and the country be greatly improved. To this might readily be added a new and greater road-building scheme. Perhaps a million men might thus be engaged.

In one respect it would be a repetition of the old internal-improvements work: business men would oppose it on exactly the same grounds that owners of slaves opposed Clay's system — governmental interference with established business. A slave owner feared that an active and powerful government would emancipate his workers; a utilities magnate dreads the idea of governmental competition in the power field. Nor is this all. The old devices scattered men over the wide stretches of the West. Industrial leaders and the advocates of bigger and better cities would be panic-struck if they saw hundreds of thousands of workers trekking off to set up for themselves in cheap country cottages, there to cultivate little patches of ground and remain non-consumptive elements of a changing economic order. Internal improvements on an adequate scale would relieve cities of many unemployed, but would give stocks and banks another setback in this nervous age.

What has rarely been suggested before now comes up as a proposition, especially in the South where lands are only half productive and where heavy rainfall produces forest trees rapidly: let the government put thousands of men to ploughing abandoned fields and fields that ought to be abandoned, and then to setting young trees. It would bring about a decline in the cotton crop and a prospective increase in needful timber, not to mention the blessings of increased rainfall which some men think would come as a result of reforestation. The farmer would be benefited, the unemployed would be given cottage homes in remote places, and the national wealth would be increased. However, timber companies, not without influence, protest that there is already too much lumber; why reduce prices by increasing prospects of plenty in the future? Moreover, governmental interference in business is always bad in the eyes of eminent men. Thus, whatever way one turns, there is a bar sinister: the old habits of thought and the old 'sturdy individualism' — the only remedy left being city, if not national, doles.

Thus the richest country in the world, with debts, public and private, due from other nations approaching twenty-five billions, seems to be more helpless than Henry Clay's semi-bankrupt United States of 1820; with protective tariffs kicking backward, free lands nonexistent and occupied lands a burden to their owners, immigrants inadmissible and internal improvements doubtful, if not dangerous. Thus vast cities, enormous gold reserves, and innumerable smokestacks are of no avail. Has the prophecy of Henry Adams, that we are all on a machine which cannot go forward without disaster and cannot be stopped without ruin, come true? It must be a new era — new thought unwelcome and old thought inapplicable.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

I

Not long after Percy Hart turned in for his watch below he heard Ed Wiggin, his only shipmate, limping about the deck of his little yawl.

'Need any help, Ed?' asked the sleepy Percy.

'No, thanks,' came the reply. 'I've lashed the tiller and she's steering herself with the wind abeam. Just doing odd jobs around. She's surely a sweet little packet in these light airs, Percy.'

The recumbent man closed his eyes to the soothing darkness of a summer night at sea and dropped off. He awoke some hours later uneasily aware that he had overslept. A flash light trained on the cabin clock confirmed his intuition, and as he slipped a sweater over his head he called, 'Hey, Ed, you should n't have let me lie in so long!'

Receiving no response, the owner of the little yacht felt his way from the cabin to the steering cockpit, saying to himself, 'Ed, the old cuss, has fallen asleep on watch.' There passed also through his brain the irrelevant thought that Ed would not be similarly guilty if he were watching the dollars roll in ashore.

Percy reached for the tiller and encountered the lashing which Ed had passed around the stick to make the *Winsome* self-steer the course. He fumbled around the cockpit and deck for his slumbering shipmate. The first note of alarm came into his voice as he shouted, suddenly, 'Ed, where are you?'

Alone on the whispering sea, Percy heard not even an echo in answer to his startled question. He went below for his electric torch and, before coming topside again, flashed it into the *Winsome's* galley. It was empty. He jumped out on deck and rushed forward, unconscious now of the fact that he called repeatedly, 'Ed, where are you? Answer me, Ed!'

It does not take long to search a thirty-five-foot yacht for a missing person. After a hopeless glance up the mainmast, the agitated Percy returned aft, saying aloud, 'He's gone. Fallen overboard. And not a yell out of him.'

As he cast off the tiller lashing and put the *Winsome* about on the reverse course, Percy racked his brain to bring from his subconscious a call for help. No, there had been none. His sleep had been dreamless and undisturbed. There was no clue to indicate whether Ed had fallen overboard five minutes or five hours previously.

For five hours, then, Percy sailed the reverse of the course which he assumed the *Winsome* to have taken while he slept. While the night continued dark he flashed his light on the *Winsome's* mainsail and shouted. Even after his voice had rasped itself to a whisper he continued to formulate the shout,

'Ed, answer me!' Sometimes, by an unconscious inversion, his lips opened to the words, '*Winsome* ahoy!'

II

Daylight revealed an empty sea, pearl-gray, ruffled by the gentle wind. No smoky trace of fortuitous steamship hovered above the far horizon. As the yawl sailed on, her tiller lashed, Percy climbed to the mainmast spreaders and searched in vain for the head and shoulders of a swimming man. It was not until nearly eight o'clock that hope gave way to stark realization that Ed had drowned. Even then Percy reached no definite decision to cease the useless search for his lost shipmate. Pangs of thirst and hunger reminded him that it was time for a meal, and he climbed wearily from the spreaders and went about its preparation. Periodically while the stove heated and the water boiled he stepped to the main hatchway for a baffled look around.

No really violent emotions had preyed upon Percy during these hours of search. He had been momentarily appalled at ascertaining the loss of his shipmate, but years of experience in the sport of sailing had fatalistically accustomed him to the idea of a man falling overboard. It was the chance one took, instinctively guarded against, for separation from one's ship was dangerous by day and almost inevitably fatal at night. Percy had felt pity for the poor soul who found himself clutched by the blackness of the midnight sea and the certainty of death. He had reproached himself for not rousing out when he had heard Ed limping about the deck. His strongest emotion had suffused him when, calling and calling, he had pictured himself in the water, shouting after a dark ship that sailed her course. It was at such disordered moments that he had gasped, '*Winsome* ahoy!'

Refreshed by breakfast, the solitary sailor felt his thoughts emerge from chaos. How on earth could Ed have fallen overboard on a smooth night? His absence seemed so unreal that Percy searched the little ship again, half hoping to find his shipmate in some recess too small to accommodate a man. Unrewarded, he returned to the cockpit, once more cast off the tiller lashing, and altered the course of the *Winsome* to sail her to her home port. Ed was clumsy, but there could have been no sudden lurch of the yawl to overbalance him — as there had been the day before, causing him to stagger back and plant his bare heel on the sharp blade of an opened knife. That had been just like Ed, first to borrow Percy's knife and leave it open on deck, and second to step on it. Lord, how he had bled, while Percy held the injured foot on his knee and bound it with gauze.

The owner of the *Winsome* glanced absently at bloodstains on his white duck trousers, while his thought traced out the manner of Ed Wiggin's loss. This would probably explain it: He had gone forward to note the trim of the jib and had stumbled over something — perhaps one of the anchors lashed on deck — and brought his weight down hard on the injured heel. The sharp jab of pain had forced him to shift his weight suddenly. In so doing he had toppled overboard. Incredible though it was, this was the hypothesis which Percy would have to advance in reporting to the authorities the accidental drowning of his shipmate.

The authorities — suspicious mortals; always on the search for sinister motives and actions. If Percy went ashore in the clothes he wore, they would be sure to say, 'What about the

stains on your trousers? Are n't they the blood of the missing man?'

III

Instantly in Percy's mind the authorities became personified as his townsman, Henry Sylvester — Dr. Sylvester, the medical examiner. Since no love had ever been lost between Sylvester and Percy, the examiner's approach would be distinctly hostile.

The yachtsman imagined him squinting his hard eyes and narrowing his cold mouth to put the question in another form: 'Are you sure, Hart, that the blood is not that of Edward Wiggin?'

Percy squirmed uneasily as he heard himself reply, 'Well, it *is* his blood, as a matter of fact. He stepped on a knife and cut himself badly. I held his foot on my knee while I bandaged it up.'

The imaginary colloquy continued, the medical examiner saying, 'I make no charges at this stage of the investigation, but is n't it a little unfortunate that you should come ashore with the blood of the missing man on your clothes? Whose knife did he — er — step on? His own, I presume?'

'No, it was my knife. He was splicing a rope and I lent it to him to cut off the strands.'

'Produce the knife.'

Percy involuntarily stretched out a leg and thrust his hand into a trousers pocket, producing a sailor's knife, which he opened and examined attentively. It had a three-inch blade, ground to a murderous edge — just the blade to thrust to a man's heart. There were stains at the hinge. He made as if to toss it overboard, but the imagined voice of the examiner arrested the gesture.

'So you lost the knife overboard? Was n't that rather careless?'

Here the conversation ended, as Percy left the tiller momentarily to procure a rag and abrasive soap. He scrubbed the knife until it showed no stain, but as he replaced it in his pocket his eye fell again on the blood on his trousers.

'What a fool I am!' he exclaimed aloud. 'I have other pants and can wash these.' He changed, found scrubbing materials, and for some minutes occupied himself vigorously, intent gaze bent on the soapy cloth which he rubbed between his knuckles. But even after his best efforts there remained a faint discoloration. Straightening up, the dripping trousers in one hand, he suddenly hurled them into the sea, saying, 'Worse fool than I thought I was! Even a snooping detective would n't try to keep track of the trousers of an innocent man.'

IV

He looked astern at the discarded garment and saw that it would not float long. His thought ran, 'Well, that's all right. If it seems fantastic that Ed smeared me with his blood a few hours before he lost his life, I won't even mention the incident. I'm not positive the cut in his foot had anything to do with his falling overboard. He was clumsy enough to do that for no reason.'

Percy brought himself up short, thinking, 'Here, this won't do. I'm getting sore at Ed for putting me in this predicament. If I exhibit annoyance to Sylvester, he'll be sure to suspect the worst.'

Instantly the cold, suspicious voice of the medical examiner impinged on the lonely skipper's consciousness. 'Surely there was a gale at sea the night my poor friend Edward Wiggin fell overboard to his death?'

'No, it was a calm —' But wait,

thought Percy. Why not have it a gale of wind, if that made this unlikely accident seem more plausible? Sure; a hard northeaster, and Ed sucked overboard as he went forward to shift from the ordinary jib to the storm jib.

But that would n't wash any more than the trousers would. Percy imagined the conflicting testimony in the courtroom — himself describing the terrific force and freaks of the wind (which he could do readily enough, even though lying was not his habit) and a weather-bureau expert peering at a chart through thick lenses and testifying colorlessly for the prosecution that the night in question was smooth with southwesterly winds from Hatteras to Halifax. Local disturbance? Perhaps; but the State would be certain to produce a steamship captain who had passed within ten miles of the *Winsome* on the fatal night and who would swear that sea and air were calm.

Percy half determined to falsify his own ship's position, but then reflected that there would be another steamer within ten miles of the new fix, wherever he might put it. No. One discovered lie would knock the props from his platform of unsubstantiated innocence.

He would better stick to the truth, even telling about the knife and the bloodstained trousers. His catechist had by this time been transformed into a prosecuting attorney, his face a little indistinct, but his voice more ironic and penetrating than the medical examiner's.

Question: 'Was there, by any chance, a bloodstain on your trousers by the time you had finished binding the foot of the deceased?'

Answer: 'Yes, quite a bad stain.'

Question: 'The trousers. They are not, of course, the ones you are now wearing?'

Answer: 'No — sir.'

Question: 'Where are they?'

Answer: 'I was washing them and —'

Question: 'And they were washed overboard?'

Answer: 'No, I threw them overboard.'

Question: 'Were they so badly stained as to be valueless?'

In the midst of Percy's vivid imaginings he groaned aloud. What a double-dyed ass he had been to cast suspicion on himself by throwing away the trousers! He brought up his helm to jibe around and look for them. But a sober thought stayed his panic a second later.

'Wait,' he spoke, arguing with himself. 'You're making a mountain out of a molehill. They can't hang a man unless there is a witness to the murder or unless there is iron-bound circumstantial evidence. They would certainly have to prove you had a motive for doing away with Ed.'

V

The overwrought yachtsman came back on his course, noting automatically that the wind had begun to increase in force, hauling astern little by little. He set up his weather backstay, left the helm momentarily for a glance at the barometer, and lighted a cigarette. But the cigarette dropped from his fingers as another thought arrested him.

He owed Ed Wiggin $5000, for which he had not even given him an I O U. So far as Percy was aware, no living person except Ed's wife — his widow — knew of the debt. But she knew. Her word, then, against his, if he cared to deny the obligation. Not that he would lie for $5000, though nowadays people were murdered for far less. But, apart from the debt, it could be adduced in court that Ed and he had

had business difficulties which more than once resulted in hot words in public.

Noting for the first time that the fallen cigarette was charring his canvas deck, Percy picked it up and flipped it overside. He did n't want to smoke. What he wanted was a drink. He left the tiller to pour himself a stiff one, and returned to find the *Winsome* luffing, her sails thundering.

'Blowing up,' said he. 'Perhaps I can lose Ed overboard in a gale after all.' And he went on, his sardonic thoughts sometimes breaking into words: —

'Sure, that's what I brought the poor beggar off on a cruise for — to lose him. Convince anybody that this was a reconciliation voyage — that I've always enjoyed Ed at sea however I've acted toward him ashore? Fat chance.' He laughed without mirth.

'What was it I said to Sylvester when he came down to see us off? The officious devil, living on the point of land and always watching the comings and goings of boats! I said, "Yep, I missed Ed when I shot at him the other night, so now I'm taking him out to drown him." God, how the evidence piles up!'

Percy licked his dry lips while his thought ranged the unexplained attack on Ed's life (if it had been that). The now deceased man had been walking in his garden late of a moonlit evening when a shot had rung out and he had thought he felt the stir of a bullet past his cheek. Dropping to the ground, he had crawled behind shrubs to his back door to enter and telephone for the police. Their investigation had disclosed nothing. Percy, as it happened, had spent that evening sailing in the *Winsome*, but it was one departure and return that the ubiquitous Sylvester had not witnessed. Nobody had observed Percy. In short, if he were accused of an attack on Ed's life that particular night, he had no alibi. . . . It had been one thing to joke about the matter with Ed, but quite another to let Sylvester hear him hoist the guilt to his own shoulders.

Percy no longer spoke aloud. His silence became moody, his imaginings more and more distorted, and his eyes darted this way and that as if he looked in vain for an escape from the web into which circumstance had thrust him. Long before the wind rose to gale force and the single-handed sailor hove to the *Winsome* to furl her mainsail, he had tried, convicted, and all but executed himself for the murder of his friend Ed Wiggin.

The enforced labor of handling the struggling yawl unaided did much to keep his thought from introverting. As wind and sea rose, there was the mainsail to be got in. There was the chart to be consulted, and there were long minutes to be devoted to anxious preoccupation with the weather. The high wind had brought rain. The visibility was poor indeed. The *Winsome's* home port was easy enough to enter even with a following gale, but if one missed the entrance there were bad reefs on either side, and, once the error was discovered, no chance under a shortened rig to work free of them. No chance, either, when alone to set a close-reefed mainsail and claw off. No motor in the yawl to help her.

For some hours after the gale reached its greatest intensity Percy could not leave the tiller even momentarily. The white-crested seas overtook and threatened to broach her to. No longer the gentle *Winsome*, the yawl fought the helm with sensate animosity. At length Percy heard upwind and on his port quarter the dismal moan of a whistling buoy, and his tension somewhat

relaxed. His course had been nearly true. He had passed out of sight of the entrance buoy, but by shifting course slightly to port he could make the unseen harbor. The navigating side of his brain relieved of anxiety, he found himself dwelling once again on the violence of the storm that would break about him when he reported the death of his shipmate.

For several moments he revolved again in his mind the idea of representing Ed's loss as having occurred in the midst of the blow. Thought ceased when black rocks, lashed by hungry combers, leaped out of his lee, dead ahead. He had missed the entrance by nearly a quarter of a mile.

Percy Hart had a seaman's dread of breakers, but he greeted these with a snort of ironic laughter. 'A sailor's death is by drowning,' he murmured. 'Not in the electric chair.'

Nevertheless, by all the automatic reflexes of a sailor, he went down fighting. He slammed the *Winsome* on the wind and saw that she pointed yearningly toward safety. He flattened in the mizzen and reached, arms in white water to the elbows, for the lee jib sheet. In that instant the yawl crashed. A breaking sea lifted Percy clear and thrust him down upon the lathered rocks. His head struck and he lost consciousness.

VI

It was Dr. Henry Sylvester who plucked him from the sea to leeward of the reef, worked over him, and restored his wits.

'Stay there,' bade the doctor, 'while I look for Ed. Did you see him after the boat crashed?'

Percy sat up on the spray-drenched sand and glanced confusedly about him. He burst into a shout of laughter which taxed his strength and almost put to shame the thunder of the secondary surf on Sylvester's beach.

'Ed!' he shouted. 'Why, Ed got drowned last night when the sea was smooth as glass. He cut himself with my knife and spattered me with blood. Then he fell overboard when I was asleep and I could n't find him when I woke up. I wiped the stains off my knife, and threw my trousers overboard, so you've got nothing on me — except that I told you I would drown him, and that, of course, was a joke. A preposterous joke.'

Dr. Sylvester, the medical examiner, helped Percy to his feet and stared fixedly at him. He half closed his accusing eyes and narrowed his hard mouth to a slit.

'You are off your guard,' said he; 'which is bad for you, but good for justice. Come.'

HITLER AND HITLERISM

I. A Man of Destiny

BY NICHOLAS FAIRWEATHER

I

AT the present juncture, when the followers of Adolf Hitler appear to be the strongest group in Germany, when, as the London *Times* recently said, 'the Hitler movement has ceased to be the frothy ebullition of irresponsible young men, and undoubtedly represents at the moment the most powerful element of public feeling which the Chancellor has to take into account,' it may be of interest to consider the ideas of this extraordinary man, what he believes, and how he came to believe it. When Hitler was in prison, after the Bavarian *Putsch* of 1923, he set himself to write down for the instruction of his followers a full account of his political philosophy. The volume that resulted, entitled *Mein Kampf* ('My Fight'), is now the Bible of the National-Socialist movement and is diligently circulated among the faithful by the official 'Nazi' publishing house. It was not intended (in fact, Hitler has always declined) to offer a detailed programme or outline specific procedure for attaining the National-Socialist ideals when the actual control of Germany shall have fallen to his party; nevertheless the book does indicate very clearly the governing ideas, the fundamental points of view, the feelings and beliefs, which will guide him if he comes to power.

To what extent Hitler's Fascism is similar to Italian Fascism or to the academic Fascism of other countries, or to other movements of forcible salvation, I shall not attempt to determine here. Obviously they have much in common. Nor shall I consider Hitler's indebtedness to Nietzsche or to Treitschke. What I propose to do is to set down from his own words just what he stands for. What he stood for in 1923 he still stands for, and we shall do him no injustice if we judge him upon the evidence presented in his book.[1]

The principal articles of Hitler's political faith may be briefly summarized as follows: —

1. *His violent racial nationalism*, which springs from his conviction that the Aryan stocks in general, and the Germans in particular, are a chosen people in whose victorious survival the divine purposes are bound up.

2. *His violent animosity to Marxian Socialism* as in essence opposed to his ideal of a nationally-minded people and a racial state. He condemns the Socialism of Marx as a poisonous teaching which by its humanitarian-

[1] Gregor Strasser, Chief of the 'Organization' Section of the Nazi 'General Staff,' recently stated: 'No party in Germany can say that its speeches and writings, platform points and demands, have straight through the last twelve years remained so unchanged as ours.' — AUTHOR

ism, its internationalism, and its pacifism — all legacies of the unnatural and unwholesome democracy of the French Revolution — operates to undermine the clean ideal of Aryan (that is, German) overlordship.

3. *His violent hatred of the Jews* as the racial enemies of all Aryans, the subtle corrupters of pure Aryan states. These parasites, says Hitler, have made Marxian Socialism, which they invented, the principal tool by which they insinuate themselves into healthy, pure-blooded, racial states in order to debase simultaneously the national ideals and the national blood. Destroyers of Aryan civilizations, they remain impotent to create a civilization of their own.

4. *His concern for social betterment* ('true Socialism') as a necessary prerequisite to the acceptance of his ideals by the masses.

5. *His contempt for the intelligence of the ordinary man* and for a democracy based on faith in his development to higher levels.

6. *His contempt for parliamentary institutions* as the organs of such a democracy, which substitutes for the decision of a competent leader the majority vote of the incompetent. A parliament, moreover, says Hitler, is the natural field of operations for the Jewish-Socialist enemy.

7. *His insistence on the power of personality* and on the entire concentration of authority in the hands of one leader (up to now, himself).

8. *His economic nationalism*, with its distrust of international capital and its preference for small, locally controlled business organizations. Hitler fears the banks and all newfangled ideas for controlling credit. He objects to stock companies and stresses the value of personal ownership. In short, he believes in the ruthless subordination of economic interests and economic leaders to racial and national considerations.

9. *His insistence that Germany must acquire more land in Europe* as a vital requirement for national expansion and progress (after the present corruption of the national blood and the national ideals has been stopped).

10. *His insistence that France is the archenemy.* France, he urges, must be broken before Germany can undertake to conquer land from Russia (the only possible source).

All these extraordinary ideas Hitler traces to their origin in the experiences of his early years — all except his passion for German nationalism, which seems to have antedated the beginnings of his conscious thought and to have been the guiding principle of his life. The egocentric mentality which has enabled him to identify himself with this ideal, and persuade others to do the same, is the mainspring of his gift of leadership. Whatever may be the ultimate consequences of his leadership for good or ill, there can be no doubt that he has exploited his philosophy in masterly fashion; through it he has made himself a force that will have to be reckoned with in German politics.

As yet he has given no indication of his competence for the responsibilities of government, but it would be rash to go beyond that and assert that he lacks capacity in this direction. He has not yet been put to the test. During the last ten years, however, he has established himself in control of a movement which now numbers not less than eight million supporters, and he has certainly not done this on blood-and-thunder talk alone.

II

It would appear from Hitler's account of his youth that he has been a fanatically rabid German from boy-

hood. An Austrian by birth, he says that he has always looked upon all persons of German stock as one people and has passionately desired the union of all sections of this people in one national state. Regarding the non-German subjects of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as aliens, he favored the *Anschluss* of German Austria to the Reich of Bismarck. Consequently he felt no loyalty toward the Hapsburgs, for his German national patriotism was essentially hostile to the dynastic interests which sought to hold together a polyglot empire, and which could not, therefore, be exclusively German or Germanizing in policy. It is notable that at twelve years of age Hitler was 'enthralled' by the music of Richard Wagner, and it is fair to assume that it was the stream of heroic national German feeling, so strong in much of Wagner, that made its elemental appeal to the young Hitler.

Left an orphan at seventeen, he removed from the neighborhood of Linz, where most of his previous life had been passed, to Vienna. He was practically penniless, but he carried with him a burning passion for everything German, a love of art, and an ambition to become a painter (later given up for architecture). The next six years were spent, according to his account, in intense study and observation while he earned his living as a laborer. To the experiences of this period he attributes the ideas which have since guided his life and the development of the National-Socialist movement. All of them, however, are secondary to and derived from his fundamental conception of the Germans as a chosen people.

Living in the grinding poverty of the Vienna slums, Hitler soon realized that a wholesome national pride could not be aroused in men who lacked the necessities of life. Hence his interest in social betterment, which ultimately brought the word 'Socialist' into the name of his party. Like William Morris, he turned to Socialism as a necessary preliminary to the dissemination of his great idea. Morris became a Socialist, bent on improving the living conditions of the English masses, in order to make them listen to his artistic gospel. Hitler became a Socialist (in his sense of the word) so that the German masses would listen to his gospel of nationalism.

Convinced of the necessity of social reforms, Hitler turned his attention to the Social Democratic Party in Austria, but he soon concluded that his ideals and those of the party had nothing in common. The Social Democrats despised everything he held holy. They mocked at the Fatherland. They jeered at religion and morality. They used physical and mental terrorism to build up their party, and corrupted the trade-unions, by nature a good thing, into tools of their politics. Class warfare, it appeared, was necessarily a destroyer of nationalism. In reacting against the internationalism and class-consciousness of the orthodox Socialists ('Marxists' is the term Hitler always uses), he has made himself the outstanding opponent of all Communistic tendencies. This explains the ease with which Hitler appears to have got money for carrying on his movement from capitalists, who could hardly be thought anxious to see him come to power.

From his work as a laborer in Vienna, and the practical contact this gave him with the labor unions and with the Social Democratic Party, he came to understand the Marxist 'gospel of destruction,' but Hitler says he was not privy to the real inner aims of the Social Democracy until he learned them through the Jews. At this time

he had been diligently reading the great newspapers of Vienna, but he became dissatisfied with them and distrustful of what he found in them, so he took to reading a small anti-Semitic journal. Then one day he suddenly met in the street a Jew with side locks, — an orthodox Polish Jew in Jewish costume, — and he realized for the first time that the Jews were not Germans at all, but an entirely separate people. Following up this idea, he soon satisfied himself that the authors of most of the vicious theatrical shows produced in Vienna were Jews, that the great daily papers were edited by Jews, that the Jews controlled prostitution and the traffic in women, and finally that the leaders of the Social Democratic Party were Jews. He perceived that the Socialist members of Parliament were mostly Jews, and, worst of all, that no paper controlled by a Jew was out-and-out nationalistic. He concluded that in everything the Jews were poisonous, immoral, and un-German.

Then he turned to the study of socialistic theory as set forth in the writings of Karl Marx and his followers. He came away with the conviction that 'the Jewish teaching of Marxism turns away from the aristocratic principle of nature and puts in place of the eternal preëminence of power and strength the measure of number with its dead weight. Thus it denies in men the worth of the individual, impugns the significance of nationality and race, and thereby takes away from humanity the basic idea of its existence and its culture.' The application of such a principle, he thought, could bring only chaos.

He followed the proceedings of the Parliament at Vienna, and they aroused in him nothing but scorn and ridicule — an attitude which has never changed. In fact, it would seem that all the formative ideas of his life were obtained before he was twenty-three and have remained fixed and final in his mind ever since. All his views are energetic, positive, dogmatic, but there is no penetration in his reasoning processes and he is often carried away by the glamour of his own gorgeous phrases.

The trouble with the Austrian Parliament, he first thought, was that it did not have a German majority. Apparently it never occurred to him that the other peoples of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy might have as good a right to be heard as the Germans. Later he perceived that the difficulty was inherent in the parliamentary system. 'The democracy of the West to-day is the precursor of Marxism,' he wrote; parliamentary government becomes the instrument through which the Jewish race prepares the way for a paralyzing and disintegrating Communism. The true German democracy, on the other hand, consists in the free choice of a leader, who then becomes the responsible chief. In the personality of the leader Hitler puts his confidence. Like Thomas Carlyle, he regards great personalities, not economic forces, as the effective causes of events.

Accordingly he regards the mass meeting as the only really effective way of influencing people, because it is the only way of bringing the masses into immediate personal contact with the leader. Hitler himself has the gift of capturing audiences. Distrusting the written word, he says that great revolutions are 'never led by a goose quill.' Power depends on 'the magic of the spoken word.' The pen can serve only for the theoretical justification of a movement, but the movement itself must be of the people, who must be aroused either by suffering or by the flaming torch of the fiery word scattered among them. The Pan-German move-

ment in Austria failed, he says, because its representatives spoke only in Parliament and not to the people.

Hitler does n't believe in objective thinking about national questions. He is impatient of cool, intellectual considerations. He has a poor grasp of abstract principles and puts his faith in high feeling and strong emotion. Not seeing that civilization is a structure slowly built up by orderly procedure and respect for law, he is all for immediate action. He wants to apply his ideas at once — by violation of law, if need be. The right of private judgment (that is, *his* right) is to be unlimited, beyond law. Thus, in thought, Hitler is still in the tribal stage. He is, in fact, a tribal chief — and a good one. He teaches his tribe steadfastness, self-control, sacrifice, care for the blood of the race, healthy living.

But this is not enough in one who aspires to be the leader of a great modern nation. Hitler is narrow, seeing only his own national ideal, and would ruthlessly force the human spirit into his mould. He does not accept the democratic postulates that no man can be trusted with absolute power and that education of the masses can make them competent for self-government. Unlike democratic leaders, he does not pretend to build on the good sense of the people, but, like his *bêtes noires* the Socialists, to establish a tyranny for carrying out the programme that he considers to be for the common good. Moral considerations with him are simple. His supreme goal is the victory and expansion of the tribe. There are no doubts or uncertainties in his mind. He pursues his ideals with absolute singleness of purpose. For him there is only one thing in human life to aim at. Race and nation are one, and he has fused them into an idol which he calls *Volkstum*, — the racial community, — which becomes an object of fanatical devotion. In short, his political philosophy is a kind of religion, based on pseudo-science and tribal psychology.

In this connection it may be interesting to glance at Hitler's conception of the part religion should play in the state. Political parties, he asserts, should have nothing to do with religious problems so long as the teachings of the church do not undermine the *mores* of the race. This explains his oft-expressed disapproval of the Centre Party, which, he says, drags Catholicism into the mire of dirty politics. German Protestantism, he notes with approval, has always been strong to defend the German state, the German language, and German freedom, and in these respects is more reliable than Catholicism. He considers himself broad-minded, however, and says that a German citizen should be free to take his religion wherever he likes, drawing from it whatever inspiration he needs — always knowing, of course, that the secular ideal of a self-sufficient, racial state must command his first loyalty, even against the highest religious authority. This is pure Protestantism and fundamentally unacceptable to the Vatican. Naturally enough, it has brought Hitler into open conflict with the Roman Catholic Church in Germany.

III

In the spring of 1912, Hitler emigrated to Munich. His heart had always been for a German Reich. He felt that the hour of dissolution of the Hapsburg monarchy would be the beginning of the redemption of the German nation, so he wanted to get away from Austria and into Germany, where the active work toward the *Anschluss* would have to be done. He was then twenty-three years old and

he brought with him all these ideas upon which he has since built up the National-Socialist movement. He was surprised to learn that in Germany people did not see that Austro-Hungary was not only not a German state, but that it was a shadow empire ready to go to pieces at the first shock. He was convinced that the Triple Alliance was no protection to Germany, because Austro-Hungary and Italy would never fight on the same side, and because Austro-Hungary, having no ends to gain by war, but only losses to avoid, would always be on the defensive.

His views of German foreign policy before the war are illuminating. Germany had to provide for an annual increase in population of about 900,000, and this cardinal fact should have determined the course she was to follow. There are only four possible ways, says Hitler, of dealing with such a population problem: (1) by limiting the increase, as in France — but this leads to a deterioration of the stock by eliminating the struggle for existence and causing weak children to be brought up; (2) by 'interior colonization' — but Germany had no vacant land available for this purpose; (3) by conquering new land; (4) by building up colonies and expanding industry and export trade. The last course was the one that Germany adopted, but it was a mistake from every point of view. It brought on all the evils of a highly industrialized state and neglected the welfare of the peasantry, whose vigor was the surest foundation of the country's well-being.

Instead of following a policy of economic conquest, Germany should have looked to her peasants and provided for their expansion by annexing new territory in Europe. This could only have been done at the expense of Russia, and all of Germany's alliances should have been directed toward this end. In carrying out such a programme, Germany would have had England as a natural ally, and could have advanced eastward with the assurance that her rear would be protected. England would have been eager for such an alliance shortly after 1900, and, if German diplomacy had been shrewdly directed, Germany would have taken over Japan's rôle in 1904 and there would have been no World War.

Instead of this, Germany chose the way of colonies, foreign trade, and sea power, and England became her enemy. On the greatness and toughness of England, and her desirability as an ally for Germany, Hitler dilates at some length, and he indicates that it is still not too late to win her over. As long as British sea power exists, he says, he would favor an alliance with England and would look to the acquisition of land in the not yet fully populated areas between Germany's eastern border and the Ural Mountains.

Germany's failure in the war Hitler attributes not only to the diplomatic mistake of antagonizing England, but to degenerating influences at home. In the years before the war the German body politic was being poisoned by Marxist teachings. Internationalism was rampant. When the war came, he did not for one moment think of it as a fight for Austria; it was a fight for the very existence of the German nation. Accordingly he joined the German army as a volunteer to fight for the maintenance of 'his people' and to overcome the Marxists, whose ultimate goal was the destruction of all non-Jewish national states. At that moment, he thinks, when the war spirit had turned the masses away from 'international solidarity' to patriotism, the Jewish leaders should have been ruthlessly exterminated.

Instead, the Emperor tried to win their loyalty by kindness, and they were left to plot the revolution.

From this reflection on Marxism Hitler goes on to consider in detail the methods that must be used to stamp out pernicious ideas. One cannot eradicate one way of looking at life, he says, without inculcating a new faith in its place. This brings him to a discussion of war propaganda and the principles of propaganda in general — principles, be it noted, which he has diligently applied in building up his new movement. These principles are simple. Propaganda must be aimed at the masses. Its object is not to make people weigh and discriminate, but to champion one particular idea. To succeed, it must appeal to the emotions rather than to reason. How well the German Fascists have learned this lesson which Hitler taught them can be seen by examining any issue of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the daily journal of the movement. Its pages bristle with epithets like 'Marxists,' 'Jews,' 'tribute slaves,' 'black-red criminals,' repeated *ad nauseam* — few words and strong ones.

In Hitler's mind the word 'propaganda' seems to bear no relation whatever to truth. The mass of mankind is an instrument to be played upon, nothing more. Propaganda is a means of making people believe what is for the moment effective in moving them to do what he wishes. No moral considerations are involved. His mind is in the herd stage, and he is as grossly material in his politics as Freud in his psychology. Utterly contemptuous of the intelligence of the people, he seems quite to ignore the unwholesome aftereffects of a diet of lies. He is deliberately building upon the weakness of the mass mind, and in this he proves himself a genuine demagogue — honest, no doubt, in believing that what he does is for the general good, but a demagogue just the same.

He expresses great admiration for British propaganda during the war, apparently failing to grasp the fact that British propaganda, whatever else may be said of it, was based upon British moral ideas. No doubt there were Englishmen who viewed the subject as Hitler does, but the great majority of them, high and low, will consider his methods as sufficient proof that the Germany against which they went to war has come back in a new guise, as unregenerate as ever. The gravamen of the charge against Imperial Germany was that it was dominated by the same philosophy which is now put forward by Hitler. Certainly both Americans and British *thought* they were fighting against the doctrine that truth is a shifty thing to be pragmatically determined by national interests. This is Hitler's opinion of it, and he sets it forth, not in private lectures to a war college, but in a book intended for the instruction of the people. It serves to explain only too well the flood of cheap, foolish, dogmatic statements which regularly appear in the press of his party.

With German war propaganda Hitler was thoroughly dissatisfied. He says very frankly that if he had had charge of it things might have turned out differently. To its defects he attributes the decline in morale which brought on the revolution and national collapse. When he was in Berlin and Munich on sick leave during the winter of 1916–1917, he found the beginnings of general disaffection in the public mind, and everywhere, he noted, Jews were in control of business and the press. The withdrawal of Russia and the defeat of Italy revived a waning hope of victory, but then came the munition strike, which discouraged the army by showing that the will to

victory lagged at home. Though it did not last long enough actually to affect supplies, it heartened the enemy and convinced them that, if the German army could be stood off a little longer, revolution would overthrow the government in Berlin. The men who engineered this strike, notes Hitler, were the men who later took over the highest offices of state under the revolution. Here, then, is the root of his undying animosity to these men as traitors — animosity added to that which he had previously felt for their political principles. Marxism had overcome German nationalism.

Gassed and sent back to a hospital shortly before the Armistice, Hitler was plunged deep in woe and resentment by the civil disorders which ended in the flight of the Kaiser. He abandoned his intention of becoming an architect, and, full of hate for the 'Jewish criminals' who had directed the revolution, decided to become a politician. 'The parties of the November crime, the Centre and the Social Democracy,' he wrote, were incapable of saving Germany; and the bourgeois parties were not much better. So he formed in Munich, in the winter of 1918–1919, a 'Social Revolutionary Party,' choosing its name for its appeal to the masses. From this beginning he groped his way through the confused currents of those days to the organization which broke in the *Putsch* of 1923, and which he reorganized in 1926 as the National-Socialist German Laborers Party of to-day.

This new party — Nazi, or Fascist, it is commonly called — is 'National' because Hitler's fundamental ideal is nationalism. It is 'Socialist' (in Hitler's own meaning of the word) because he saw that the people would have to be made comfortable before they would listen to his gospel. It is 'German' because his national aspirations are for Germans only. It is a 'Laborers' party because Hitler intended to appeal particularly to the laboring masses.

(*Next month, 'Germany under the Nazis'*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Villanelle

Composed by a Member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vegetables

My gentle heart wells up with woe
To think of boiling in a pot:
O who would treat a cabbage so?

My tears of pity downward flow:
And, musing that the world's do not,
My gentle heart wells up with woe.

Uprooted from parental row
By hateful farmer's hurtful plot —
O who would treat a cabbage so?

This heartless custom lays us low,
And in the ('s)kitchen 't is a blot:
My gentle heart wells up with woe.

Its outside leaves away to throw
(The only clothes that it has got) —
O who would treat a cabbage so?

In boiling water then to go —
And boiling water's very hot! —
My gentle heart wells up with woe:
O who would treat a cabbage so?

Alastair R. M. Miller

Pisistratus and Corset Stays

'Modern' educators of a certain stripe condemn cultural education, insisting that it is unrelated to life. To test this notion I wish to propose two totally unrelated statements.

Pisistratus was the first tyrant of Athens.
Corset stays are made of whalebone.

Pisistratus is dead, and whalebone has departed from the vestigial little things that are now called corsets, but thirty years ago the first statement would have been looked upon as cultural, while the second would have been considered utilitarian. Children would have been urged to learn this second fact, because they might become corset makers. Corset making, said the educators, will contribute to the support of a family, while Greek history is only for nearsighted scholars.

When I was a boy, culture was looked upon with such disfavor that I was sent to a technical high school, where I bungled through much sawing, hammering, moulding, forging, and welding. Greek and Latin were denied me. In spite of this, I have not used my hands to earn my living. True, I can drive a nail — almost as well as my wife, who studied Greek and Latin, and who never saw the inside of a shop. To me, at least, those things that were considered utilitarian have been cultural, for I have never used them.

Sweeping is cultural to the person who never sweeps. Physical education becomes physical culture to all but coaches, prize fighters, and ball players. The rich man's daughter will not have to bake cherry pies, so why teach her to cook? To her, Pisistratus is likely to be more utilitarian than cooking, for she will meet many people who have been exposed to ancient history. Personally, I have used tyrants more often than hammers, and with them my aim has always been more certain. From tyrants I have learned that it is to my interest to vote, lest tyrants be elected to high office. Corsets have gone the way of bustles and hoop skirts, but tyrants we have with us always.

One need go no further than the unabridged dictionary to discover that the meaning of utilitarianism is ethical rather than economic. Some philosophers of this school went so far as to define the term as 'universal hedonism.' On the other hand, 'culture' has the more practical significance, for it comes from a word that means 'to till.' If my study of ancient history im-

proves me to the point where I am more interesting to others, broadening my own interests meanwhile, my study is utilitarian, for I have added to the world's sum total of happiness. 'Who wishes to study a dead language or read a dead history?' asks the hard-headed modern educator. 'Who wishes to make a whisk-broom holder?' I reply. So I vote for the Latin and history, though in my time I have made some very bad whisk-broom holders.

Belittling the cultural is a favorite pastime of modern school administrators. Is there a bit of defensive coloring in this attitude? Most of our school superintendents are graduates in 'education.' They know all about 'method,' but they lack the cultural background which is necessary to apply it. Not long ago I heard a professor of education state that he does not write his textbooks. He gets his outlines from the papers of his graduate students. Next, he writes his book in the sort of English with which he is familiar. Then he hires a graduate student to rewrite it into the sort of language which will pass muster with the publisher. This man's specialty is books on how to study. If his medicine is effective, and if he would take some of it, he might learn to write his books himself. Surely there is utilitarian joy in being able to master one's own language, and certainly the saving of the fee for rewriting is an object which should fit the most sordid connotations of the word 'utilitarian.'

'But,' say our educators, 'we must prepare pupils for economic life.' Can they? Charles M. Schwab cannot predict the future of steel. Is it reasonable to ask the poor pedagogue to foretell the economic future that is tied up with steel and a million other items? Assuming that the guidance expert can know all vocations, — which he cannot, — can he adequately know individuals? Hume's mother thought her son weak-minded; Kant's sister thought Immanuel insane; Handel was punished for practising on the piano.

Some educators recognize no limit in their destruction of the cultural. If we destroy Pisistratus, can we save Nero? If George III is discarded, shall we bother with Boss Tweed? A logical conclusion of the matter is that what happened yesterday cannot concern us to-day; if our political rivals stole the election from us last year, we may forget it, for it is past. Consequently we will eliminate the watchers from the polls, and permit our rivals to steal from us again. If we are rational, however, we learn our lessons from the past, and probably the further we can dig into the past, the more comprehensive will be the lesson.

'Modern' schools substitute strange things for the despised cultural subjects. Time of children is taken up with joke clubs, with checker clubs, with travel clubs that do not even travel to the city parks, and with rod and rifle clubs that neither fish nor hunt. We organize student groups so that pupils may learn to vote, but we have to bribe them to use the ballot. This is not surprising. These young people are not interested. They are oblivious of the dangers of electing tyrants to student offices. They have never met Pisistratus. In a few years, alas, they will not consider the glamorous tyrants of ancient times worth knowing, and they will be unable to distinguish between benevolent tyrants like Pisistratus and malevolent fellows like Heliogabalus. If there is no other reason for the preservation of the cultural, there is a wealth of great literature which can be but meagrely appreciated without some acquaintance with the despised Latin and history; there are many cultured, or 'tilled,' people who highly prize the person who has 'smote the sounding furrows' with the adventuring Ulysses.

True, some of the most ardent partisans of the cultural have been its worst enemies. We cannot slow up the world while students cram the dates of all the papal bulls, or try

> To count up all the commas
> In all of Dryden's dramas.

Nevertheless, the learning of anything is better than the learning of nothing, and self-mastery cannot come without effort. Which shall we stress? The building of airships that will not fly, and flowerpot stands that will not stand, or the magic realm that takes us back over the path our ancestors trod, rejoicing in every forward step that brought them nearer to the goal which they had hoped to win for us?

Which will produce the greater joy — the greater utility: Shall I read Lamb, or tinker with my car? My wife, who drives the car, will consider Lamb the more utilitarian.

JOHN GIRDLER

THE PERFECT CRIME

ONE of the popular bards of my youth once waxed merry over 'the man whom the architect draws' — the person with angular shoulders and geometrical trousers who is 'rendered' along with the façade to indicate how small the average customer is going to feel when he enters the new building of the Bank of the Universe.

Yet the architect's man — and I think he is better drawn in these days — is after all in correct scale, and serves his purpose. He may amuse, but he does n't annoy. In that he differs from the architecture of the modern detective story. I refer, of course, to the drawing showing the scene of the crime, which appears in the front of the book, sometimes as an end paper, sometimes after the introduction, and sometimes in Chapter Two, but always where you can't find it when you are anxious to know just why the butler could n't see the murderer when the fatal blunt instrument was in action.

One of the constant mysteries of the mystery stories is the identity of the craftsman who designs these masterpieces. It may be an office boy in the publishing house, one of the duller office boys, who will never be president of the concern, but who can be trusted with a pencil and ruler. Or perhaps the president himself. Now, there's a thought! A president often does drawings on the memorandum pads and blotters at board meetings and conferences while other people are feeling their way to the answer the president already knows.

But to every disillusioned reader of detective stories it is clear that these diagrams are never by any chance drawn by an architect. Of course, now and then the office boy — no, it must be the president in these cases — breaks the wall with a very professional-looking double line to indicate a window, or draws cute little arcs to show which way the doors swing, and you allow yourself to hope that this time . . . And then you see that the entire first floor, as usual, consists of a magnificent entrance hall, the library (Randolph's body by the fireplace), Prout's bedroom, and the butler's pantry, with no windows except the one the murderer is suspected of using, and only a conjecture as to how the family eats its meals or gets upstairs.

There was a time when I allowed this mystery to worry me. It did seem incredible that no publisher should have thought about it — that no meticulous author should have insisted on consulting an architect as to the plan of his house. In these days when so many architects and draftsmen are looking for a job — any job — it ought to be a simple matter to pick up a telephone and have a fool-proof design by the next morning. But I have solved that part of the mystery without breaking the seal of the final pages.

No architect could possibly draw one of these diagrams. He would n't know how to begin. For his trade is designing houses to live in, and these, after all, are only houses to be murdered in. Anybody who tried to live in one would simply go crazy, and that would spoil the story. If you are taking a house just to be mysteriously done in, you need n't be fussy about the total absence of closets or even a front door. You are only going to be there until after the inquest, anyway.

And then the furniture. Of course, if you were expecting to work in a library twenty by forty feet in size, you would insist on its having more than one small window in the northeast corner, especially if the desk must be diagonally across the southwest corner of the room. But for the purpose of mysterious dispatch, what could be better? Your murderer, having crowded his way with difficulty past the desk, stands in the corner behind you to deliver the fatal blow, and it is dollars to doughnuts not a soul will see him.

So the fact that none of these diagrams ever looks like a place to live in no longer excites me. If the bathroom door opens into the breakfast room I know that it is only so arranged that Reginald can hide in

the tub while waiting to take a pot shot at his millionaire uncle over the ham and eggs. If there are twin beds in the art gallery, I know that some sweet reasonableness has directed the arrangement, and wait patiently until page 235. After all, I don't have to *live* in the darned place.

But I confess it does perturb me to find that the diagram indicates no way by which Thurston could possibly pass unseen from Room A through Room B, in which the Bible class is playing charades, and into Room C, which has no door. Even a murderer ought not to have the cards stacked against him like that.

Some day I hope it may be discovered who does make these diagrams. There are many of us who would like to call on him, carrying blunt instruments. But thus far the secret has been carefully kept. Perhaps here, at last, we have that long-sought paradox of the Gaboriaus and the Van Dines — the Perfect Crime!

EDWARD W. MUMFORD

A POND

A MILE from my cottage there is a small pond. It lies in the centre of a triangular lawn where two downland valleys meet. Except for the old shepherd, nobody knows of it. Though it has the beautiful shape of a dew pond, it is not one. It is only a common pond supplied by the surface water of the wide downland gorges, and yet it has always seemed to me to be enchanted. I have often thought as I have passed by it, my head full of meditations which had perhaps little relish of salvation in them, that one day, under a special dispensation, I shall receive from this little pool of water, from this small, green stoup of lustral water, a whisper as to the secret of life. It will be revealed to me, I have thought, as surely and as naturally as the presence of dew makes itself felt on folded twilight flowers found suddenly to be damp to the touch after the dry butterfly periods of a summer's day.

Always hoping for this hour of grace, I have loitered by the pond's edge at every season. I have observed with concentrated accuracy the changes that come over its surface. All through the winter months its waters are clear, but in the springtime the pond buttercups grow up and furnish a vegetable screen for the dabbling unrest of the newts, those little ancestors with orange bellies and gilded eyes who alone are privileged to experience the forgotten rhythm of saurian life. In summer the pond becomes green-mantled, the ranunculus disappears, and its place is taken by duckweed, with tiny, floating, sequin-round leaves. It is then that the tadpoles turn into frogs, and it is possible to catch one of these diminutive, yellow-green basilisks and set it upon the back of one's hand to watch its globular throat blow in and blow out, until with a headlong leap it has escaped into the long grass.

A few seconds' scrutiny of a frog, in all its perfection, corrects us of that gross apathy with which we too often approach the miracle of our fugitive existence. Use and wont, combined with the congenital lethargy of our kind, make of all life a commonplace thing. Our ordinary minds demand an ordinary world and feel at ease only when they have explained and taken for granted the immortal mysteries among which we have been given so short a license to breathe. Imagine the state of wonder that would possess our spirits had we been suddenly transported to the earth from some arid planet undisturbed by the miraculous urge of life. Why, we should exclaim as much over a little hip-frog as over a thumb-high whelp of a hippogriff surprised under a dock leaf. We should then no longer be blind to the planet's mysticism latent in wood and stone. A sea gull's feather picked up would shock us into the excitement we now should feel at finding the pinion of an errant cherubim. We should stand still as a stock to contemplate so slender a quill of air-filled horn which, with its filaments of adhering thistledown, can fan the heavy bodies of animals buoyant through the air. At every step we took we should be startled afresh.

We should stand at the sea's margin only to learn that the summer waves, dancing like lambs against the congregated beaches, were peopled with legless animals silver-plated, and with the gift of flashing motion. The astonishment we should feel at seeing

a cheap ant would keep us on our knees before the galleried citadels of the pismires till nightfall. Could it be possible that insects, scarcely as large as grass seeds, are diligently obedient to laws of a civil polity? And a butterfly seen for the first time — what spectacle so delicate? A painted lady on a scabious, or two chalk-hill blues knit together upon a grass pennant, motionless under the bewitchment of a love more dainty-sweet than the concupiscence of toadstool faëries!

The West Chaldon shepherd told me once that he had seen the ghost of a cow walk into the pond and vanish. 'There were no stock on down at the time, and she vanished from my eyes as quick as fox in fern.' I was not surprised by this rumor. The pond was a pond of enchantment. I had always known it. It is a mirror that reflects God's moving shadows.

It was on a soft evening of this last September that there came to me the breath of the knowledge I sought. Beneath the globe of the sky the downs raised their patient green shoulders with noble simplicity. Recumbent cattle could not have imparted to the mood of that hour a deeper peace. The last rays of the sun touched to brightest silver the fluff of the thistles withered and brown. All was silent, all was expectant. Herring gulls, with swift, inaudible flight, were breasting seaward over the storm-bowed thorn trees on the ridge opposite. Then it was that the messenger for whom I had waited revealed itself at last.

It was a hare. I saw her from far away and did not so much as venture to move a finger. She approached with uncertain steps — now advancing, now retreating, now frolicsome, now grave. The secret nature of the hills seemed during those suspended moments to be open to her sensitive spirit. Like the innocence of a child was the light on the swaying grass ends through which the russet creature, with elf-high ears, gamboled. Nearer and nearer she came. Was she actually coming to drink? Was it possible that I should see her lower her soft brown chin to the water within ten yards of me? Surely if I were permitted to witness so delicate an operation, then at last I should hear the word spoken. I waited and waited. The stillness of the evening was so profound that I could have heard the fur of a field mouse's jacket brush against the stems of the grass forest of its exploration, while against the sky, infinitely remote, the moon hung in speechless calm.

This hour of glamour in the downland valley was, I knew well, but of an inconsequent second's duration in the moon's age-long espionage of the earth's physical being. She had seen the magical and molten ash of the earth's orb stirred with the trouble of life. She had seen passionate phantoms, resolute and adroit, raise themselves out of the dust. She had heard them cry out to the gods whose thoroughfares are uncatalogued star spaces. She had seen them go stumbling through lucky grass, their hearts distraught with love. She herself was part of the profound mystery of the humming firmament, the outer rim of which, for a few scattered moments, has been envisaged by the dreaming minds of men. The truth resides in matter's proud processions as they are revealed to our uncertain senses. In what can be seen, in what can be heard, in what can be touched, tasted, and felt, there is no treason. Only these messengers can be trusted. Here are the golden threads which alone can lead us without betrayal to those true states of beatific vision, ephemeral and sublime, wherein through the medium of our vulgar faculties we may see immortal movement, bright and clear, upon the bypaths of our faëry planet.

I was suddenly awakened from my rapture. I had heard a sound, an uncommon sound, a sound tender and sensitive and fresh as soft rain upon the leaf of a parched flower. It was the hare drinking.

LLEWELYN POWYS